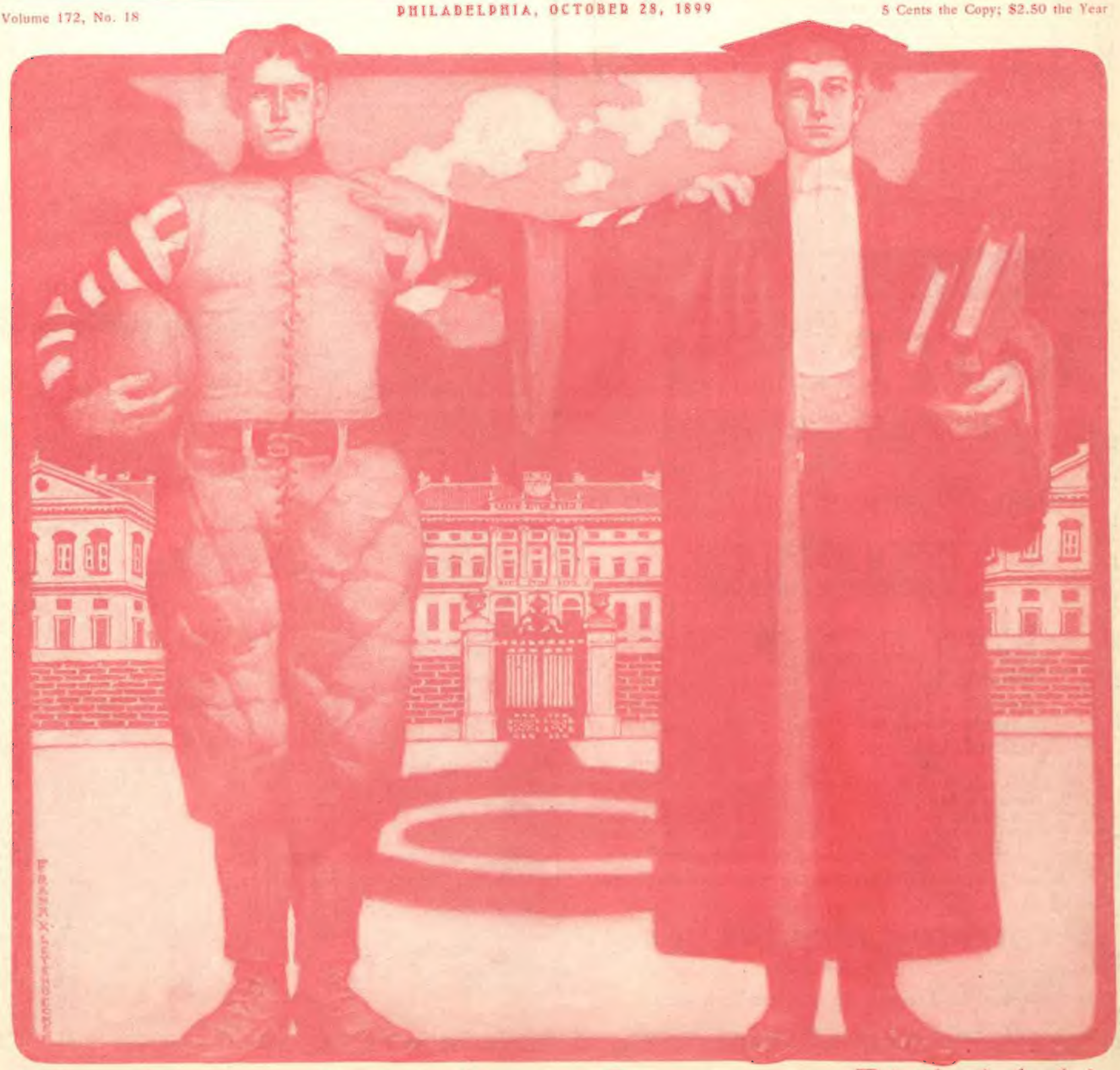
The COLLEGE MAN'S NUMBER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 172, No. 18 PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 28, 1899 5 Cents the Copy; $2.50 the Year



The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

Papa says they fit him because they fit each other.

TRADE MARK

LION BRAND

COLLARS, CUFFS & SHIRTS.

Here is your first chance to buy a collar, a cuff and a shirt, all of one brand, made to fit each other in perfect harmony and faultless style—made to fit *you*, and, when used together, to give a comfort you have never known.

They are made of the finest materials with utmost care, by modern machinery and expert operatives. They are the highest grade. Two collars or two cuffs cost 25 cents. It doesn't pay to pay more. Shirts cost $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, depending on the kind you want, but all of the same skilled workmanship. Ask your furnisher.

UNITED SHIRT & COLLAR CO., Makers, Troy, N.Y.

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

CONCERT, $125

The Edison Phonograph reproduces clearer, louder and more naturally than other talking machines, because the diaphragm is held in a rigid frame and *must* transform *all* the mechanical vibrations into sound. All others have for the diaphragm a movable support, which absorbs the vibrations (thus reducing the clearness and volume of the result).

Your choice of seven styles, from $100 to $7.50, all using the same records and giving the same perfect result, but with different driving mechanism—some spring motors, some electric motors. Also the Edison Concert Phonograph, $125.

Our new catalogue of machines and records can be obtained from all Phonograph dealers.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
NEW YORK

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS TRADE MARK

Thomas A Edison

KOTEDSILK

UNDERGARMENTS

FOR

Men, Women and Children

KOTEDSILK

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

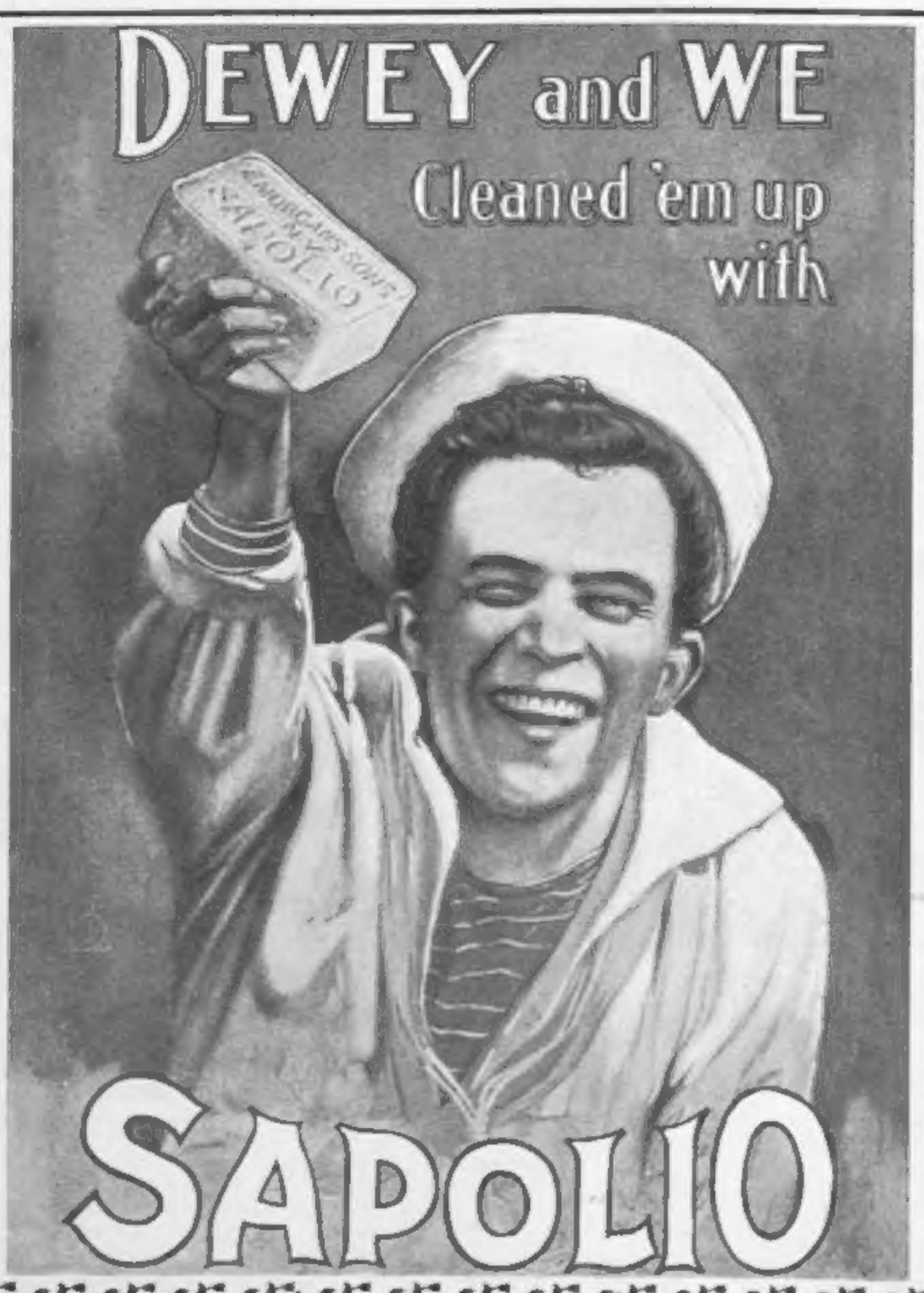
Coated on the inside with Pure Silk. The most luxurious underwear for men, women and children ever put on the market. Lighter, warmer, and more durable than wool. Non-irritating, easily washed, does not shrink.

Men's Shirts,	. .	34-44,	$2.50 each	Ladies' Vests,	. .	26-40,	$2.50 each
" Drawers,	.	28-44,	2.50 "	" Drawers,	.	26-40,	2.50 "
" Union Suits,		34-44,	5.00 "	" Union Suits,		26-40,	5.00 "
" Undervests,		34-44,	2.00 "	" Underwaists,		26-40,	2.00 "
Ladies' Short Underskirts,	. .	24-32 waist,	. . $2.50				

If your dealer can't supply you, we will. Express Prepaid

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

KOTEDSILK UNDERWEAR CO.
Millbury, Mass.
and 76 Leonard Street, New York City



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D: 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1899, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 425 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

The SPIRIT of the NORTH

By Robert W. Chambers

Copyright, 1899, by The Curtis Publishing Company

BEFORE I proceed further, common decency requires me to reassure my readers concerning my intentions, which, Heaven knows, are far from flippant.

To separate fact from fancy has always been difficult for me, but, now that I have had the honor to be chosen Secretary of the Zoölogical Gardens in Bronx Park, I realize keenly that unless I give up writing fiction nobody will believe what I write about science. Therefore it is to a serious and unimaginative public that I shall hereafter address myself; and I do it in the modest confidence that I shall neither be distrusted nor doubted, although, unfortunately, I still write in that irrational style which suggests covert frivolity, and for which I am undergoing a course of treatment in English literature at Columbia College. Now, having promised to avoid originality and confine myself to facts, I shall tell what I have to tell concerning the dingue, the mammoth and—*something else*.

For some weeks it had been rumored that Professor Farrago, President of the Bronx Park Zoölogical Society, would resign, to accept an enormous salary as manager of Barnum and Bailey's circus. He was now with the circus in London, and had promised to cable his decision before the day was over.

I hoped he would decide to remain with us. I was his secretary and particular favorite, and I viewed without enthusiasm the advent of a new President, who might shake us all out of our congenial and carefully excavated ruts. However, it was plain that the Trustees of the society expected the resignation of Professor Farrago, for they had been in secret session all day, considering the names of possible candidates to fill Professor Farrago's large, old-fashioned shoes. These preparations worried me, for I could scarcely expect another chief as kind and considerate as Professor Leonidas Farrago.

That afternoon in June I left my office in the administration building in Bronx Park and strolled out under the trees for a breath of air. But the heat of the sun soon drove me to seek shelter under a little, square arbor, a shady retreat, covered with purple Wistaria and honeysuckle. As I entered the arbor I noticed that there were three other people seated there—an elderly lady with masculine features and short hair, a younger lady sitting beside her, and, farther away, a rough-looking young man reading a book.

For a moment I had an indistinct impression of having met the elder lady somewhere, and under circumstances not entirely agreeable, but beyond a stony and indifferent glance she paid no attention to me. As for the younger lady, she did not look at me at all. She was very young, with pretty eyes, a mass of silky brown hair, and a skin as fresh as a rose which had just been rained on.

With that delicacy peculiar to lonely scientific bachelors, I modestly sat down beside the rough young man, although there was more room beside the younger lady. "Some lazy loafer reading a penny-dreadful," I thought, glancing at him, then at the title of his book. Hearing me beside him, he turned around and blinked over his shabby shoulder, and the movement uncovered the page he had been silently conning. The volume in his hands was Darwin's famous monograph on the monodactyl. He noticed the astonishment on my face, and smiled uneasily, shifting the short clay pipe in his mouth. "I guess," he observed, "that this here book is too much for me, mister."

"It's rather technical," I replied, smiling.

"Yes," he said in vague admiration; "it's fierce!"

After a silence I asked him if he would tell me why he had chosen Darwin as a literary pastime.

"Well," he said placidly, "I was tryin' to read about annermals, but I'm up against a word-slinger this time all right. Now here's a gum-twister"—and he painfully spelled out m-o-n-o-d-a-c-t-y-l, breathing hard all the while.

"Monodactyl," I said, "means a single-toed creature."

He turned the page with alacrity. "Is that the beast he's talkin' about?" he asked.

The illustration he pointed out was a woodcut representing Darwin's reconstruction of the dingue from the fossil bones in the British Museum. It was a well-executed woodcut, showing a dingue in the foreground, and, to give scale, a mammoth in the middle distance.

"Yes," I replied; "that is the dingue."

"I've seen one," he observed calmly.

I smiled, and explained that the dingue had been extinct for some thousands of years.

"Oh, I guess not," he replied with cool optimism. Then he placed a grimy forefinger on the mammoth.

"I've seen them things, too," he said. Again I pointed out his error, and suggested that he referred to the elephant.

"Elephant be blowed!" he replied; "I guess I know what I seen. An' I seen that there thing you call a dingue, too."

Not wishing to prolong a futile discussion, I remained silent. After a moment he wheeled around, removing his pipe from his hard mouth. "Did you ever hear tell o' Graham's Glacier?" he demanded.

"Certainly," I replied, astonished; "it's the southernmost glacier in British America."

"Right," he said; "and did you ever hear tell o' the Hudson Mountings, mister?"

"Yes," I replied.

"What's behind 'em?" he snapped out.

"Nobody knows; they are considered impassable."

"They ain't, though," he said; "I've been behind 'em."

"Really!" I replied, tiring of his yarn.

"Ya-as, reely," he repeated sullenly. Then he began to fumble and search through the pages of his book until he found what he wanted. "Mister," he said, "jest read that out loud, please."

The passage he indicated was the famous chapter beginning:

> "Is the mammoth extinct? Is the dingue extinct? Perhaps. And yet the aborigines of British America maintain the contrary. Probably both the mammoth and the dingue are extinct; but until expeditions have penetrated and explored not only the unknown region in Alaska but also that hidden table-land beyond the Graham Glacier and the Hudson Mountains, it will not be possible to definitely announce the total extinction of either the mammoth or the dingue."

When I had read it, slowly, for his benefit, he brought his hand down smartly on one knee and nodded rapidly. "Mister," he said, "that gent knows a thing or two, an' don't you forgit it!" Then he demanded how I knew he hadn't been behind the Graham Glacier. I explained.

"Shucks!" he said; "there's a road five miles wide inter that there table-land. Mister, I ain't been in New York long; I come inter port a week ago on the Arctic Belle, whaler. I was in the Hudson range when that there Graham Glacier bust up——"

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Didn't you know it?" he asked. "Well, mebbe it ain't in the papers, but it busted, all right—blowed up by a earthquake an' volcano combine. An', mister, it was oreful. My! how I did run!"

"Do you mean to tell me that some convulsion of the earth has shattered the Graham Glacier?" I asked.

"Convulsions? Ya-as, an' fits, too," he said sulkily. "The hull blame thing dropped inter a hole. An' say, mister, home is good enough for me now." I stared at him stupidly.

"Once," he said, "I ketched pelts for them sharps at Hudson Bay, like any yaller Husky, but the things I seen arter that convulsion-fit—the things I seen behind the Hudson Mountings—don't make me hanker arter no life on the pe-rarie wild, lemme tell you. I may be a Mother Carey chicken, but this chicken has come home to roost."

After a long silence I picked up his book again and pointed at the picture of the mammoth.

"What color is it?" I asked.

"Kinder red an' brown," he answered promptly. "It's woolly, too." Astounded, I pointed to the dingue.

"One-toed," he said quickly; "makes a noise like a bell when scutterin' about."

Intensely excited, I laid my hand on his arm. "My society will give you a thousand dollars," I said, "if you

DRAWN BY GUSTAVE VERBECK

NEVER BEFORE HAD I BEHELD SO MUCH FEMININE LOVELINESS IN ONE HUMAN BODY ON THE BACK OF A MULE

pilot me inside the Hudson table-land and show me either a mammoth or a dingue!"

He looked me calmly in the eye.

"Mister," he said slowly, "have you got a million for to squander on me?"

"No," I said suspiciously.

"Because," he went on, "it wouldn't be enough. Home an' mother suits me now."

He picked up his book. In vain I asked his name and address; in vain I begged him to dine with me—to become my honored guest.

"Nit," he said shortly, and shambled off down the path.

But I was not going to lose him like that. I rose and deliberately started to stalk him. It was easy. He shuffled along, pulling on his pipe, and I after him.

It was growing a little dark, although the sun still reddened the tops of the maples. Afraid of losing him in the falling dusk, I once more approached him and laid my hand upon his ragged sleeve.

"Look here," he cried, wheeling about, "I want you to quit follerin' me. Don't I tell you money can't make me go back to them mountings?" And as I attempted to speak, he suddenly tore off his cap and pointed to his head. His hair was white as snow.

"That's what come o' monkeyin' inter your cursed mountings!" he shouted fiercely. "There's things in there what no Christian oughter see! Lemme alone, er I'll bust you!"

He shambled on, doubled fists swinging by his side. Setting my teeth obstinately, I followed him and caught him by the Park gate. At my hail he whirled around with a snarl, but I grabbed him by the throat and backed him violently against the Park wall.

"You invaluable ruffian," I said; "now you listen to me! I live in that big stone building, and I'll give you a thousand dollars to take me behind the Graham Glacier. Think it over and call on me when you are in a pleasanter frame of mind. If you don't come by noon to-morrow I'll go to the Graham Glacier without you!"

He was attempting to kick me all the time, but I managed to avoid him; and when I had finished I gave him a shove which almost loosened his spinal column. He went reeling out across the sidewalk, and when he had recovered his breath and his balance he danced with displeasure, and displayed a vocabulary that astonished me. However, he kept his distance.

As I turned back into the Park, satisfied that he would not follow, the first person I saw was the elderly, stony-faced lady of the Wistaria arbor advancing on tiptoe. Behind her came the younger lady with cheeks like a rose which had been rained on.

Instantly it occurred to me that they had followed us, and at the same moment I knew who the stony-faced lady was. Angry, but polite, I lifted my hat and saluted her, and she, probably furious at having been caught tiptoeing after me, cut me dead. The younger lady passed me with face averted, but even in the dusk I could see the tip of one little ear turn scarlet.

Walking on hurriedly, I entered the administration building and found Professor Lesard, of the Reptilian Department, preparing to leave.

"Don't you do it," I said sharply; "I've got exciting news!"

"I'm only going to the theatre," he replied. "It's a good show—Adam and Eve; there's a snake in it, you know. It's in my line."

"I can't help it," I said; and I told him briefly what had occurred in the arbor.

"But that's not all," I continued savagely. "Those women followed us, and who do you think one of them turned out to be? Well, it was Professor Smawl, of Barnard College, and I'll bet every pair of boots I own that she starts for the Graham Glacier within a week! Idiot that I was!" I exclaimed, smiting my head with both hands. "I never recognized her until I saw her tiptoeing and craning her neck to listen! Now she knows about the glacier; she heard every word that young ruffian said, and she'll go to the glacier if it's only to forestall me!"

Professor Lesard looked anxious. He knew that Miss Smawl, Professor of Natural History at Barnard College, had long desired an appointment as Professor of Carnivora at the Bronx Park Gardens. It was even said she had a chance of succeeding Professor Farrago as President, but that, of course, must have been a joke. However, she haunted the Gardens, annoying the keepers by persistently poking the animals with her umbrella. On one occasion she sent us word that she desired to enter the tigers' inclosure for the purpose of making experiments in hypnotism. Professor Farrago was absent, but I took it upon myself to send back word that I feared the tigers might injure her. The miserable small boy who took my message informed her that I was afraid she might injure the tigers, and the unpleasant incident almost cost me my position.

DRAWN BY PEARSON STANLAWN

"It is a dingue! It's a monodactyl!"

"I am quite convinced," said I to Professor Lesard, "that Miss Smawl is perfectly capable of abusing the information she overheard, and of starting herself to explore a region which, by all the laws of decency, justice and prior claim, belongs to me."

"Well," said Lesard with a peculiar laugh, "it's not certain whether you can go at all."

"Professor Farrago will authorize me," I said confidently.

"Professor Farrago has resigned," said Lesard. It was a bolt from a clear sky.

"Good Heavens!" I blurted out; "what will become of the rest of us, then?"

"I don't know," he replied. "The Trustees are holding a meeting over in Barnard College to elect a new President for us. It depends on the new President what becomes of us."

"Lesard," I said hoarsely, "you don't suppose that they could possibly elect Miss Smawl as our President—do you?"

He looked at me askance and bit his cigar.

"I'd be in a nice position, wouldn't I?" said I anxiously.

"The lady would probably make you walk the plank for that tiger business," he replied.

"But I didn't do it," I protested with sickly eagerness. "Besides, I explained to her——"

He said nothing, and I stared at him, appalled by the possibility of reporting to Professor Smawl for instructions next morning.

"See here, Lesard," I said nervously, "I wish you would step over to Barnard College and ask the Trustees if I may prepare for this expedition. Will you?"

He glanced at me sympathetically. It was quite natural for me to wish to secure my position before the new President was elected—especially as there was a chance of that new President being Miss Smawl.

"You are quite right," he said; "the Graham Glacier would be the safest place for you if our next President is to be the Lady of the Tigers." And he started across the Park, puffing his cigar.

I sat down on the doorstep to wait for his return, not at all charmed with the prospect. It made me furious, too, to see my ambition nipped with the frost of a possible veto from Miss Smawl.

"If she is elected," thought I, "there is nothing for me but to resign—to avoid the inconvenience of being shown the door. Oh, I wish I had allowed her to hypnotize the tigers!"

Dark thoughts of crime flitted through my mind; Miss Smawl would not remain President—or anything else very long—if she persisted in her desire for the tigers. And then when she called for help I would pretend not to hear.

Aroused from criminal meditation by the return of Professor Lesard, I jumped up and peered into his perplexed eyes. "They've elected a President," he said, "but they won't tell us who the President is until to-morrow."

"You don't think——" I stammered.

"I don't know. But I know this: the new President sanctions the expedition to the Graham Glacier, and directs you to choose an assistant and begin preparations for two people." Overjoyed, I seized his hand and said: "Hurray!" in a voice weak with emotion.

"The old dragon isn't elected this time," I added triumphantly.

"By the way," he said, "who was the other dragon with her in the Park this evening?"

I described her in a more modulated voice.

"Whew!" observed Professor Lesard, "that must be her assistant, Professor Dorothy Van Twiller! She's the prettiest blue-stocking in town!"

With this curious remark on Professor Van Twiller, my confrère followed me into my room and wrote down the list of articles I dictated to him. The list included a complete camping equipment for myself and one other man.

"Am I that other man?" inquired Lesard with an unhappy smile.

Before I could reply my door was shoved open and a figure appeared at the threshold, cap in hand.

"What do you want?" I asked sternly, but my heart was beating high with triumph.

The figure shuffled; then came a subdued voice:

"Mister, I guess I'll go back to the Graham Glacier along with you. I'm Billy Spike, an' it kinder scares me to go back to them Hudson Mountings, but somehow, mister, when you choked me an' kinder walked me off on my ear, why, mister, I kinder took to you, like."

There was absolute silence for a minute; then he said:

"So if you go I guess I'll go, too, mister."

"For a thousand dollars?"

"Fur nawthin'," he muttered; "or what you like."

"All right, Billy," I said briskly; "just look over those rifles and ammunition and see that everything's sound."

He slowly lifted his tough young face and gave me a dog-like glance. They were hard eyes, but there was gratitude in them.

"You'll get your throat slit," whispered Lesard.

"Not while Billy's with me," I replied cheerfully.

Late that night, as I was preparing for pleasant dreams, a knock came on my door and a telegraph messenger handed me a note which I read, shivering in my bare feet—although the thermometer marked eighty Fahrenheit:

> "You will immediately leave for the Hudson Mountains *via* Wellman Bay, Labrador, there to await further instructions. Equipment for yourself and one assistant will include following articles" (here began a list of camping utensils, scientific paraphernalia and provisions). "The steamer Penguin sails at five o'clock to-morrow morning. Kindly find yourself on board at that hour. Any excuse for not complying with these orders will be accepted as your resignation.
>
> "PENELOPE SMAWL,
> "President Bronx Zoological Society."

"Lesard!" I shouted, trembling with fury.

He appeared at his door, chastely draped in pajamas, and he read the insolent letter with terrified alacrity.

"What are you going to do—resign?" he asked.

"Do!" I muttered, grinding my teeth; "I'm going—that's what I'm going to do!"

"But—but you can't get ready and catch that steamer, too," he stammered. He did not know me.

Chapter II

AND so it came about that one calm evening toward the end of June, William Spike and I went into camp under the southerly shelter of that vast granite wall called the Hudson Mountains, there to await "further instructions."

It had been a tiresome trip by steamer to Anticosti, from there by schooner to Widgeon Bay, then down the coast and up the Cape Clear River to Port Porpoise. There we bought three pack-mules and started due north on the Great Fur Trail. The second day out we passed Fort Boise, the last outpost of civilization, and on the sixth day we were traveling eastward under the granite mountain parapets.

On the evening of the sixth day out from Fort Boise we went into camp for the last time before entering the unknown land.

I could see it already through my field glasses, and while William was building the fire I climbed up among the rocks above and sat down, glasses leveled, to study the prospect.

There was nothing either extraordinary or forbidding in the landscape which stretched out beyond; to the right the solid palisade of granite cut off the view; to the left the palisade continued, an endless barrier of sheer cliffs crowned with pine and hemlock. But the interesting section of the landscape lay almost directly in front of me—a rent in the mountain wall through which appeared to run a level, arid plain, miles wide, and as smooth and even as a high road.

There could be no doubt concerning the significance of that rent in the solid mountain wall; and, moreover, it was exactly as William Spike had described it. However, I called to him and he came up from the camp-fire, ax on shoulder.

"Yep," he said, squatting beside me; "the Graham Glacier used to meander through that there hole, but somethin' went wrong with the earth's in'ards an' there was a bust-up."

"And you saw it, William?" I said with a sigh of envy.

"Hey? Seen it? Sure I seen it! I was to Spoutin' Springs, twenty mile west, with a bale o' blue fox an' otter pelt. Fust I knew them geysers begun for to groan egregious like, an' I seen the caribou gallopin' hell-bent south. 'This climate,' sez I, 'is too bracin' for me,' so I struck a back trail an' landed on to a hill. Then them geysers blowed up, one arter the next, an' I heard somethin' kinder cave in betwixt here an' China. I disremember things what happened. Somethin' throwed me down, but I couldn't stay there, for the blamed ground was runnin' like a river, all wavy like, an' the sky kinder kicked me on the back o' me head."

"And then?" I urged in that new excitement which every repetition of the story revived. I had heard it all twenty times since we left New York, but the mere repetition could not apparently satisfy me.

"Then," continued William, "the whole world kinder went off like a fire-cracker, an' I come too, an' ran like——"

"I know," said I, cutting him short, for I had become wearied of the invariable profanity which lent a lurid ending to his narrative.

"After that," I continued, "you went through the rent in the mountains?"

"Sure."

"And you saw a dingue and a creature that resembled a mammoth?"

"Sure," he repeated sulkily.

"And you saw something else?" I always asked this question; it fascinated me to see the sullen fright flicker in

William's eyes, and the mechanical backward glance, as though what he had seen might still be behind him.

He had never answered this third question but once, and that time he fairly snarled in my face as he growled: "I seen what no Christian oughter see."

So when I repeated, "And you saw something else, William?" he gave me a wicked, frightened leer, and shuffled off to feed the mules. Flattery, entreaties, threats left him unmoved; he never told me what the third thing was that he had seen behind the Hudson Mountains.

When William had retired to mix up with his mules, I resumed my binoculars and my silent inspection of the great smooth path left by the Graham Glacier when something or other exploded that vast mass of ice into vapor.

The arid plain wound out from the unknown country like a river, and I thought then and think now that when the glacier was blown into vapor, the vapor descended in the most terrific rain the world has ever seen, and poured through the newly blasted mountain gateway, sweeping the earth to bedrock. To corroborate this theory, miles to the southward I could see the *débris* winding out across the land toward Wellman Bay, but, as the terminal moraine of the vanished glacier formerly ended there, I could not be certain that my theory was correct. Owing to the formation of the mountains I could not see more than half a mile into the unknown country. What I could see appeared to be nothing but the continuation of the glacier's path, scored out by the cloudburst, and swept as smooth as a floor.

Sitting there, my heart beating heavily with excitement, I looked through the evening glow at the pine-crowned mountain wall with its giant's gateway pierced for me. And I thought of all the explorers and the unknown heroes—trappers, Indians, humble naturalists, perhaps—who had attempted to scale that sheer barricade and had died there or had failed, beaten back from those eternal cliffs. Eternal? No! For the Eternal Himself had struck the rock, and it had sprung asunder, thundering obedience.

In the still evening air the smoke from the fire below mounted in a straight, slender pillar, like the smoke from those ancient altars builded before the first blood had been shed on earth.

The evening wind stirred the pines; a tiny spring brook made thin harmony among the rocks; a murmur came from the quiet camp. It was William adjuring his mules. In the deepening twilight I descended the hillock, stepping cautiously among the rocks.

Then, suddenly, as I stood outside the reddening ring of firelight, far in the depths of the unknown country, far behind the mountain wall, a sound grew on the quiet air. William heard it and turned his face to the mountains. The sound faded to a vibration which was felt, not heard. Then once more I began to divine a vibration in the air, gathering in distant volume until it became a sound, lasting the space of a spoken word, fading to vibration, then silence.

Was it a cry?

I looked at William inquiringly. He had quietly fainted away.

I got him to the little brook and poked his head into the icy water, and after a while he sat up pluckily.

To an indignant question he replied: "Naw, I ain't a-cussin' you. Lemme be or I'll have fits."

"Was it that sound that scared you?" I asked.

"Ya—as," he replied with a dauntless shiver.

"Was it the voice of the mammoth?" I persisted excitedly. "Speak, William, or I will drag you about and kick you!"

He replied that it was neither a mammoth nor a dingue, and added a strong request for privacy, which I was obliged to grant, as I could not torture another word out of him.

I slept little that night; the exciting proximity of the unknown land was too much for me. But although I lay awake for hours, I heard nothing except the tinkle of water among the rocks and the plover calling from some hidden marsh. At daybreak I shot a ptarmigan which had walked into camp, and the shot set the echoes yelling among the mountains. William, sullen and heavy-eyed, dressed the bird, and we broiled it for breakfast.

Neither he nor I alluded to the sound we had heard the night before; he boiled water and cleaned up the mess-kit, and I pottered about among the rocks for another ptarmigan. Wearying of this, presently I returned to the mules and William, and sat down for a smoke.

"It strikes me," I said, "that our instructions to 'await further orders' are idiotic. How are we to receive 'further orders' here?"

William did not know.

"You don't suppose," said I in sudden disgust, "that Miss Smawl believes there is a summer hotel and daily mail service in the Hudson Mountains?"

William thought, perhaps, she did suppose something of the sort.

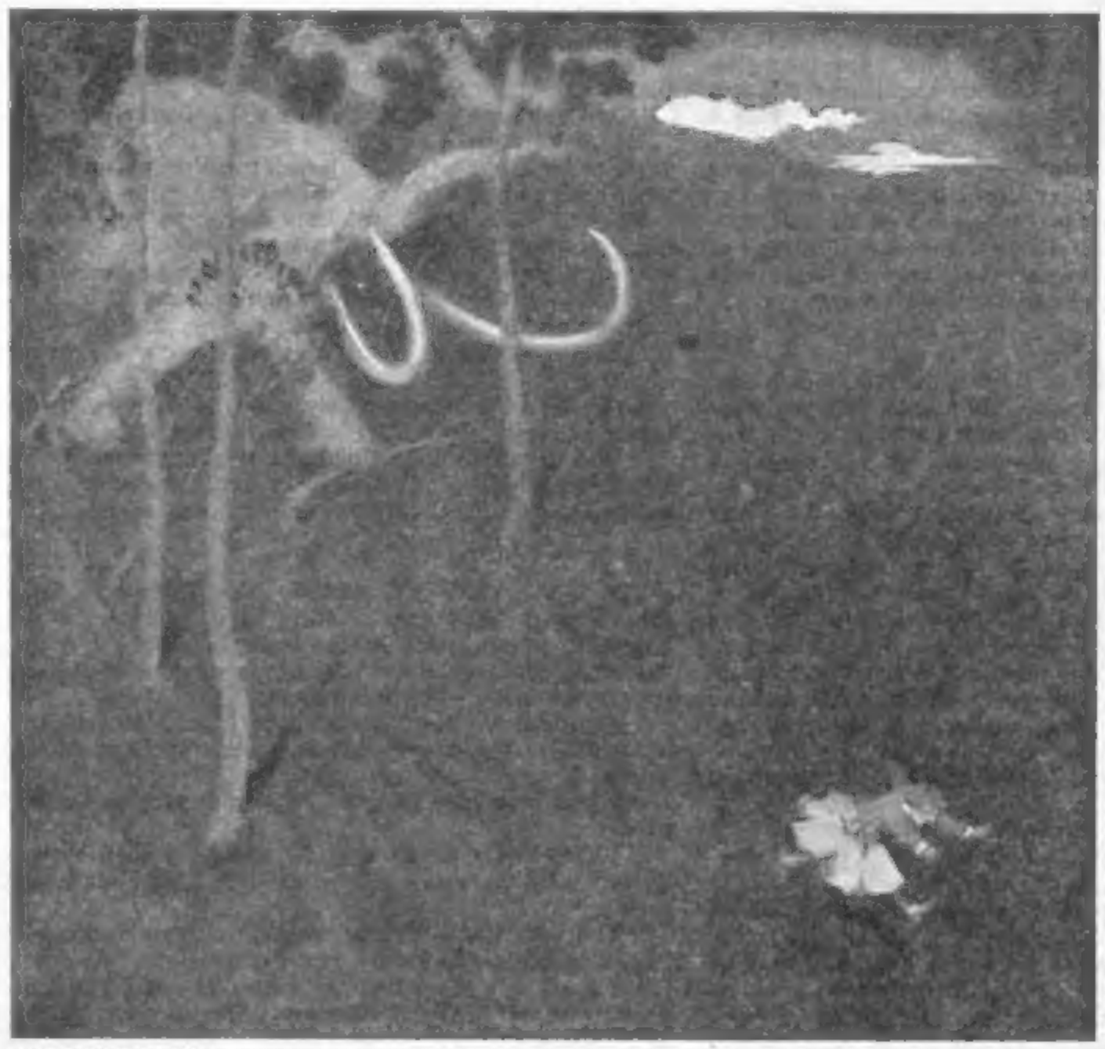
It irritated me beyond measure to find myself at last on the very border of the unknown country, and yet checked, held back, by the irresponsible orders of a maiden lady named Smawl. However, my salary depended upon the whim of that maiden lady, and, although I fussed and fumed and glared at the mountains through my glasses, I realized that I could not stir without the permission of Miss Smawl. At times this grotesque situation became almost unbearable, and I often went away by myself and indulged in fantasias, firing my gun off and pretending I had hit Miss Smawl by mistake. At such moments I would imagine I was free at last to plunge into the strange country, and I would squat on a rock and dream of bagging my first mammoth.

The time passed heavily; the tension increased with each new day. I shot ptarmigan and kept our table supplied with brook trout. William chopped wood, conversed with his mules, and cooked very badly.

"See here," I said one morning; "we have been in camp a week to-day, and I can't stand your cooking another minute!"

William, who was washing a saucepan, looked up and begged me sarcastically to accept the *cordon bleu*. But I know only how to cook eggs, and there were none within some hundred miles.

To get the flavor of the breakfast out of my mouth I walked up to my favorite hillock and sat down for a smoke.



—OUT OF THE CRASHING FOREST SPED PROFESSOR SMAWL, HER THIN LEGS FLYING LIKE BICYCLE SPOKES

The next moment, however, I was on my feet, cheering excitedly and shouting for William.

"Here come 'further instructions' at last!" I cried, pointing to the southward, where two dots on the grassy plain were imperceptibly moving in our direction.

"Folks on mules," said William without enthusiasm.

"They must be messengers for us!" I cried in chaste joy. "Three cheers for the northward trail, William, and the mischief take Miss ——. Well, never mind now," I added.

"On them approachin' mules," observed William, "there is wimmen."

I stared at him for a second, then attempted to strike him. He dodged wearily and repeated his incredible remark: "Ya—as, there is—wimmen—two female ladies on them there mules."

"Bring me my glasses!" I said hoarsely; "bring me those glasses, because I shall destroy you if you don't!"

Somewhat awed by my calm fury, he hastened back to camp and returned with the binoculars. It was a breathless moment; I adjusted the lenses and raised them.

Now, of all unexpected sights my fate may reserve for me in the future, I trust—nay, I know—that none can ever prove so unwelcome as the sight I perceived through my binoculars. For upon the backs of those distant mules were two women, and the first one was Miss Smawl!

Upon her head she wore a helmet, from which fluttered a green veil. Otherwise she was clothed in tweeds; and at moments she beat upon her mule with a thick umbrella.

Surfeited with the sickening spectacle, I sat down on a rock and tried to cry.

"I told you so," observed William; but I was too tired to attack him.

When the caravan rode into camp I was myself again, smilingly prepared for the worst, and I advanced, cap in hand, followed furtively by William.

"Welcome," I said, violently injecting joy into my voice. "Welcome, Professor Smawl, to the Hudson Mountains!"

"Kindly take my mule," she said, climbing down.

"William," I said with dignity, "take the lady's mule."

Miss Smawl gave me a stolid glance, then made directly for the camp-fire where a kettle of game broth simmered over the coals. Presently I saw her smelling of it, and I turned my back and advanced toward the second lady pilgrim, prepared to be civil until snubbed.

Now, it is quite certain that never before had William Spike or I beheld so much feminine loveliness in one human body on the back of a mule. She was clad in the daintiest of shooting-kilts, yet there was nothing mannish about her except the way she rode the mule, and that only accented her adorable femininity.

I remembered what Professor Lesard had said about blue-stockings, but Miss Dorothy Van Twiller's were gray, turned over at the tops, and disappearing into canvas spats buckled across a pair of slim shooting-boots.

"Welcome," said I, attempting to restrain a too violent cordiality. "Welcome, Professor Van Twiller, to the Hudson Mountains!"

"Thank you," she replied, accepting my assistance very sweetly; "it is a pleasure to meet a human being again."

I glanced at Miss Smawl. She was eating game broth, but she resembled a human being in a general way.

"I should very much like to wash my hands," said Professor Van Twiller, drawing the buckskin gloves from her slim fingers.

I brought towels and soap and conducted her to the brook.

She called to Professor Smawl to join her, and her voice was crystalline; Professor Smawl declined, and her voice was batrachian.

"She is so hungry," observed Miss Van Twiller. "I am very thankful we are here at last, for we've had a horrid time. You see, neither of us knows how to cook."

I wondered what they would say to William's cooking, but I held my peace and retired, leaving the little brook to mirror the sweetest face that was ever bathed in water.

Chapter III

THAT afternoon our expedition, in two sections, moved forward. The first section comprised myself and all the mules; the second section was commanded by Professor Smawl, followed by Professor Van Twiller armed with a tiny shotgun. William, loaded down with the ladies' toilet articles, skulked in the rear. I say skulked; there was no other word for it.

"So you're a guide, are you?" observed Professor Smawl when William, cap in hand, had approached her with well-meant advice. "The woods are full of lazy guides. Pick up those bags! I'll do the guiding for this expedition."

Made cautious by William's humiliation, I associated with the mules exclusively. Nevertheless, Professor Smawl had her hard eyes on me, and I realized that she meant mischief.

The encounter took place just as I, driving the five mules, entered the great mountain gateway, thrilled with anticipation which almost amounted to foreboding. As I was about to set foot across the imaginary frontier which divided the world from the unknown land, Professor Smawl hailed me, and I halted until she came up.

"As commander of this expedition," she said, somewhat out of breath, "I desire to be the first living creature who has ever set foot behind the Graham Glacier. Kindly step aside, young sir!"

"Madam," said I, rigid with disappointment, "my guide, William Spike, entered that unknown land a year ago."

"He *says* he did," sneered Professor Smawl.

"As you like," I replied; "but it is scarcely generous to forestall the person whose stupidity gave you the clue to this unexplored region."

"You mean yourself?" she asked with a stony stare.

"I do," said I firmly.

Her little hard eyes grew harder, and she clutched her umbrella until the steel ribs crackled.

"Young man," she said insolently, "if I could have gotten rid of you, I should have done so the day I was appointed President. But Professor Farrago refused to resign unless your position was assured, subject, of course, to your good behavior. Frankly, I don't like you, and I consider your views on science ridiculous, and if an opportunity presents itself I will be most happy to request your resignation. Kindly collect your mules and follow me."

Mortified beyond measure, I collected my mules and followed my President into the strange country behind the Hudson Mountains—I who had aspired to lead, compelled to follow in the rear, driving mules!

The journey was monotonous at first, but we shortly ascended a ridge from which we could see stretching out below us the wilderness where, save the feet of William Spike, no human feet had passed.

As for me, tingling with enthusiasm, I forgot my chagrin, I forgot the gross injustice, I forgot my mules. "Excelsior!"

I cried, running up and down the ridge in uncontrollable excitement at the sublime spectacle of forest, mountain and valley all set with little lakes.

"Excelsior!" repeated an excited voice at my side, and Professor Van Twiller sprang to the ridge beside me, her eyes bright as stars.

Exalted, inspired by the mysterious beauty of the view, we clasped hands and ran up and down the grassy ridge.

"That will do," said Professor Smawl coldly, as we raced about like a pair of distracted kittens. The chilling voice broke the spell; I dropped Professor Van Twiller's hand and sat down on a boulder, aching with wrath.

Late that afternoon we halted beside a tiny lake, deep in the unknown wilderness, where purple and scarlet bergamot choked the shores and the spruce-partridge strutted fearlessly under our very feet. Here we pitched our two tents. The afternoon sun slanted through the pines; the lake glittered; acres of golden brake perfumed the forest silence, broken only at rare intervals by the distant thunder of a partridge drumming. Professor Smawl ate heavily and retired to her tent to lie torpid until evening; William drove the unloaded mules into an intervale full of sun-cured, fragrant grasses; I sat down beside Professor Van Twiller.

The wilderness is electric. Once within the influence of its currents, human beings become positively or negatively charged, violently attracting or repelling each other.

❧

"There is something the matter with this air," said Professor Van Twiller. "It makes me feel as though I were desperately enamored of the entire human race."

She leaned back against a pine, smiling vaguely, and crossing one knee over the other.

Now, I am not bold by temperament, and, normally, I fear the ladies. Therefore it surprised me to hear myself begin a frivolous *causerie*, replying to her pretty epigrams with epigrams of my own, advancing to the borderland of badinage, conducting her and myself over that delicate frontier to meet upon the *terrain* of undisguised flirtation.

It was clear that she was out for a holiday. The seriousness and restraints of twenty-two years she had left behind her in the civilized world, and now, with a shrug of her young shoulders, she unloosened her burden of reticence, dignity and responsibility and let the whole load fall with a discreet thud.

"Even hares go mad in March," she said seriously. "I know you intend to flirt with me—and I don't care. Anyway, there's nothing else to do, is there?"

"Suppose," said I solemnly, "I should take you behind that big tree and attempt to kiss you?"

The prospect did not appear to appal her, so I looked around with that sneaking yet conciliatory caution peculiar to young men who are novices in the art. Before I had satisfied myself that neither William nor the mules were observing us, Professor Van Twiller rose to her feet and took a short step backward.

"Let's set traps for a dingue," she said; "will you?"

I looked at the big tree, undecided.

"Come on," she said; "I'll show you how." And away we went into the woods, she leading, her kilts flashing through the golden half-light.

Now I had not the faintest notion how to trap the dingue, but Professor Van Twiller asserted that it formerly fed on the tender tips of the spruce, quoting Darwin as her authority.

So we gathered a bushel of spruce tips, piled them on the bank of a little stream, then built a miniature stockade around the bait, a foot high. I roofed this with hemlock, then laboriously whittled out and adjusted a swinging shutter for the entrance, setting it on springy twigs.

"The dingue, you know, was supposed to live in the water," she said, kneeling beside me over our trap.

I took her little hand and thanked her for the information.

"Doubtless," she said enthusiastically, "a dingue will come out of the lake to-night to feed on our spruce tips. Then," she added, "we've got him!"

"True!" I said earnestly, and pressed her fingers very gently.

❧

Her face was turned a little away; I don't remember what she said; I don't remember that she said anything. A faint rose tint stole over her cheek. A few moments later she said: "You must not do that again."

It was quite late when we strolled back to camp. Long before we came in sight of the twin tents we heard a deep voice bawling our names. It was Professor Smawl, and she pounced upon Dorothy and drove her ignominiously into the tent.

"As for you," she said in hollow tones, "you may explain your conduct at once, or place your resignation at my disposal."

But somehow or other I appeared to be temporarily lost to shame, and I only smiled at my infuriated President, and entered my own tent with a step that was distinctly frolicsome.

"Billy," said I to William Spike, who regarded me morosely from the depths of the tent, "I'm going out to bag a mammoth to-morrow, so kindly clean my elephant gun and bring an ax to chop out the tusks."

That night Professor Smawl complained bitterly of the cooking, but as neither Dorothy nor I knew how to improve it, she revenged herself on us by eating everything on the table and retiring to bed, taking Dorothy with her.

I could not sleep very well; the mosquitoes were intrusive, and Professor Smawl dreamed she was a pack of wolves and yelped in her sleep.

"Bird, ain't she?" said William, roused from slumber by her weird noises.

Dorothy, much frightened, crawled out of her tent where her blanket-mate still dreamed dyspeptically, and William and I made her comfortable by the camp-fire.

It takes a pretty girl to look pretty, half asleep in a blanket.

"Are you sure you are quite well?" I asked her.

To make sure, I tested her pulse. For an hour it varied more or less, but without alarming either of us. Then she went back to bed and I sat alone by the camp-fire.

Toward midnight I suddenly began to feel that strange, distant vibration that I had once before felt. As before, the vibration grew on the still air, increasing in volume until it became a sound, then died out into silence.

I rose and stole into my tent.

William, white as death, lay in his corner, weeping in his sleep.

I roused him remorselessly, and he sat up scowling, but refused to tell me what he had been dreaming.

"Was it about that third thing you saw——" I began. But he snarled up at me like a startled animal, and I was obliged to go to bed and toss about and speculate.

❧

The next morning it rained. Dorothy and I visited our dingue trap but found nothing in it. We were inclined, however, to stay out in the rain behind a big tree, but Professor Smawl vetoed that proposition, and sent me off to supply the larder with fresh meat.

I returned, mad and wet, with a dozen partridges and a white hare—brown at that season—and William cooked them vilely.

"I can taste the feathers!" said Professor Smawl indignantly.

"There is no accounting for taste," I said with a polite gesture of deprecation; "personally, I find feathers unpalatable."

"You may hand in your resignation this evening!" cried Professor Smawl in hollow tones of passion.

I passed her the pancakes with a cheerful smile and flippantly pressed the hand next me. Unexpectedly it proved to be William's sticky fist, and Dorothy and I laughed until her tears ran into Professor Smawl's coffee cup—an accident which kindled her wrath to red heat, and she requested my resignation five times during the evening.

The next day it rained again, more or less. Professor Smawl complained of the cooking, demanded my resignation, and finally marched off to explore, lugging the reluctant William with her. Dorothy and I sat down behind the largest tree we could find.

I don't remember what we were saying when a peculiar sound interrupted us and we listened earnestly.

It was like a bell in the woods—ding-dong! ding-dong! ding-dong!—a low, mellow, golden harmony, coming nearer, then stopping.

I clasped Dorothy in my arms in my excitement.

"It is the note of the dingue!" I whispered, "and that explains its name, handed down from remote ages along with the names of the behemoth and the coney! It was because of its bell-like cry that it was named! Darling!" I cried, forgetting our short acquaintance, "we have made a discovery that the whole world will ring with!"

❧

Hand in hand we tiptoed through the forest to our trap. There was something in it that took fright at our approach and rushed panic-stricken round and round the interior of the trap, uttering its alarm note, which sounded like the jangling of a whole string of bells.

I seized the strangely beautiful creature; it neither attempted to bite nor scratch, but crouched in my arms, trembling and eyeing me.

Delighted with the lovely tame animal, we bore it tenderly back to the camp and placed it on my blanket. Hand in hand we stood before it, awed by the sight of this beast, so long believed to be extinct.

"It is too good to be true," sighed Dorothy, clasping her white hands under her chin and gazing at the dingue in rapture.

"Yes," said I solemnly, "you and I, my child, are face to face with the fabled dingue—*Dingus Solitarius!* Let us continue to gaze at it, reverently, prayerfully, humbly——"

Dorothy yawned—probably with excitement.

We were still mutely adoring the dingue when Professor Smawl burst into the tent at a hand-gallop, bawling hoarsely for her kodak and notebook.

Dorothy seized her triumphantly by the arm and pointed at the dingue, which appeared to be frightened to death.

"What?" cried Professor Smawl scornfully; "*that* a dingue? Rubbish!"

"Madam," I said firmly, "it is a dingue! It's a monodactyl! See! it has but a single toe!"

"Bosh," she retorted; "it's got four!"

"Four!" I repeated blankly.

"Yes; one on each foot!"

"Of course," I said; "you didn't suppose a monodactyl meant a beast with one leg and one toe?"

But she laughed hatefully and declared it was a woodchuck.

We squabbled for a while until I saw the significance of her attitude. The unfortunate woman wished to find a dingue first and be credited with the discovery.

I lifted the dingue in both hands and shook the creature gently, until the chiming ding-dong of its protestations filled our ears like sweet bells jangled out of tune.

Pale with rage at this final proof of the dingue's identity, she seized her camera and note-book.

"I haven't any time to waste over that musical woodchuck!" she shouted, and bounced out of the tent.

"What have you discovered, dear?" cried Dorothy, running after her.

"A mammoth!" bawled Professor Smawl triumphantly; "and I'm going to photograph him!"

Neither Dorothy nor I believed her. We watched the flight of the infatuated woman in silence.

❧

And now, at last, the tragic shadow falls over my paper as I write. I was never passionately attached to Professor Smawl, yet I would gladly refrain from chronicling the episode that must follow if, as I have hitherto attempted, I succeed in sticking to the unornamented truth.

I have said that neither Dorothy nor I believed her. I don't know why, unless it was that we had not yet made up our minds to believe that the mammoth still existed on earth. So, when Professor Smawl disappeared in the forest, scuttling through the underbrush like a demoralized hen, we viewed her flight with unconcern. There was a large tree in the neighborhood—a pleasant shelter in case of rain. So we sat down behind it, although the sun was shining fiercely.

It was one of those peaceful afternoons in the wilderness when the whole forest dreams, and the shadows are asleep and every little leaflet takes a nap. Under the still tree tops the dappled sunlight, motionless, soaked the sod; the forest flies no longer whirled in circles, but sat sunning their wings on slender twig tips.

The heat was sweet and spicy; the

(Concluded on Page 341 of this number)

—A WOMAN'S SPLENDID FORM, UPRIGHT FROM THE SKY TO THE EARTH, KNEE-DEEP IN THE SEA

DRAWN BY GUSTAVE VERBEEK

When the CENTURY was Young

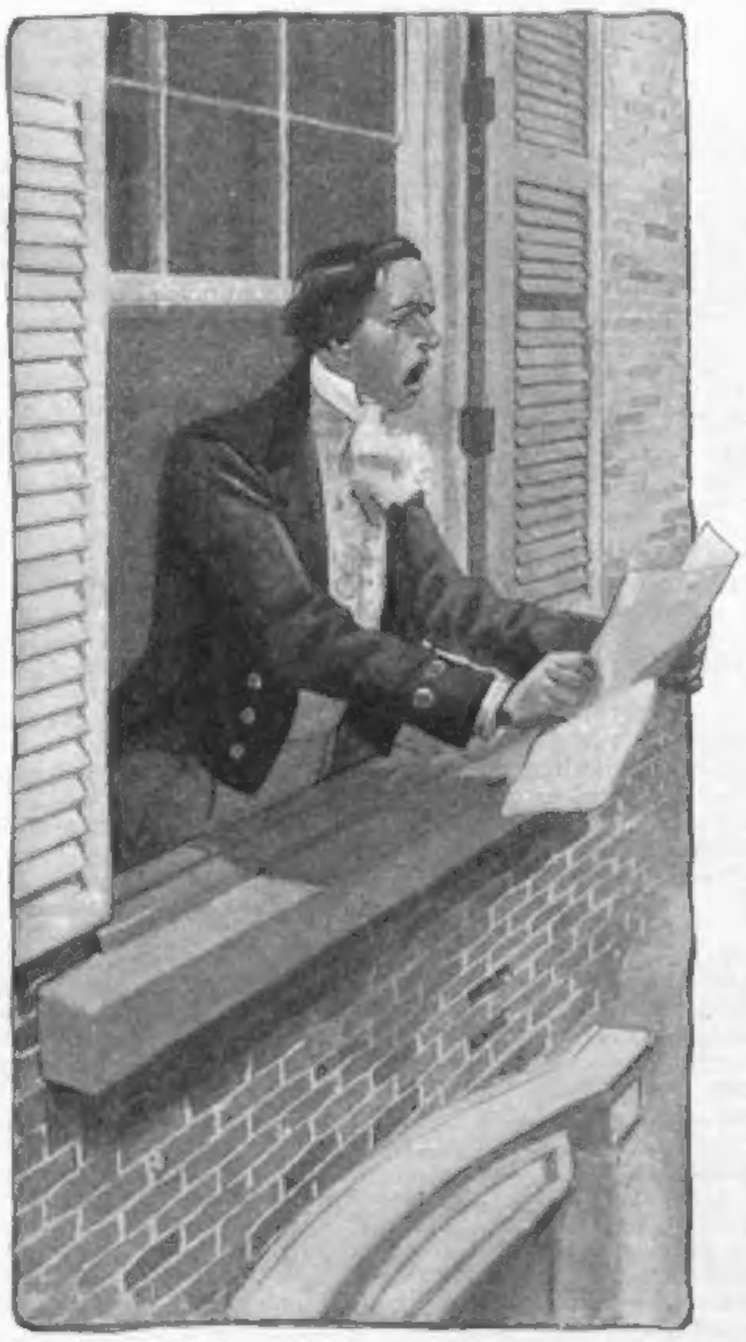
The College Life of our Grandfathers

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

WHEN, on returning to my native town of Cambridge as a resident in 1878, after thirty years of absence, I thought of taking my meals for a time at Memorial Hall, the students' place of boarding, I asked a young friend who took me there as his dinner guest whether there was, as I had heard, a table occupied by professors and the older graduates. He assured me that there was such a table, and pointed it out to me, though it was just then empty. "You will find quite old men there," he said in all seriousness; "old men of twenty-nine." As I had then reached the comparatively mature age of five and fifty, I felt that this offer of contemporary society was not sufficiently near to meet my condition; and the whole plan afterward fell through.

It is now more than twenty years since then, and I am old enough, it seems, to be asked to write something about college life when the century was young. Alas! it is now almost as difficult to fix the precise period when the century was young as when I myself was. As I was born in 1823, the century was not in its very first youth when I was cradled, and I cannot be assumed to know much about it for even several years after that event. Still, I doubtless began to observe it as soon as I observed anything, since my father's house looked into the college yard—nobody in Cambridge says "campus"—and, what was more to the purpose, into what was then the playground of the students. I was probably too young to watch with much accurate appreciation the process, when the good German refugee, Dr. Charles Follen, established his open-air gymnasium, about 1826, where Memorial Hall now stands; but I can still remember distinctly the groups of students clambering over the high bars and swings; and other students riding on that curious precursor of the bicycle, which he perhaps also introduced, the wheeled velocipede, the rider of which simply propelled himself by the direct contact of his feet with mother earth.

Apart from this, I was born and bred in a college atmosphere if ever a boy was, my father having been Steward (now called Bursar) of Harvard College from 1819 to 1824, and performing most of the duties of Treasurer. He figures in a note to the old Harvard epic, The Rebelliad, as pacing the college yard in small-clothes; and I have heard from an old family servant a tradition that he used, when any boyish disturbance occurred at night, to hasten thither, discreetly sending his man-servant before him, who would caution the boys that the Steward was coming, on which they would disperse, and he, as a result, would never have any complaint to report to the President. This mere fact illustrates the first distinctive aspect of all American college life when the century was young—namely, that the average age of the students was less than now, and they were treated more like boys.



DRAWN BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

THRICE A YEAR THE LIST OF PARTS AT THESE EXHIBITIONS WAS READ BY SOME LOUD-VOICED STUDENT FROM THE UPPER WINDOW OF SOME COLLEGE BUILDING

It is well known that the late Rev. A. P. Peabody graduated at Harvard, in 1826, at fifteen; my early playmate, the late Dr. Charles W. Parsons, of Providence, took his degree, in 1840, at sixteen; the late Samuel Eliot, Esq., and the Rev. E. E. Hale held the first and second rank in the class of 1839 at seventeen, at which age I myself graduated, two years after. I take these illustrations, as I must take most of my facts, from Harvard; but there was undoubtedly a similar difference to be found throughout the American colleges in comparing that day with this.

It is undoubtedly true that there resulted from this comparative youthfulness a different standard of virtues and errors, and, in general, a difference in the ways of living. The sins were those of cubs and apprentices, not of men of the world; and their comparative disgracefulness varied with one's point of view. Such achievements as robbing hen-roosts and plundering market-gardens have been laid aside, not so much as being wicked, but as being ungentlemanly and "bad form." Sixty years ago it was by no means an unheard-of thing to see an intoxicated student in Harvard Square, whereas now such a sight is literally never seen. It appears from the diary of the late Rev. John Pierce that it was not unusual, about 1824, for men to become intoxicated at the dinners of the sedate Phi Beta Kappa Society, although now one rarely sees so much as a bottle of wine there. His phrase is: "I have seen young men drunk with wine at these meetings who were never known to be drunk at any other place." The change is due partly to the more decorous habits of society in this respect, but partly, of course, to the increased age of the students and the fact that they cover their own indiscretions more successfully.

It is to be remembered, on the other hand, that the enormous increase in numbers and also in wealth among college students might naturally have tended to produce a greater amount of visible excess. The change in numbers is certainly enormous. In the year I entered Harvard College as a Freshman (1837) the annual catalogue of the whole institution occupied but thirty-eight pages. In the last catalogue printed (1899) the number of pages required was 685. My class consisted, at entrance, of forty-five, whereas the last Freshman class was 471. The number of teachers was then thirty-four; it is now 411, a number larger than that included in the whole institution in 1837. The united libraries of the institution then comprised 43,700 books, but now they number 524,700. At that time no woman's name appeared in the catalogue, whereas now there appear 420 as students in the summer schools, 411 in connection with Radcliffe College, and a few as curators, librarians or members of examining committees.

At the earlier time of which I speak there were, properly speaking, no fellowships provided at Harvard for graduate students or scholarships for undergraduates, but now there are twenty-two of the former and 206 of the latter, the aggregate income of the two classes being $55,775.

Above all, at the earlier period the elective system was introduced in one department only, while at the present time it has transformed everything, and scarcely a vestige of a prescribed curriculum remains. Athletic exercises, though not neglected in 1837, were absolutely unrecognized by the college authorities, except by the erection of a bathing-house on the river; yet now the whole subject is recognized, organized, and in the highest degree esteemed. All these changes make the institution absolutely a different thing; and yet the spirit of loyalty and the local enthusiasm are the same as ever. I can perceive no diminution. Similar changes, we must remember, have been sweeping over all the institutions in the country; and I speak of Harvard University because it is there that I am at home.

The Harvard College student, when the century was young, had for a time a distinctive uniform in the form of a system of frogs worn on the coat-sleeve by which his standing in the institution might be known. As a Freshman he wore no such sign—I suppose because he was not matriculated or firmly established—but the Sophomore wore one silk frog on the

DRAWN BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

sleeve, the Junior two, and the Senior three. This had been discontinued before my time, but I well remember these decorations on the sleeves of my elder brother. On the other hand, the cap and gown were known to us only through English descriptions, except that the Faculty wore them on public occasions, and that there was once, about 1843, a vigorous effort among the students to introduce the Oxford cap—without the gown—for public occasions. Saturday was then regarded by them as being eminently such an occasion, since they used then to go to Boston and adorn Washington Street with their presence; but the use of the Oxford cap furnished such grievance to street boys, and it offered so good a mark for projectiles, that the custom was short-lived.

On the other hand, the use of gowns for rhetorical occasions was more frequent than now because there were more such occasions. No more significant change has come over Harvard University, I think, than the withdrawal, many years since, of the three Exhibition days—minor commencement ceremonies—which furnished stepping-stones during the year and kept intellectual prominence always at the front. Thrice a year the list of parts at these Exhibitions was read by some loud-voiced student from the upper window of some college building, the parts consisting of disquisitions, dissertations and orations; the first, second or third scholar in the Senior class being the orator at each Exhibition, and thus having his triumphs indorsed and emphasized throughout the college world. It was the reward of study; it repaid many weary nights and days of sacrifices. All the glory now reaped by the athletic victor was then won by the eminent student or the brilliant orator. The abolition of the Exhibition is, in my opinion, the most significant of all changes made within my memory. The abolition of Exhibition days forever reversed the *cedant arma togæ* of the older maxim. In Cambridge, at the present day, one can fairly say that the name of the first scholar in the class attracts absolutely no attention whatever. I seldom hear it, nor is there indeed any single and well-defined position under that name, but all high honor among classmates goes to athletics, with a slight margin determined by personal popularity. I cannot regard this, I confess, as unmixed gain.

Habits as to food in our colleges have varied within sixty or seventy years; the tendency to later breakfast and dinner hours, and the substitution of a lighter midday meal for a more solid one having come about within that time. When we consider that the fashionable dinner hour, even at Newport, thirty years ago, was as early as three o'clock, we can see how slowly the European practice has been followed in America generally. Within my memory there was a double dinner hour at the Harvard College Commons—one set of men coming at 1 P. M. and another at 2, the latter having the discomfort that the unsatisfied diners met those already satiated face to face as they went through the college yard and felt their own appetite provokingly impaired. It was not till the building of Memorial Hall, about 1870, that the hour between five and six was substituted, and this was done after taking a vote of the students. As to price, there were, about 1840, two tables in Commons, the one costing $2.25 weekly, while the other, called the "Graham" table, from its offering meat only every other day, costing $1.75 only. The most expensive private table in Cambridge at that time—that of Mrs. Phipps, made further attractive by the presence of two pretty daughters—cost $4. This is less than the price now attached to the regular University fare at Memorial Hall (estimated in the last catalogue at $4.15), but the new tables at Randall Hall are expected to be somewhat less than this.

Sixty years ago was, in all our Northern colleges, a period of general adherence to a prescribed course, with great precedence allowed to the classic languages and to pure mathematics. The list of possible studies in the Harvard catalogue of 1837-8 occupied three pages; that in the catalogue for 1898–9 occupies seventy pages of the same size. At that early period the department of modern languages, thanks to George Ticknor, had become a series of electives; and a year later the elective system was further expanded, although this was only temporary, and it was then abandoned for many years. The same was true of the system of lectures as a substitute for *memoriter* lessons; it came in for a time, especially in the Greek department, and soon vanished. Except in English composition, college rank was then mainly a test of memory, and there was next to nothing that could be called original investigation. The study of metaphysics, for instance, was in charge of one of the profoundest thinkers—as we supposed—of his time, Dr. James Walker, and the form of recitation was this: The textbooks were Locke and Cousin; we sat in class with our books open before us, were called on in alphabetical order, so that we knew very nearly what would come to us, and when each student was named he would shut his book and recite from memory as far as he could—in the case of the most ambitious, of whom I was one, three or four solid pages. It was the rarest thing for a question to be asked by teacher or pupil; a person of phenomenal memory might have done the whole thing in a foreign language without understanding a word he said. Of course, anything thus learned soon slipped out of the mind and left it a vacuum.

And as college habits in other respects have changed within sixty years, so it is with habits as to exercise. Not that exercise was not so widely distributed formerly as now—for it is now too largely vicarious, and consists in sitting on benches and watching picked men play—but it is now incomparably more methodical, scientific and stirring, at least for the men who take part. Half the college formerly played football in the old rough-and-tumble way—a game somewhat unscientific, no doubt, but calling for courage, promptness and leadership. Many played baseball then, this also being in a form less exacting; many played cricket, but with rougher and heavier balls and bats than now used, as may be seen by inspecting the very implements used by my class, and still preserved at the Cambridge gymnasium. All these flourished, but without any intercollegiate competitions whatever. Boating there was none, and there was a tradition that the late Judge James G. King, of New Jersey, of the class of 1839, was disciplined for owning a boat on Fresh Pond. On his asking for any legislation which he had violated, his attention was called to a standing rule: "No student shall keep a domestic animal without permission of the Faculty," and he was told that a boat was to be regarded as such an animal within the meaning of the statute. This is not quite incredible when we bear in mind that in the previous century a fine of one shilling was imposed for "keeping a gun or going skating." For indoor gymnastics it was necessary to go to Boston, whence teachers were occasionally imported for boxing and fencing lessons. The one exercise which flourished more than now at Cambridge was that of swimming, for which the Faculty had made especial provision by erecting bathhouses, with opportunities for diving from heights. This was rendered more useful by the fact that the spring term of college then lasted until the middle of July, whereas it now closes on June 28. The summer vacation, which then lasted but six weeks, now extends through sixteen, a change which necessarily modifies the whole system of summer exercise and outdoor enjoyment.

The greatest change, however, in all our older colleges, within sixty or seventy years, has doubtless been in respect to the rooms occupied by students. The Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody tells us that in his Harvard days the total value of the furniture in students' rooms, apart from the feather bed, would not have averaged more than ten dollars at auction. He doubts if any fellow-student of his owned a carpet, a very few being let at high prices to Southern students, who were in those days the financial aristocracy of the college. In addition to the open wood fire, the rooms were often partly warmed, in his days, by a cannon-ball heated red hot, this being also made useful by sometimes rolling it downstairs at midnight, to cheer the slumbers of a tutor. In these days, Mr. George Birkbeck Hill tells us (Harvard College by an Oxonian, page 163), 292 rooms at Harvard are rented more highly than the dearest in Oxford; yet the most expensive private dormitories have been built since he wrote (1893), and their expense is rapidly increasing. There were no such buildings sixty years ago, and no "chapter houses," nor any Greek letter societies except the venerable Phi Beta Kappa and the new-born Alpha Delta Phi. It was considered a misfortune to have a room outside the college yard, whereas now the tendency at Cambridge is to get away from the college yard and reside in detached buildings. Those latest built have the conveniences of a city clubhouse—bathrooms, reading-rooms, libraries, restaurants, exercise grounds—things not inevitably tending to extravagance of living, yet looking toward a detached collegiate life.

Had these new buildings but ample grounds of their own—and this may yet be the next step—they would be indistinguishable in general arrangement from the separate colleges of English universities. It is possible that we may yet see at Harvard and other American Universities the development of a system which may differ only in name from that at Oxford. Let only a separate set of tutors be provided by private endowment for each of these great dormitories and a long step will have been taken toward this transformation. I do not say that this tendency is in itself desirable, but only that it is in progress, and that it may yet work itself out.

Prince PROTOCOCOFF *and* the PRESS CLUB

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

"BILLY," I said, "what on earth is the Harvard Press Club?"

"The Harvard Press Club?" Billy repeated with the ingenuous vagueness by which he frequently sought to conceal alarm; "why, there is no Harvard Press Club, is there?" he asked wonderingly.

"Billy, what, then, *was* the Harvard Press Club?" I persisted sternly as I drew an interesting-looking little packet from his desk drawer, through which I had been rummaging, and began to untie the string. Billy sprang at me. "Cow-yard," he screamed, "would you rob me of that which is dearer than life?"

"What was the Harvard Press Club?" I demanded with the calmness that comes of weighing a hundred and eighty-five pounds. I had caught Billy as he hurled his little self at me, and stood him on a corner of the bookcase, from which dizzy height he, being in his pajamas and barefooted, was afraid to jump.

"Lift me down," Billy pleaded, "and I'll tell you everything; only don't undo that package. I'll show you the things as I go along." Whereupon I deposited him in a steamer-chair and gave him the bundle I had discovered in the drawer. It consisted of an invitation on a card, some letters, a summons to the office, and a large newspaper clipping on soiled-looking pink paper.

"Oh, it's so long," Billy objected.

"The night is yet young," I replied, getting out my pipe.

"And it's so extremely silly," he continued.

"Assuming that you had anything to do with it, that remark borders on the tautological," I answered coldly.

"No, really," Billy protested. "The Dean said that asininity had reached its climax on that occasion. I've been getting very—very—what shall I say?—very contemplative ever since. I think a great deal now, you know," he assured me in quite the same tone he might have employed in telling me that he had begun to go to bed earlier, or that he had taken to wearing overshoes, or to doing any of the appallingly sensible things he never did. "The Dean said I must," he explained. "You see, he told me frankly, 'as man to man,' and all that kind of thing, that I was sailing pretty close to the wind, and that if I didn't begin to look at life more maturely the ice would break and I'd burn my fingers and kill my mother."

"Was the Dean joking?" I inquired.

"Heavens, no!" Billy exclaimed, apparently shocked at the suggestion. "He was dreadfully in earnest, and said a lot more—really helpful things; I wish I could remember them."

"I sincerely wish you could," I declared. "The Dean has such a clear, simple way of putting things."

"Hasn't he?" Billy assented eagerly. "He put me on probation for a year and a half, once, just for shooting two holes through the Darlingtons' grand piano. It was that night when everybody shot off things at once. You may have heard about it. Of course I never meant to hit their old piano; why, I never even knew they *had* a piano."

"Well," I interrupted philosophically, "there's a sort of apostolic succession of unjust Deans in every college. You begin to realize that as soon as you graduate."

"Of course the Dean's unjust," Billy agreed. "But then, I suppose he really has to be," he added charitably. "The place would get so awfully crowded with all sorts of people if he weren't. Still, he was very nice about the Press Club, although Heaven knows I had enough trouble with it before I got through, buying off the United States Government, and paying the Prince's hotel bill, and getting the creature a ticket to New York. Why, it cost me thousands!"

"See here, Billy," I broke in, "if you mean to tell me this thing, I prefer to have the beginning somewhere near the commencement. I object strongly to the modern impressionistic school of recording history; I lack the imagination necessary to its enjoyment. Facts should always be preceded by a publisher's note, a preface by the editor, the author's apology, and a sort of Walter Scott introduction. Then if they be followed by an appendix and a glossary——"

"You speak as if you doubted my word," interrupted Billy; "I can merely assert that there was a Prince, and there was a United States Government, and there was a hotel bill."

"And I suppose," I ventured to add by way of assistance, "that there was likewise a Press Club?"

Billy wriggled with delight in his chair.

"That's the point," he giggled; "the awful point: there wasn't."

"Do you mean to say——" I began.

"It was one of those inevitable things that you simply can't account for afterward, because you haven't reasoned it out in the first place," Billy explained. "I'd never heard of a Press Club before; I didn't even know what they were for. And if the wind on the Harvard Bridge hadn't blown off the hat of a person named Daniel Doe I never *should* have known. You see," he rattled on, "it was a spring morning; one of those first warm, windy days when all the lilacs and apple blossoms burst out at once, and everything in Cambridge is so perfectly lovely that you simply can't stay there. You know the sort of day I mean. In weather like that, somebody in West Roxbury always goes and discovers that the aromatic skunk-cabbage has begun to bloom on the Common, and writes a sonnet about it in the Saturday Transcript. Well, I had strolled down to Beck, but the fellow I wanted to see wasn't in, so I just strolled on and on, without much caring where I went so long as it wasn't in the direction of Greek 10, which came at eleven o'clock.

"And the first thing I knew I was leaning over the bridge watching the whitecaps and the gulls in the Back Bay, and letting the wind blow through my hair, and just as I was wondering what I should do in town when I got there, a ridiculous hat blew slap against my legs. It belonged to a pompous ass in my class, named Daniel Doe. He was walking over the bridge, too, so I joined him. He was going in, he said, to call on Prince Protococoff, the Polish poet who was giving a course of readings in town, to ask him if he wouldn't address the students in Sanders' Theatre. Doe belongs to a club here—the Gamma Gamma Gamma—that evidently thought it was making a great *coup* (that's the French for 'stunt') by giving the obnoxious Slav a reception and getting him to lecture under their auspices.

"Doe bored me to death; he was full of the Prince, and the condition of the moujiks, and the future of Russia, and the influence of Shelley upon the 'higher Nihilism'—I think he called it—and the Gamma Gamma Gamma, and all sorts of foolish things. I tried to converse about the return of spring, and what I was going to have at the Touraine for luncheon, and subjects that would have interested almost any one except an oaf like Doe; but he always twisted it around to the Prince again, and when he couldn't lead up to the beast, he just talked about him, anyhow.

"'The Gamma Gamma Gamma is really a social organization,' he said. 'We don't, as a usual thing, go in for entertaining celebrities; we have our own gatherings, of course—our ice-cream nights, and our lemonade afternoons, and all that. But the Prince is different; he isn't a mere mime like Henry Irving and Beerbohm Tree, and these people who are asked to address the University so often; he stands for the life beautiful, and holds

"'it truth with him who sings,
To one clear harp in divers tones'

—you remember what Tennyson says?' Then he proceeded to tell me that there ought to be some sort of a club at Harvard that went in for entertaining just such men as the Prince—a club that stood for undergraduate thought. (Doe's the kind of person who's always deploring the fact that the undergraduate doesn't 'stand' for something—the kind that makes you long to sit all the rest of your life.) He said the club ought to be started by the college papers, and that if he ever made the Advocate—he'd written some stories for it, but they hadn't been printed—he would see about it. He thought the Press Club would be a good name for the thing.

"Well, I got rid of him at Commonwealth Avenue—he was going home to South Boston before he called on the Prince—and made my way among the millions of baby

carriages on the sunny side as far as Dartmouth Street. It was there, I think, that the idea first took possession of me. My dear, I couldn't resist it; I struggled with myself; I argued; I told myself that I must be firm, and I wasn't firm; I was as a gumdrop in the mouth of a child. The first thing I knew, I was asking the clerk at the Victoria if Prince Protococoff was in, and writing Harvard Press Club on my visiting-card.

"He was at home and perfectly weird. He had on a sort of Ouida tea-gown of brown plush lined with white fur, with jabots of cream-colored lace bulging out of the front, and long lace frills in the sleeves that trailed up and down the piano—he was playing Chopin, you know, when I went in. He played marvelously, and never anything but Chopin. He said he sometimes almost wanted to play Wagner, but that he never allowed himself to, the difference between Chopin and Wagner being the subtle difference between the sensuous and the obscene. He didn't stop or get up or anything when I came in; he just waved me to the bay window with one hand and went on tickling a *berceuse* out of the piano with the other. There was a decanter of vodka and an immense box of Laferme cigarettes with cardboard mouthpieces on the table in the bay window, and every now and then when he was doing pinwheels and filagree work with his right hand he would smile kind of sadly at me and make the motions of drinking and smoking with his left. The sonata for pianoforte solo, opus 35, is just three vodkas and five cigarettes long. I was beginning to be a little scared for fear Doe might arrive—it would have been so tiresome having to explain things—when suddenly the Prince's left hand chased his right in a mad scamper almost the whole length of the keys, and jumped clear over it like a man taking a hurdle, and back again; then they both came down together with a grand good-by thump, and he got up and glided over to me.

"He was really very nice that morning; just like Sarah Bernhardt if she had a black beard. I thanked him for his playing, and we talked about music for a while, and cigarettes with and without mouthpieces, and vodka. The vodka I saved for the last; it made the transition from cigarettes to Shelley and the 'higher Nihilism' more easy and natural; I hate so to haul things in irrelevantly. Well, I told him that out in Cambridge we were just crazy about the future of Russia and the condition of the moujiks and Poushkin and Anna Karénina and Shelley and Nihilism of the soul, and that the Press Club wanted him to tell everybody all about it in Memorial Hall, which, I explained, was the College Kremlin. He said that he had been looking forward to doing something of the kind—a young gentleman named Go, or Bo, or something, whom he had met, had spoken of it. I said, 'Oh, yes; it's all been arranged by the Press Club. Doe asked me about coming to see you to-day; just tell him that everything's fixed, and that you'll be out on—Saturday afternoon would be the best time, I think.'

"So I left my address and told him the Press Club would give him a big reception after the lecture, and have it all well advertised, and then I hurried away, as I didn't care to meet Doe. As a matter of fact, I did meet him that evening in the Square, but he wouldn't speak to me; I think he must have been angry or something. The Prince referred to it afterward; he said he didn't understand Doe's manner—that it seemed fickle and hasty. But I told him that Doe was all right, although we didn't get along very well together; I think I said his political opinions were too conservative, and his views on the condition of the moujiks simply absurd.

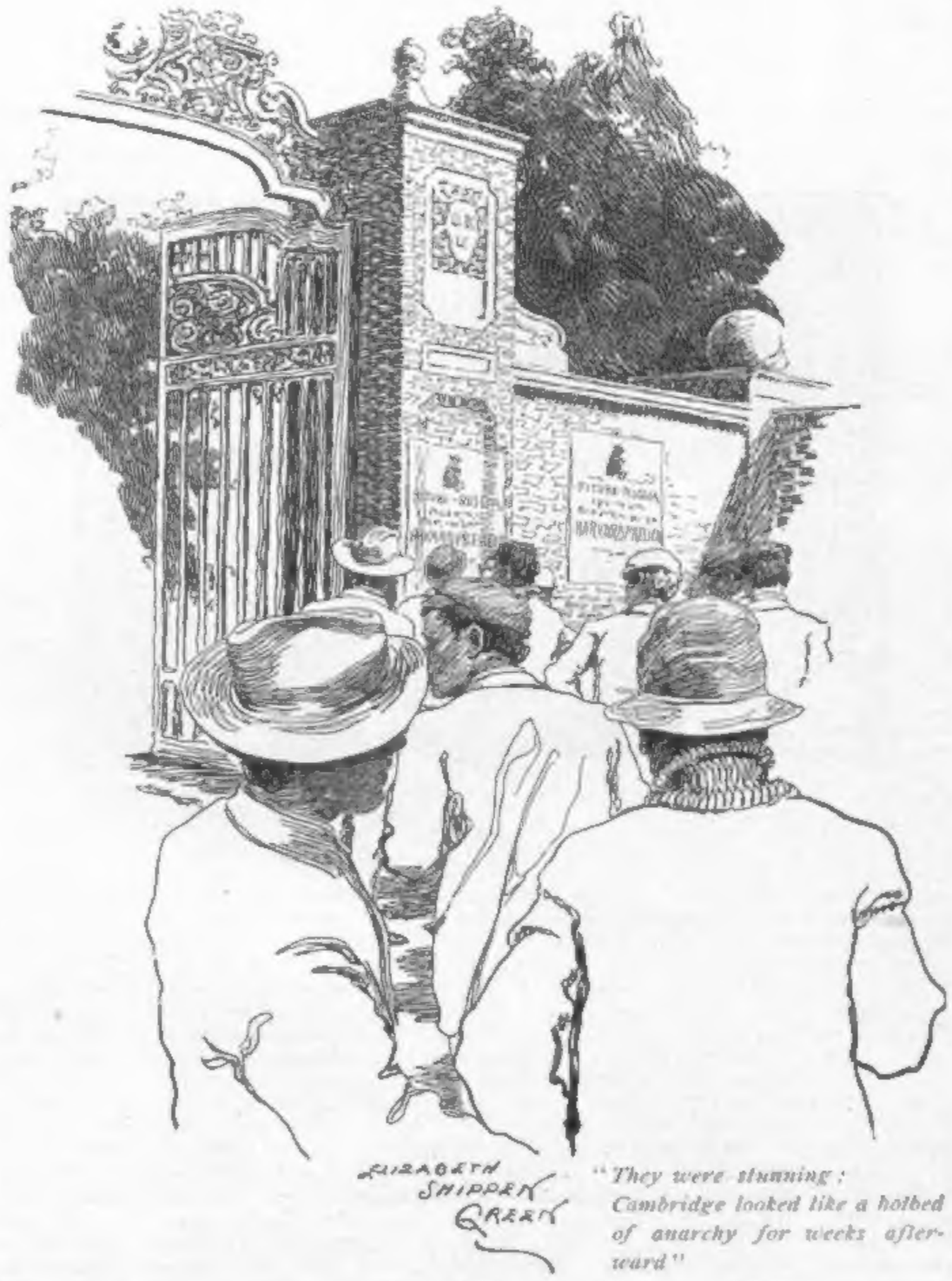
"You can't imagine how busy I was for the next few days; I was almost swamped in a sea of detail that I'd never suspected. First, I had to circulate the report that a Press Club had been formed; I've never before or since known an untruth to create so little interest or make so little headway. Then I had to put notices about it in the Crimson, and call important meetings, and put more notices in telling what had been done at the meetings; that it had been voted to give Prince Protococoff a reception, and have him lecture before the University a week from Saturday. All of which called forth a most terrible letter from Doe in the Crimson; he didn't go into particulars, but it must have relieved him a lot to write it. Just glance at it." Billy handed me the document. "And this," he added with the modest pride of an artist, "was my reply."

The two letters presented a thought-compelling contrast. Doe's was a sincere and indignant outburst, signed "Undergraduate," demanding to know, among other things, by what right the upstart institution had assumed its name, inasmuch as the editors of the four papers had not been consulted in the matter, and, in fact, knew nothing whatever about it. "What is this so-called Press Club? Who are its officers? Who are its members?" Doe, not without reason, exclaimed. The interlinear animosity of his communication was bitter and pathetic.

Billy's letter was almost diffident in its unobtrusiveness—its restraint. An organization that more broadly reflected "undergraduate thought," he said, had long been needed in the University. "The strenuousness with which the meretricious arts" had been so often exploited in Sanders' Theatre was deplored by many, and while the Press Club by no means intended to confine its activity to the importation of celebrities *as such*, it hoped to be the instrument every now and then of bringing before the students some one who, like Prince Protococoff, was known to stand for the "life beautiful," and holds

> "it truth with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones."

As for the name that had been chosen, he could well understand how, inasmuch as but two of the college papers were as yet represented in the club, it might in certain quarters be thought presumptuous. But considering the club's motto, "Low aim, not failure, is a crime," was it not, after all, thoroughly consistent? The Advocate and the Lampoon, he continued, were already represented, and he was happy to be able to add, *well* represented.



"They were stunning; Cambridge looked like a hotbed of anarchy for weeks afterward"

"You see," Billy explained, when I questioned this statement, "I'm on the Lampoon and I'm on the Advocate. Of course, I never wrote anything for the Advocate; how could I? But I know all the fellows, and they used to ask me around to the meetings, and one night they agreed that since I was there all the time I might as well belong; so they just elected me. In that way the Press Club really did represent two of the papers."

Certain editors of the Crimson and the Monthly, Billy's letter went on to state, were under consideration; but as the whole success of the club depended, of course, upon the individual fitness of its component parts, these men were—well, they were under consideration. So far as the non-publication of names was concerned, it had not occurred to the Press Club to take the initiative among Harvard institutions in flaunting its membership before men. Billy's letter was signed, "A Member of the Press Club."

"I think I scored against Doe," Billy mused, as I gave him back the clippings from the Crimson. "He was handicapped all through by an awfully fine sort of sincerity, while the Press Club was limited only by the extent of my imagination. There was a lull after that for a few days. The Crimson did print one editorial in which it said that while the club was no doubt an agreeable little affair, it in no sense represented undergraduate thought, or the papers, or, in fact, anything at all. But who ever cared for a Crimson editorial? They merely say what everybody knows beforehand, but isn't, as a rule, willing to admit; and you know what unpopular reading that makes.

"I was really rather tired of the Press Club, and began to hate Doe more than ever for not having exposed me in the first place and stopped the whole thing. It would have saved me no end of trouble and expense. His letter merely made it impossible for me to crawl; I had to go on. Not that I was beginning to believe in the thing myself exactly, but I was sensitive about having it attacked. So I got one of the young instructors to arrange for Sanders' Theatre on Saturday; he's the kind that plumes himself on being terribly in touch with student life, and he trotted away altogether flattered at having been asked to intercede for the new club. Then I ordered a lot of blood-red placards with a great black bear at the top wearing a crown on one of his hind legs like a cuff and below it in black letters:

> The Future of Russia.
> A Lecture by the Polish Patriot Poet, Prince Protococoff.
> Under the auspices of the Harvard Press Club.
> Free to all.

"They were stunning; Cambridge looked like a hotbed of anarchy for weeks afterward. As a matter of fact, the Prince didn't speak of the future of Russia at all. He lectured on himself, with occasional references to Poushkin and Keats and Shelley, whom he called 'Sheats' and 'Kelly' about three-fourths of the time. He was tremendously eloquent and perfectly unintelligible, for it was what he called 'a three-bottle lecture'; but it didn't make any difference; the Cambridge ladies (Sanders' was packed with them) jotted down 'Sheats' and 'Kelly' in their notebooks and streamed through the yard afterward, telling one another that it was all 'a great treat.'

"For the reception I had hundreds of invitations printed and sent to every one I knew in college, and to a great many more I'd never heard of, and as there were a lot left over I invited the officers of instruction and government, from the President to John the Orangeman. I also sent them to the Mayor of Cambridge and his Cabinet, or whatever you call it, and to the Fire Department and the Police, and to as many prominent citizens as I could remember; there were whole dress-suit cases of them carried to the post-office, and I think everybody must have come. My idea in the first place was to diffuse the Press Club—lose it in the crowd; there was beginning to be a disturbing amount of curiosity as to who belonged—the energetic, indefatigable kind of curiosity that is humorously known as 'idle.' A mere handful of improbable men would have spoiled everything; so I made sure of a sufficient choice.

"Oh, it was dreadful," Billy declared, pausing with an expression of reminiscent terror. "There were only three rooms—a study and two bedrooms, here in Claverly. The janitor had let me use Phil Dunton's, as they were larger than mine, and Phil was in the hospital with measles. But they weren't so very palatial, even with most of the furniture taken out. In fact, they were almost full of men eating sandwiches and drinking pink lemonade before the Prince and I arrived after the lecture. And when people kept coming, first in little groups of three and four, and then in a steady human stream, I began to be rather worried. For a while I tried to introduce them to Protococoff; everybody seemed to want to meet him. I suppose that's really what they came for. And as long as it was possible for the crowd coming in to squeeze its way past the crowd trying to get out I kept my head pretty well.

"The Prince had asked me to indicate the fellows who belonged to the Club as they came up. But I told him that as the organization was known by the Faculty to be political, it wouldn't do at all, and that we'd got around it by voting to shake hands with him in some marked and peculiar way that he would recognize without being told. So, of course, when any one with a distinctive manner of shaking hands, and saying 'I'm happy to meet you,' came along, the Prince would hold on to him and give me a mysterious, penetrating, Slavonic look, and I would close my eyes and nod my head and seem full of assent and discretion. All the idiots who jerk your hand up to the level of your ear and then wiggle it stiffly, belonged; John Duff, who goes in for strength tests at the gym and crushes your knuckles to a pulp, belonged; Talbot Jenks belonged—he shakes hands as if he were reluctantly presenting you with a dead fish; Jimmie Baxter belonged—he hurt himself in a printing press once and has a cork thumb and three fingers done up in a black kid glove. Oh, there was no end of them; and the worst of it was, the Prince wouldn't let the Press Club men pass on until he'd thrust his pointed beard at them and hissed something full of sinister political meaning. He put his paw on Duff's shoulder and said in a loud whisper, 'I know all; trust me!' Poor Jenks he scared to death by

gurgling 'Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité' into his ear; and he almost broke Baxter's thumb off telling him that 'Low aim, not failure, was a crime.' Some of them laughed and some of them shrank back; the only hopeful part of it was that they all slipped away from him as fast as they could.

"And the crowd! It was getting to be something simply incredible! The three rooms were bursting with a condensation of perfectly furious men who were packed, jammed, squashed in like so much hay, and who couldn't get out because the only opening was hermetically sealed by a larger, fresher, equally determined mob trying to get in. The line actually extended along the corridor, down the stairs, and out into the street. From where the Prince and I were gradually being thrust out of a second-story window, I could look down into Mt. Auburn Street and see a terrifying crowd of students and Cambridge muckers surging over the sidewalk and up the steps of Claverly. Every once in a while they would look up at us and then put their hands on one another's shoulders and sway with a yell toward the building, the way men do in France when they storm a Bastile or demolish a Tuileries.

❧

"Inside, where we were, however, it was a thousand times worse, for not only had all amiability sickened and died (its final flicker came when somebody gasped: 'Did you say this outrage was perpetrated by a *press* Club?'), the situation was positively dangerous, and becoming worse every minute. There was no air; it was like the Black Hole of Calcutta. People's eyes became sort of set and glazy and desperate, and their complexions went all wrong; they got mottled and streaked with strange chemical-looking purples and plague-stricken greens. There were hoarse breathing sounds from the inside rooms, and the things that were said about the Press Club——!"

Billy rolled his eyes and covered his ears.

"Men, after struggling and jerking for ages, would succeed in getting their arms up over their heads, and then wouldn't know what to do with them—and stood there, supplicating the chandelier with both hands, like preposterous Hindu holy men on the banks of the Ganges. I balanced for a moment on the window-sill, where I could get a better view, and held on to the heavy curtains. The Prince managed to turn himself around and lean out of the window as far as he could, with an exclamation of relief that turned abruptly into one of anger and pain as the glass above him splintered and crashed; the muckers in the street below had begun to shy things at him, and unlike the colored gentleman who offers his head behind a canvas screen as a target for baseballs, he was quite unable to draw back when he saw the missiles approaching; the muckers, I suppose, took it to be an exhibition of Cossack courage; they sent up whole volleys of things.

"It was at about this time that I became temporarily insane; I really don't know what happened exactly. I think I probably braced my toes against the ledge of the wainscoting and dragged myself up by the curtains, and then, when the curtain pole fell with a metallic crash on the crowd underneath, made a sensational leap for the mantelpiece—a harbor of refuge I must have hopelessly missed, for, an instant later, I became a tiny, rudderless bark on an angry sea of upturned faces. Nobody would let me sit up long enough to explain; I was hurled through a heated atmosphere of vituperation into one bedroom, against the wall, and out again into the study, where, just as I was being shot back again, I had a pallid, fleeting, upside-down impression of the Dean and the Regent.

❧

"I can give you no idea of the horror of it; it seemed to last for ever and ever and ever, until suddenly I quite lost consciousness—I really did. I think I must have smashed my head on the woodwork or something, for the next thing I remember was sitting on the floor of Phil Dunton's bathroom with John Duff feeding me soda-mint tablets (he had found some on the washstand) and moaning that his leg was broken at the ankle. You see, I had alighted on him just as he was discovering that the door against which he was being flattened to his doom led into the bathroom. He's frightfully strong, and got it open for an instant wide enough to stuff what was left of me through the crack and drag himself in afterward. Then he had locked the door and tried to revive me. We unlocked it and slid down the fire-escape as soon as we could; the wild, inhuman cries that followed our escape were too much for my nerves. I was a wreck, my head pained and buzzed, and showers of pale blue specks kept falling in front of me. At one time I thought I would simply have to give up going to the Prince's dinner."

"The Prince's dinner?" I queried.

"Heavens, didn't I tell you about *that*?" Billy asked. "Why, that was the complication; the rest was nothing; anybody could have done the rest. The dinner, though, was genius; it was what caused the Dean to declare that asininity had achieved a climax. The Prince, you know, had said to me that he would like very much to have the Press Club dine with him, and on the impulse of the moment I answered that we were all just dying to. Can you conceive of any one's being such an ass? He was here in my room at the time. I had been showing him about Cambridge, and he immediately pulled out a notebook and prepared to take down names and addresses. For an instant I was quite *bouleversé*; I couldn't remember the name or address of a single man I knew. And as for reeling off the representatives of undergraduate thought at the pencil's point that way, why—well, that kind of selection must either be made with infinite care and discrimination, or left absolutely to blind fate; compromise would be fatal—fatal," Billy declared impressively.

"So you——"

"I left it to fate; there was no time for care. I excused myself to the Prince, saying that there wasn't a college catalogue in my study, and chased down to the reading-room. The idea came to me on the stairs. I grabbed a catalogue from the reading-room table, and as there were several fellows lounging about, I ran into the street and sat on the curbstone. The catalogue begins, you know, with calendars and interminable lists of the Boston stock-brokers who own the college, and pages and pages of the officers of instruction and administration. Then come all the students, from the Senior class to the Bussey Institute—absolutely everybody who has the slightest claim to being 'one of de Havards.' I turned to that part as quickly as I could—it's really very hard to find in a hurry—then shut my eyes and opened it at random with my left hand.

"I had a scarfpin in my right hand, and after a moment's hesitation I brought the point down on the page with my eyes still closed. The first person elected was a Chinese divinity student named Tingalingling. Wasn't it perfectly wonderful? I jotted down his name and address and then hurried on and elected the next man—a fellow by the name of Hackley; his father makes the Hackley Sanitary Underwear—all in one piece, with digitated toes for winter—and bought a Scotch title for his daughter. Hackley's sister is Lady Guy Squattag, or something like that. The third man was Bobbie Colburn, from New York, an awfully nice chap. I shrieked when I thought of him at the dinner. Then came three or four names I didn't know. That worried me for a moment, but when I reached the last man I forgot all about them, and I actually caught myself trying to cheat—think of it—the way people do at solitaire," said Billy in a hushed voice. "I moved the point of the scarfpin up the page a little so it would elect some one else, but the wretched thing had left a small hole where it had come down, and it had come down fair and square in the middle of a name—a name I finally wrote with palsied fingers, for it was the name of Doe.

DRAWN BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

"I balanced for a moment on the window-sill, where I could get a better view, and held on to the heavy curtains"

"The Prince invited those eight men to dinner in town," Billy went on in a dry, hard tone. "The invitations were for half-past seven—after the Press Club reception, it was; but they didn't mention the Press Club—they didn't mention the Press Club," Billy pursued hesitatingly, "for—for political reasons. Everybody turned up," he added drearily; "everybody. Hackley thought, before he got there, that the aristocracy were seeking him out and sort of clinging to him because his sister was Lady Guy Squattag. Doe took it to be in the nature of an apology, and went around showing the invitation and saying, 'The fellow was really rude to me, you know; I suppose a little dinner is, after all, the least he could do.' Colburn went because I'd told him that I was going. He got the idea that it was to be a *solitude à trois*, with a show afterward, perhaps, and I positively didn't have the nerve to disillusionize him. When I arrived at the Victoria I found him in a private room trying to talk to an idiotic Chinaman and another person who must have been fifty years old, at least, and who was the color of—well, that lump of coal in the fireplace is an anemic albino compared to him; he was one of the men I hadn't known, although the instant I saw him I realized that I had been unspeakably dull in *not* having known. His name was Washington Antonius Ruby. Doe came next, and of course wouldn't speak to me. Colburn wouldn't, either, for that matter, although I'm sure I don't know why. They both very rudely turned their backs and monopolized the colored gentleman, leaving me to talk to Tingalingling, who was quite impossible. He did nothing but laugh at everything I said, and make a succession of strange, hollow sounds with the back of his throat. I simply gave it up and went down to the café. Protococoff was there, drinking brandy. He said he was unstrung. He really did look dreadfully; all pale, with a strip of black court-plaster down one cheek. But I congratulated him on his success; I told him that it had been something phenomenal—that we had never seen anything like it, and that apart from its flattering personal significance, it marked the beginning of a new era—it lifted the veil and tore the scales of ignorance from the eyes of thought; it showed, in fact, that the American youth was ready—ready."

"Ready for what?" I crudely asked.

"Oh, I don't know," Billy answered impatiently. "Just ready; students, in Russian novels, are always 'ready,' or getting ready—I don't know what it means, but the Prince no doubt did. I thought it would please him."

"Did it?" I pursued.

"Well, rather. We forgot all about the dinner and sat in the café for almost an hour talking things over."

"How did it end?" I finally asked.

"Disgracefully," murmured Billy with a more convincing note of remorse in his tone than I had thought him capable of. "The dinner naturally started off by being one of those ghastly gatherings where conversation is terribly premeditated and mechanical and remote. When people talked they sounded like village clocks striking midnight. I found myself laughing in peculiar keys I had never heard before. The dinner itself was marvelous—one of those banquets in which a canvas-back duck occupies a position of the same relative value that an olive does in other dinners. I subsequently paid for it all, and know just what we had."

"Well——" I suggested. For Billy had leaned back with closed eyes and taken a long, regretful breath.

"It's too dreadful," he declared suddenly; "I can't tell it."

"Why, what in the world could have happened?" I wondered sympathetically.

"A great many things could have happened," he replied, "and I'm inclined to believe that most of them did. For one thing, Doe got up, and in a deep, megaphone voice, exposed me."

"How tactless," I put in. "Didn't it make a painful scene?"

"Well, no; it didn't *make* a scene, exactly," said Billy after a moment. "You see, the Prince was standing on a chair at the time, singing the Marseillaise and waving a red flag, and the Chinese divinity student was discoursing throbbing Oriental music with two spoons and a plate, and Antonius Ruby was trying to convert Colburn and Hackley, who I believe had thoughtlessly declared themselves to be Theosophists. Two of the other fellows were discussing philosophy, and were just arriving at the point where the biggest man usually wins the argument, when they discovered that I had been agreeing with them both. You know how violent that always is. The third man, an extremely nice, quiet fellow—I forget his name—was trying to divert somebody long enough to say good-night. He was hideously embarrassed, and kept mumbling that he must be going. Whenever the Prince would wave his red flag and cry 'Down with tyranny,' the poor thing would start for the door and then try to explain as he was being dragged back that he had 'never been much of a diner-out,' and 'really must be saying good-night.' No, Doe was most disagreeable and inconsiderate, but I don't think he made a scene, precisely; that would have been painting the lily and gilding gold. He unmade one, rather, for the dinner broke up at once."

"Was that all?" I demanded.

"No," faltered Billy, "not quite. I think you had better read what happened afterward, in the——" He gave me the pink paper he had been holding, and began to poke the fire. "The young man with the flowing black mustache and the diamonds in his shirt front is me," he said almost inaudibly.

"But what on earth induced Protococoff to molest the postman?" I asked, examining the illustration in which a bearded Hercules was strangling a small and terrified letter-carrier to the side-splitting amusement of a large crowd.

❧

"Why, because—well, after we got out on the sidewalk he said that since there wasn't any Press Club he would organize one, and we were all standing around waiting for him to get through; we didn't want to belong—we wanted to go home. He had one hand on the letter-box, and was gesticulating with the other. He really talked most interestingly; it was a sort of frightful privilege to listen to him. When the postman tried to get the letters out, Protococoff called him the hired minion of a soulless tyranny, and the postman said he wasn't. We found out afterward in the police station that he was an officer of the Government of the United States, wearing his uniform, and impeded in the discharge of his duty by an infernal ass, and that we'd probably get twenty years apiece, which would have made Washington Antonius Ruby just seventy-six years old when he got out; he calculated it several times during the night, and wept bitterly. We didn't get anything, as a matter of fact—that is to say, the others didn't—because I—well, the postman and I arbitrated. Isn't that what you call it? The Dean gave me three months in the inaccessible mountain retreat of a New Hampshire clergyman—a most cultivated man. But the penalty seemed positively amateurish after the fright I had gone through. And yet, when I get to thinking of it, I can't help believing that the Dean was *most* unjust to me, really. The Prince and Doe were to blame for the whole thing."

"Oh, William, William," I groaned, "aren't you ever going to grow up?"

"Why, I tell you, I think a great deal now," declared Billy irritably. "The Dean said I must."

The NAMING of SNUBB

By Hayden Carruth

THE town was at first called Snubb's Flat; later, the name was changed to Darlington, as shall appear.

As commonly happened in the Territory, the site was selected arbitrarily by the railroad company. This paternal organization was in the habit of establishing a town on its lines every twelve miles, regardless of everything The practice was said to have originated with the chief engineer, who got the idea from the rows of rivet heads along a bridge-girder. The plan was beautiful in its simplicity, and greatly expedited the preparation of the time-tables, since exactly one hour was allowed passenger trains for making the distance between towns.

It may be supposed that the names for the new urban creations were prepared at the company's central shops and sent out along with the material for the station building, but such was not the case. The matter was taken out of the hands of the engineer, much to his disappointment, since he had intended to letter them A, B, C, and so on, and given into charge of the Financial Committee. These worthy business men evolved the notion of naming each town after the man who furnished the company the land on which to plant it, this ambitious candidate for fame, of course, making the transfer for the nominal sum of one dollar. It was then a simple matter to attach his name to a bunch of blue-print maps, and the company was ready to sell lots in the thriving, substantial and wide awake city of So-and-so

Snubb—the Honorable Peter J Snubb—supplied the local habitation and the name for Snubb's Flat. Snubb had been in the Legislature, or served on the jury, or in some legitimate way acquired the title of Honorable. He considered himself a man of parts, though he was of few words, and he posed as a plain, blunt citizen. Though well to-do, he was of a frugal mind, and, when the weather permitted, always eschewed shoes and stockings. He had some sort of theory about absorbing electricity from the mother earth in so doing, and even when he visited the post-office hoofed it uptown, in his own graphic language—he made it a bootless journey. There were quantities of electricity in the sile, he explained; the yearth was full of it

So the town was called Snubb's Flat. The company had favored Snubbville, or Snubb City, or Snubbsonhurst on the-Prairie, or some such refinement; but Snubb wouldn't listen to it. "Snubb's Flat, or I won't sign the deed," was the Snubb ultimatum. This settled it, and the next day the company sent out 10,000 posters announcing that choice lots and building sites were now on sale in the booming young city of Snubb's Flat, the best point in the West for all kinds of business. Snubb had had his way, signed the deed, and hoofed it home

For the first year Snubb's Flat certainly grew and prospered. Snubb himself was satisfied. "There's been a right smart bit of building," he remarked. Most lines of business were represented. There were three "general stores," two hardware stores, two hotels, one drug store, one furniture shop, and various others. There was a schoolhouse and a church. After a time the people voted "no license"; three more pharmacies were established, and a man from Peoria set up as an apothecary. One of the first enterprises on the ground was the Snubb's Flat Torpedo, a fearless weekly paper conducted by a man from Iowa, named Boswick.

Many dealers also included what they called "side lines" For instance, at the butcher shop you found a good assortment of paints, oils, putty and kerosene. Occasional carelessness in handling the last-named commodity, however, sometimes rendered the beefsteaks so inflammable that they could not with safety be broiled. The furniture dealer, a person named Thum, branched out as an undertaker—"funeral director" was his term—and added half a dozen "caskets" to his stock. He was an ingenious man, and spent much time working on the Thum Telescopic Casket, constructed on the principle of a spyglass, for the convenience of small dealers like himself, who could not carry all sizes.

By the end of a twelvemonth the railroad company had lost control of Snubb's Flat through the sale of most of its lots. At this time the bacillus of an evil thing crept in. Nay, it was whispered that the railroad company actually promoted it through its hireling, the station agent. This was nothing more nor less than a change of name for the place. The towns twelve miles to either side made sport of the name, and called the inhabitants "Snubb's Flatterers," or "Snubbites." Finally the Torpedo took a stand for a change. "It is unworthy our beautiful city," said the Torpedo. "Our valued fellow-citizen, Pete Snubb, is a good man, and a great success as a reversed lightning rod in yanking the electricity out of the earth, but he hasn't got a nice name"

A mass-meeting was called. Boswick was elected Chairman. He had just risen and said, "Gentlemen, what is your pleasure?" when a dark shadow noiselessly glided down the aisle and took a front seat. It was Snubb. Melancholy had marked him for her own But even his presence did not stay the iron hand of sinister fate. Speechmaking began; the Honorable D. J. K. Clark, the leading lawyer, made a speech

"Shall we longer be weighted down by an inelegant name?" inquired the gentleman. "No, a thousand times no! Let us take an eleganter name. And let us, too, while we are about it, take the name of somebody who will do something for the town!"

When the honorable gentleman with the scrambled initials said this, he injected the final atom of virus. The meeting to the last man (except Snubb) said openly or to himself, "Yes, let us name it after somebody who will do something for the town!" Snubb slowly rose, turned and looked at the cold faces behind him. But there was no sympathy in any face. He sat down again without a word.

The discussion which followed was long and careful, and it was finally decided to rechristen the place Darlington—a pretty name, and, better, one borne by the Honorable Sterling Darlington—the millionaire Senator from a neighboring State. He had the reputation of being liberal, and it was expected that he would "do something for the town." When the resolution to adjourn was put, the Honorable Peter J. Snubb arose, surveyed the assemblage with melancholy gaze, shook his head, and hoofed it up the aisle. He had drunk a Republic's cup of ingratitude to the dregs

THOUGH WELL-TO-DO, HE WAS OF A FRUGAL MIND, AND, WHEN THE WEATHER PERMITTED, ALWAYS ESCHEWED SHOES AND STOCKINGS

A committee had been appointed to notify the Honorable Mr. Darlington. This was accomplished by engaging a St. Paul professor of penmanship to engross the resolutions touching the subject in a suitable manner. This artist ranked high; his *magnum opus* was the Emancipation Proclamation written in wire bed mattress form so that the portrait of the immortal author of the document looked out from the tangle. When the engrossed resolutions were received, the "Whereases" included at length, with feathers on the legs of the capital W's, and other embellishments the document was exhibited for two days in the post-office and then forwarded to the gentleman it was intended to honor. He replied in a brief typewritten note, thanking the citizens of Darlington and wishing the town success.

From this time forward a blight fell upon the place. It was the blight that so often settles upon a man with "expectations." Darlington was going to "do something for the town"—why should it do anything for itself? People neglected to paint their houses, and Thum censed his efforts with the Thum Telescopic. Sagehop, the druggist, concluded not to get a new sign; Bilfinger, the blacksmith, decided not to put in the improved apparatus for setting wagon tires. The Baptists saw that they could just as well continue to worship in the schoolhouse, and the Methodists cut down their minister's salary and gave him a "donation party" instead, on which the good man figured that he lost ten dollars, counting the wear and tear of the parlor carpet, and the fact that the pound cake which old Mrs. Whipple brought made the whole family sick.

The Emigration Promoting Association sent out no more prose-poetry circulars to the hesitating East. Even the Torpedo lost its accustomed vigor, and Boswick ceased to go out of his way to abuse his esteemed contemporaries twelve miles to either side. True, he continued to call the other editors liars, cowards, sycophants, chicken thieves, and so forth, but the work seemed perfunctory and mechanical; it was plain that his heart was not in it. The Torpedo force fell off in other ways also; it now added no more than ten bushels an acre in reporting settlers' yields of wheat, whereas it never formerly failed to tack on at least twenty

And if the change of name had a baleful effect on the town's character, it gained nothing for it in other ways. The rival towns were slow to recognize the change, and called its citizens by the old, opprobrious terms. Sometimes they were referred to as "Darlingtoniers, *née* Snubbers"; at the best they were called "Darlings." Time wore on; still the Senator came not. Mariana in the moated grange waited not with less reward. But for long, unlike this unhappy damsel, the people did not become discouraged; "he cometh yet," they said in effect; "he cometh yet—we are waiting." Disappointment withered not their hope; like those ancient peoples of New Mexico who go each morning up to the roof of their pueblo and turn their expectant faces to the rising sun, so did these patient citizens each day turn their faces to the East to meet the coming of the man who was going to do something for the town.

But there is a limit to all things; so it was that an end came to the patience of the citizens. Two years had gone by, and the Senator had done nothing. He had not even visited his namesake, nor so much as written another letter, except briefly to acknowledge the regular invitations to be present at the county fair and the Fourth of July celebration. And these letters were signed "Sterling Darlington, per P." "Per P, forsooth!" exclaimed the citizens at last; "who *is* P?" Finally the Torpedo, from printing his speeches and laudatory editorials concerning him turned against him.

"We took the fellow up," said the Torpedo, and did him the greatest honor of his life by naming our beautiful city after him. We warmed him in our bosoms, as we may say, but, like the snake of the fable, he has hissed through his clenched teeth, 'Per P!' and done absolutely nothing for the town. We are on to him. A mass-meeting will be held this afternoon to select a more suitable name for our beautiful city."

As Boswick arose to call the meeting to order a form floated in the door and down the aisle. Need I say that it was the form of Snubb? D. J. K Clark made another speech. For volume of sound and piping hotness it was never equaled in the Territory. Sterling Darlington got what he deserved. D. J. K., like the others, had come with the intention of selecting an absolutely new name for the town. But the silent, pathetic figure of the godfather of the town was too much for him, and for all present; the heart of stone must have been moved thereby. A resolution was passed unanimously to restore the name of Snubb's Flat. Then they adjourned. Snubb passed out, silent but not ungrateful. He took his stand in the middle of the public square, and, as he shook hands with his friends, began to absorb a supply of electricity for two years untouched.

At this moment there came the sound of a locomotive whistle and a special train drew up at the station platform. A large, portly man stepped out and looked around. To the ticket agent he said his name was Darlington. Said he wanted to take a look at the town named after him. Bought a copy of the last Torpedo from a boy, and glanced at an article headed: Exposure of a Viper in Human Form. He remarked that he seemed to be it. Then he asked the agent if the meeting had been held. When told that it had, he said

"Well, that lets me out. Calculated to send up a silver-mounted bat to your baseball club, but guess I won't do it now."

A month later the Bureau of Geographical Names at Washington took up the case of the town, threw out the Flat and the possessive, and left it plain Snubb; and Snubb it is to this day.

BOY LIFE *on the* PRAIRIES
A Fighting Fourth
By Hamlin Garland

MONEY in those days was less easily obtained than now, especially on the border, and Lincoln had never had more than fifty cents to spend on a Fourth of July. Once he had thirty cents, and it seemed that he was as rich as any boy could reasonably hope to be. Up to that year he had never had more than fifteen cents, a dime of which always went for a bunch of fire-crackers, while the other five cents invariably went to buy an orange, which he carried in the hollow of his brown little paw, smelling of it from time to time, reluctant to break its skin. But the year he was fourteen years of age he had a whole dollar to spend, and Owen had almost as much more. For weeks they planned how to use this immense sum

It had been their habit for some years to rise stealthily in the early morning in order to fire the heavily charged shotgun from the chamber window and to wake the household with furious cheers. Once they tried to make a cannon out of an old mowing machine wheel, but failed and fell back on the shotgun. On this particular morning the sound of the gun was to be a signal to Rance and Milton, who were to meet them at the schoolhouse and go with them to Rock River, the county town, some miles away.

As Lincoln crept from his bed and pushed the gun out through the open window, he was almost awed by the silence and beauty of the morning. It was scarcely dawn, and all over the grass, heavy with dew, lay a wavering thin mist which was like visible silence. For a moment he hesitated to break this solemn hush, but remembering the great day he pulled both triggers at once, and the sound of the discharge rolled away over the prairie with the grandeur (it seemed to him) of a cannon shot. Then he shouted, "Hurrah for the Fourth of July!" and Owen, struggling to his feet, his eyes heavy with sleep, joined in shrilly. Having succeeded in thoroughly disturbing the comfortable rest of their hard-working parents, the boys felt very happy and well repaid for their trouble

Too much excited to eat any breakfast, and too impatient to wait for it anyhow, they saddled their horses and rode away, with a small haversack full of bread and butter dangling at their knees and their money pushed far down into the lowest corner of their trousers' pockets. The other lads were late and it was full sunrise before they arrived

"How much money you got?" asked Rance at once

"A dollar. How much *you* got?"

He held up a bill. "Five dollars."

Lincoln stared in silent amazement, his big dollar shrinking each minute. Milton had only a dollar, however, and that consoled him a little.

Taking the lead, Rance and Lincoln cantered away. Owen and Milton close behind. It was always an exciting experience to go to Rock River, but to go in this way was almost like going to hunt buffalo. Lincoln soon forgot the difference between his funds and those of his comrade. As the boys passed other farmhouses and saw men going out to milk the cows and feed the horses they felt sorry for them. To all who were hitching up they uttered exultant cheers. No one else was moving along the road, and when they rode into the main street of the town it was empty, except for the grocers and notion-sellers, who were erecting bowers of green trees before the shops and setting out lemonade glasses and heaps of rockets, fire-crackers and candy.

Then he shouted "Hurrah for the Fourth!"

Rance was acquainted in town and found a yard in which they were permitted to leave their horses. As soon as possible they returned to the street in order to miss nothing even of the preparations. Each bought an orange and stood about sucking it gently in order to make it last a long time. When these were consumed to the last bit of peeling, each bought a package of "assorted candies." Whatever one did the others did also, as a matter of course, though the time came when Rance naturally branched out and went on his extravagant way alone. Ultimately they fell under the fascination of the prize candy package, and each paid five cents for one of those deceitful boxes. Lincoln drew a little gilt pin in shape like a locomotive, Rance a big yellow fly, and Owen and Milton some rings that shone like gold, but were not

Meanwhile the streets were resounding with the cries of the lemonade dealers, who used their best wit to make people laugh. They amused the boys from Sun Prairie, at least.

"Roll up, tumble up, any way to get up. Here's your ice-cold lemonade, made in the shade, stirred with a spade, by an old maid. Here it is, cool and sweet," repeated one young fellow with comical intonation

"Right here you'll find your Eyetallion oranges," called forth another; "five cents each. They weigh a pound and are sweet as sugar. Come a-runnin' while they last. Here they are!"

"Ice cream, I scream, I scream!" bawled his neighbor, with a wink at the Sun Prairie boys

Wagons laden with whole families clattered in, raising a cloud of dust, which settled over the bowers and into the ice cream which the boys were eating. But that was a small affair. Men on horseback, brown, keen-eyed young fellows, pulled up and tied before the doors of the taverns. The farmers' wives and daughters sat in the grocery stores and gossiped for a time in order to gain courage to go forth into the street, which was getting crowded with people.

To Lincoln the throng was enormous. It seemed the whole country was there, and he felt a pang of regret when he remembered his mother toiling at home.

Meanwhile, around in a side street the "Ragamuffins" were forming, and occasionally one of them irregularly galloped down the main street, to the immense amusement of the boys. Whatever this parade had been originally, it had degenerated into a rude caricature of political parties or persons, and was amusing only to simple minds. It always contained a comic "cullud pusson," a couple of grotesque sweethearts, and "Uncle Sam." It was much greater in the prologue than in the enactment. It was all over in a few moments after it started; with drumming of pans and tooting of tin horns and the blare of a designedly cacophonous band, it passed and the people were able to give attention to something else.

Most of the forenoon was passed, and it seemed profitably spent by the Sun Prairie boys in just looking at things and devouring a mixture of goodies. They suffered terribly from the heat for the reason that their best clothes were annuals, to be worn winter and summer, and they were unused to coats and vests anyhow. At home they had three garments—a shirt, a hat and a pair of brown denim trousers; now they parboiled—stewed in their own fat. The girls, in unaccustomed corsets and tight shoes, also suffered tortures, but of such sensations all their holidays were made up, and no one really grumbled, though coats at last were worn on the left arm.

At eleven o'clock, upon call of the marshal of the day, the people—some of them—"retired to the court house yard" to listen while "the Stars and Stripes were planted on the cloud-capped summit of the peaks of liberty," after which all took dinner. Even the boys from Sun Prairie began to feel that they ought to, in justice to themselves, eat something of the lunch they had brought. Sitting down in the shade of a barn in the alley, they exhumed some bread and butter from their haversacks and drank some ginger beer. Lincoln was already beginning to feel ill, and so was Rance. Milton and Owen professed to be "all right."

Sitting there they agreed upon the next thing, which was to go and see the games and races at the Fair grounds. Lincoln, in secret, wished to remain on the streets, for he foresaw a battle among the men, and did not want to miss it. As they sat there a town boy came along—a stalwart, freckle-faced chap, who looked them over closely for a full minute in silence

He looked them over closely for a full minute

"Gimme a drink of your pop," he demanded instantly

"Go buy your own," replied Owen promptly.

"You shut up or I'll break your jaw, you little country snipe." The town boy had sized up the crowd and was looking for trouble

Rance was slow of speech, but he now said "You run along. You ain't wanted here."

The town boy doubled his fists: "Mebbe you want to make me?"

"I don't want to, but I *will* if you don't stir your stumps out of here."

"Oh, you will, will you?" sneered the stranger.

Rance grew white. "You go about your own business now and leave us alone."

The insolent one started to say something, but Rance hurled himself against him like a bulldog and down he went in the dust. Before he could rise Rance was above him, spread out like a rigid letter X. The bully tried to rise—he wriggled and tousled and kicked, and offered to bite, but Rance held him flat on his back, a grim smile on his pale face. Lincoln's heart beat fast, for he fully expected to hear each minute the rush of other enemies. He dreaded a fight, but was determined to do his best if it came

"Good for you, Rance. Hold him!" shouted Milton

At length the town boy ceased to struggle, and panting for breath began to cry

"Let me up! I'm choking! Let me up!"

"Got enough?" asked Rance sternly, but relaxing his hold a little

"You let me up. Now!"

There was a threat still in his voice, and Rance laid his strong, hard wrist across his enemy's throat and again asked.

"Got enough?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, let me up!"

Rance let him up. "Now you let us alone," he said.

The boy at a safe distance said: "I'll fix you. I'll bring Shorty Sykes; he'll beat you black and blue."

Rance made a dash at him and he fled. "Guess we better move," he said. "He'll come back with his gang and spoil our fun. They're down on us country boys, anyway."

The street was swarming with people now, but Lincoln saw only the freckle-faced boy, pointing him out to his friends. It was plain the freckle-faced youth was urging his clan to action. They could see him talking excitedly and making savage gestures in their direction. Trouble was brewing, and he was growing sicker each minute. Without any breakfast, he had filled his stomach with candy, lemonade, oranges, peanuts, ginger pop and soda crackers. Besides, he was already aching by reason of his overwrought nerves. He was like a rabbit which has strayed into the city streets and fears every moving thing.

"Let's go home," he said mournfully.

Rance was grimly silent. "Not much. I ain't goin' to be run out of town by no such town runts as that chap."

The holiday street had turned into a field of warfare, and the ground was alien to the country boys. Lincoln was no fighter under the best circumstances, and with a splitting

headache he was seeking a place to lie down and groan and sleep

At last the redoubtable Sykes took command and began to lead the urban forces in casual yet sinister fashion toward the little knot of Sun Prairie boys. Sykes was a sturdy chap, as his torn trouser legs too plainly showed. He was the town tatterdemalion, the yellow cur who delights to growl and yelp and roll in the dust with his betters. He had taken up the quarrel with ready joy, and only wanted an opportunity to leap upon Rance, whom he had plainly selected as his "meat." Freckle Face as obviously singled out Lincoln, while two or three others were detailed to hammer at Owen and Milton.

At the critical moment Lincoln spied Ben Hutcheson and called to him. Ben came up smiling, his long upper lip twitching like that of a colt. He was stained with orange juice and candy, but quite ready for any sort of fun.

"Hello," he said. "Where you been keepin' yourselves?"

"Say, Ben," replied Lincoln, "we've got business for you. See them fellers?" He pointed to the enemy.

"Ahah! What about 'em?"

"Why, they're plannin' to lick us, that's all."

"Oh, they be? I want to know. What for?"

"'Cause we wouldn't let 'em have part of our ginger pop."

This roused Ben at once. "If they want fight they can have it."

The confident strength of this reenforcement did not escape the attention of the enemy, and a council of war was held in the entrance place between the meat shop and the livery stable. At last one of the small aids was sent to secure new troops. His legs fluttered like those of a partridge as he sped away.

By this time the celebration and the crowd were entirely secondary matters. The crowd, indeed, seemed merely like a jungled wilderness of trees walking, wherein the coming battle must take place. The two hostile forces reconnoitered for position while seeking reenforcements. Rance and Ben did most of the talking. Milton and Lincoln were both suffering from nausea. Owen, too, began to suffer from internal wars among the nuts and candies he had munched, and the campaigns of Ben and Sykes did not profoundly interest him. Ben realized the weakness of his rank and file, and kept an eye out for wandering bands of guerrillas. The best he could find and draw to his aid was Humboldt Bunn, whom everybody called "Hum Bunn," unless they wished to pester him; then he was called "Hum-Bug." He was a lathy, loose-jointed youth, of slender physical prowess, but full of grit. He was always willing to try, and came into the war with joy.

"Show me 'em!" he cried, licking his lips as if in preparation for pudding. "Show me 'em"; and he doubled his ropelike arms and kicked up his heels so comically that Rance and Lincoln both laughed. Hum put humor into the war, anyway

Meanwhile the enemy was reenforced by a fat boy, who wore a small cap over his ear and looked wicked, very wicked indeed. His bulk was imposing, but Hum took a satirical view of him.

"I'll take that sack of bran," said he. "I'll punch the wind out of that bladder Lemme put the kibosh on that puff-ball."

The fat boy began to roll up his sleeves to show his big arms. He seemed to supersede Sykes and the freckle-faced boy, too. With imperious voice he ordered all hands to follow him, and marched straight toward Rance and his little army.

As he threaded his way through unimportant men and women, and carriages and lemonade stands, his stride became wonderful. He absorbed all attention. Sykes and Freckle Face were of small account.

With insolent face he stepped before Rance. "Want to fight, do ye? Well, come on, while I lick you into strips."

Rance was silent with rage, but Ben twisted his upper lip into a comical leer and said:

"What'll we be doin'?"

"You dassent fight."

"We dassent?"

No

We'll show you in about a minute whether we'll fight or not"

"I dare ye to come back into the alley."

"Go on," said Rance, and at the tone of his voice the fat boy paled a little. Rance was already white as paper, and his eyes burned with dangerous intensity.

"Come on, fellers," commanded the fat general, and led the way back of the post-office, upon a vacant lot, where a number of horses were hitched. To Lincoln this had all the solemnity of war to the death. It was the country against the town. His headache was swallowed up in a sort of blurring numbness. He had forgotten who they were or what they came for, except that bloody battle was impending, and that they must "sell their lives as dearly as possible." That was the phrase always used by the scouts in Boodles dime novels. Remembering that, he took a last look at the sun and faced the enemy. He kept a watchful eye on Sykes, for since the coming of the fat boy Sykes had shifted his calculating eyes from Rance to him

At last, just beside a barn, and hedged in by a fence on one side and some wagons on the other, the armies took position. The rank and file of both sides were silent. The challenges were uttered by the commanders

The fat boy was game for war. He put a piece of shingle on his shoulder and said: "I dare ye!"

Ben knocked it off with his left hand and "swatted" the general's insolent cheek with his right, and in a moment the two commanders were rolling in the dust, and Sykes and Rance were at it, hammer and tongs. Freckles charged upon Lincoln, and with that all the forces became engaged. In the first rush Freckles carried Lincoln to the ground, but could not hold him. The first blow in his face seemed to transform the world. He saw nothing but the strange, savage face of his assailant. He leaped toward it, striking at it blindly. Sometimes he hit, and at last a stream of blood trickled down the freckled face. Then he rushed and Lincoln went to the ground, and there writhed, choking

A cry from Owen pierced the blur of his senses.

"Link, Link, help! He's chokin' me!"

With a sudden surge of strength Lincoln rose and flung his assailant off, and with a cry of rage tore the enemy away from his little brother, who was gasping for breath. As he fought the murderer with foot and hand he heard a loud cry of pain, and, looking up, saw Rance with a long sliver of board in his hand battling back the redoubtable Sykes and Freckles. His face was set in a dangerous smile, and every sweep of his weapon brought an echoing yell of pain. Sticks, stones, pieces of bricks began to fly, and the country troops were just getting warmed to the work, when the urban army suddenly scattered like a covey of prairie chickens, leaving Rance and his forces amazed, inert, wondering What was the cause of their sudden flight?

Around the barn came a small man with a star in his coat, and all was explained. This was the City Marshal.

Walking up to Ben, he wound his hand in his collar and said: "See here, what's all this row about?"

Lincoln's blood was hot, and his heart big with a sort of desperate courage.

"Oh, yes, that's right! Jump on *us* and let the town boys go."

The Marshal looked up at him. "Oh, you're from the country, are you? What's your name?"

"Lincoln Stewart. Them boys pitched into us, an' you arrest *us*. If my folks was here you wouldn't do it."

"Shut up," said the Marshal. "What's your name?" he said to Ben

"Ben Hutcheson."

"And yours?"

"Milton Jennings, and that's Rance Knapp. If you want the votes of Sun Prairie you better let us alone," replied Milton, who was a good deal of a politician and knew the Marshal's tender spot.

The Marshal released Ben. He was a candidate for party nomination as Sheriff, and he knew all these families very well

What was it all about?" he asked in a more reasonable way. Lincoln told him

"I'm from the country myself. You flailed [illegible] you?" he said to Rance.

[illegible]

"Do you know the boys?"

"Yes

"Who were they?"

Ben started to reply

"Keep quiet," commanded Rance. "We're satisfied as long as you don't arrest us. If you're going to arrest anybody you've got to take us all."

Owen began to cry, and Humboldt looked very much alarmed

"Well, now I'll tell you, boys. Seein's you are all from the country, and them ragamuffins set upon you, I'll let you go. But I can't have any more rowin' here. You better put out for home and get washed up. You look like you'd been run through a separator. Now run along," he added with the air of being very gracious.

The boys stood in a knot, waiting until the officer reentered the saloon from which he had emerged, then Ben said: "I move we stay to the fireworks, and show 'em we're not afraid." But Lincoln, whose headache was returning, said: "I'm going home."

"So am I," added Milton.

Under the circumstances it was unsafe for the remnant of the army to remain, and so they all went away together, claiming a victory.

The glory of the day had departed for Lincoln The noise and excitement had given him a blinding pain just back of the eyes, and the poisonous mixture of sweets and drinks had given him a sickness at his stomach which was torture. Every leap of his horse seemed likely to split his poor head. Owen and Milton were almost as badly off, and Rance looked very pale and stern

There was little talk on the way home. They pushed on rapidly, alternating the fox canter with the walk. As they rode up the lane the sun sank behind a big bank of clouds. Teams clattered along, raising a cloud of dust, the wagon-boxes filled with fretful, wailing children. They, too, were suffering from unaccustomed noise and candy.

At the corner by the schoolhouse Rance and Milton rode off and Lincoln and Owen rode on. They were so sick they could hardly put their horses in the barn, and when they crawled into the house Mr. Stewart said: "Sick, are you?" and added disgustedly. "If you'd eat a little decent food and let 'truck' alone you'd come home able to walk"

"Let 'em alone, father," said Mrs. Stewart. "They know that as well as anybody. Now, for land sakes! what marked you all up like that? And look at your clothes! Well, you *are* in *nice* shape"

"We licked 'em, anyway," chirped Owen.

'Licked 'em? Licked who?"

"The town boys. And the Sheriff was going to arrest us, an' Milton scared him off."

Mrs. Stewart looked helplessly at her husband

"Well, now, Duncan, what do you 'spose them young 'uns have been into?"

"Send 'em to bed. We'll hear all about it in the morning," he replied, quietly resuming his newspaper

Weak, dizzy, groaning with pain, Lincoln and Owen crawled up the stairs to their beds. The glorious Fourth, their outing, was over, and their dollars were gone to the purchase of dreadful headaches; but such are the ways of boys!

"Here's your ice-cold lemonade!"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of those sketches of Boy Life on the Prairies by Hamlin Garland. The first appeared in the Post of October 7.

Presidents as Fraternity Men

ALL the Presidents since Rutherford B. Hayes have been members of some college fraternity. The students at Princeton glory in the fact that Whig Hall was founded by James Madison while a student at that institution, one hundred and thirty years ago. College men have their ideals, and next to their college they adore their respective brotherhoods, whose chapters are to be found in all the leading colleges and universities. There is great rivalry between them, and every fact possible is eagerly seized to help make one superior to another; for each claims to be "best."

Only half a dozen fraternities have the name of a President of the United States on their rolls of membership, but each of the others which boasts of no single star which has risen so high will produce a whole constellation of Cabinet officers, Ambassadors, Ministers, Senators, Governors and Generals, together with a galaxy of lesser lights.

When James A. Garfield became a member of the Delta Upsilon at Williams College he had no idea that he would ever become President. President Arthur was a member of Psi Upsilon. General Benjamin Harrison wore the shield of Phi Delta Theta while a student at Miami. The Sigma Chi fraternity elected President Cleveland to honorary membership, and presented him with a beautiful St. George's cross. When President McKinley took the oath of office he wore the badge of Sigma Alpha Epsilon

The GREAT COLLEGE-CIRCUS FIGHT

By Jesse Lynch Williams

THE telegram said: "You are hereby warned finally to keep away from this town with your show."

"Colonel" Charles Baker, proprietor of Cherokee Charlie's Grand Combination Circus and Wild West Wonders, said, "Well, Bill, if those young college dudes are looking for trouble I reckon we ought to be able to accommodate 'em."

One-Barrel Bill said, "Huh." This meant that he agreed with his boss and anticipated a diversion

"We did last year," said Cherokee Charlie.

"We did," said One Barrel

"I reckon we can again," said Cherokee Charlie.

"I reckon," said One Barrel solemnly.

So that is the way it was decided.

The telegram was signed by the Mayor and Council of a small town where a large university is situated, and where Cherokee Charlie's Grand Combination of Circus, Stupendous Western Wonders, World-Renowned Rifle-Shots and Mexican Cowboys was billed for the following Wednesday, and where he still intended, it seemed, to keep his date, notwithstanding the advice of more experienced showmen, and in spite of several letters from the University Faculty and town authorities who knew their business.

No circus ought to come to any college town. At some institutions of learning they merely embarrass the tumblers and make the clown feel that he has missed his calling. At this college they were in the habit of doing more than that. It was one of the traditions that no parade should pass in front of the campus gate—without being broken up. Circuses could go through the other streets as much as they wished, but not there. "It disturbs our studies," they said. "Besides, we can do all the parading necessary, thank you."

Last year, when Cherokee Charlie's show came, several students were injured in the accompanying mix-up, one quite seriously, not to speak of the women and children of the town. Worst of all, the procession had proceeded, and the students had discovered that cow-punchers and Mexican lassoers require a different course of study from the ordinary urban bareback rider and flour-faced clown. It was very chagrining. Perhaps it is not necessary to add that this time they were conscientiously preparing in advance for Cherokee Charlie. They were American undergraduates.

Two days before the circus was due another special meeting of the Discipline Committee was called.

"If we could only induce the ringleaders to be sensible for a few minutes," the President of the University was saying, smiling sardonically, "it would be the only efficacious means in a crisis of this nature. Who is at the head of the movement?"

"Mr. Stehman, of course," said one of the younger professors. "It was he who instigated the disturbance last year; it is chiefly for that, you recollect, that he is now on probation."

"He is absolutely fearless, and quite as unscrupulous," said another professor.

The President looked thoughtful. "I was under the impression," he said, "that he was endeavoring to be serious since elected captain of the football team. Now, if we could induce him to exert his influence in the other direction——"

"Nonsense," said the junior professor under his breath. "You could never persuade him, sir," he said aloud. "That particular species never changes."

"Incorrigible," echoed another professor.

Now, if Stehman had heard this he would not have been surprised, but he would have considered it unfair. He had been trying of late to brace up and behave himself; and it was partly because of the skepticism of certain members of the Faculty that he had such a discouraging time of it. They did not know how hard he had been poling—or trying to; certainly his stand in class did not show it. They took for granted that he was still a loafer.

He was, to be sure, in the thick of the present plotting, but that seemed only reasonable from his point of view. He had stirred up the racket last year—this was before he had turned serious—and as a result little Reddy Armstrong was nearly killed by a blow from a Mexican bolus. Reddy was a great friend of Stehman's. Therefore, it was necessary to even matters up with the Mexican, especially since the latter had vowed to shoot Stehman on sight. Wasn't that reasonable? But how were the Faculty to know all that? Even Faculties are not infallible. If this Faculty had been infallible it would not have sent out at just this point an edict in which glared the word "forbid." That is a word which human males of a certain age do not always fancy.

"Forbid us, eh?" their eyes said to each other on the way out from chapel. "Well, well, well; that's a different matter."

With Jack Stehman it stirred the lingering boy within him to the surface; only he thought it was his manhood.

"Say, Reddy," he said, "what do they think this is, anyway—a university or a prep. school?"

Several others looked around; they always did when Captain Stehman spoke.

Reddy Armstrong puckered up his conical face to look like a nine-year-old child—one of his specialties. "Oh, pa pa," he said, looking up at Stehman, "may I go out? I promise not to get my feet wet." The group laughed at this, and then others tried to be funny, too. "I *had* intended to go out and shoot with the gun club," said Brown, "but now, of course, I'll have to join in the row."

"I tell you what we'll do," said Stehman with a twinkle in his eye—the boy in him had risen triumphant; "we'll call an indignation meeting of the undergraduate body and see about this."

"Right!" "That's the stuff!" said other voices approvingly. The group had grown into a crowd now, and it scented sport. "*Vox populi*," pronounced Reddy with grandiloquent gesticulation. "Now, law," interrupted another, shaking his index finger after the manner of a well-known professor, "is the established habit of the community; every one knows what the habit of this community is when it runs across a parade; therefore it's our duty——"

"Come on," said Stehman, "we'll have a lot of horse. Tell everybody you see. If we all agree to turn out and stick together they can't fire the whole college."

The crowd began to scatter.

"Mr. Stehman—oh, Mr. Stehman; may I speak with you a moment?"

Stehman looked around, stopped smiling, lifted his hat, and hurried over to the walk. It was the President.

"Mr. Stehman, pardon my interrupting you. Mr. Stehman, I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you to help me about this affair. I can't do it alone." The President smiled informally. Stehman looked respectful; his thoughts were "Great Scott!"

"I mean," the President went on, "that you have more power over this body of men than I have." He indicated the solid streams going along the walks in various directions, then looked at Stehman again, who smiled, but considered the remark too absurd to answer. The President had a reputation as an after-dinner humorist. "I'm not joking," said the President, looking serious; "I mean you to take me very literally. I mean that they would do for you what they would not for me. I mean that I can forbid their making trouble, but you can keep them from making it."

—AND TRIED TO SIT HIS HORSE LIKE BUFFALO BILL

Stehman had never thought about it in just that way before. He felt rather pleased but very foolish; so he blushed and looked over toward the fellows who were waiting for him. One of them caught his eye and grinned.

"Mr. Stehman, I take it for granted," the President was now saying, "that you do not mind my asking you to exert your influence in the direction in which lie the interests of the University?"

Stehman liked this, but he only said: "Well, sir, thank you very much for the compliment; but I don't believe I have any influence—except, of course, over the team——"

The President snapped his long, scholarly fingers. "This is no time for compliments," he said. "This is no mild college prank ahead of us. Among those coming to this town to-morrow are some of the wildest types our country produces. They will certainly carry arms; they will probably use them. There will be serious trouble—a riot—bloodshed—perhaps death. Think of what that means, Mr. Stehman—bloodshed, perhaps death. Think what it means to the parents of those hurt. Think what it means to all of us—to the fair name of the University for whose honor you and I are both supposed to be working in our different ways." Stehman was looking steadily in the President's eyes now. "I like the way he is talking to me, anyway," he thought. "No threats, no reference to my being on probation—good, straight talk."

"It takes a long time," said the President, "to make the public forget headlines such as those that appeared in the papers last year. Such occurrences do more harm than can be balanced by winning football championships. Don't you think so?"

Stehman was kicking up gravel. "Very likely," he said.

"Mr. Stehman, I won't keep you longer; but remember, this body of men will do just about as you direct them. Which way are you going to direct them?"

Stehman hesitated. He was trying to say something—but saying things was not in his line; so he only scowled.

"Good morning, Mr. Stehman; I was in hopes you would help me; good morning."

The Captain made a gesture as if to speak, but the President had hurried off abruptly, displaying more emotion on his thin, ascetic face than most people thought he was capable of. "Perhaps Professor Saunders was right," he was saying to himself. "I am disappointed, greatly disappointed."

"Well," thought the big football player watching the President hurry off, his shoulders bent with worry, "I never knew before how white that man was. The Faculty don't talk like that to me, as a rule." He smiled a little at grim recollections of experiences at Faculty meetings. It was his own fault, he knew; he told himself that he had been a great fool. But now that he was trying to control the exuberance of hot, youthful blood he had often wished they would give him a chance to show that he was something more than "a mere athlete," as little, dried-up Professor Saunders once called him.

And now here it had come, most unexpectedly, and from the President himself, who had talked to him quite in that

THE WHOLE UNIVERSITY CAME CROWDING DOWN THE STREET TOWARD HIM

trust in a man-to-man manner that the professors had always used with Nick Norris, the last year's Captain—who, however, was also a high stand man

"Why couldn't something of this sort happen before?" he said to himself as he started off to catch up with the other fellows. "It's just my luck! If he had only talked to me like this a couple of weeks ago when the show bills were first posted; I don't say I could have done much but I would have kept my mouth shut, anyhow. Or if he had only tackled me five minutes ago it wouldn't have been so bad but now—the fire's started, and I don't see how *I* can stop it Listen to that!" A few loud voices in the distance were already shouting, with evident enthusiasm: "Hel-lo-o! Everybody! Indignation meeting—eight o'clock this evening—in the English room. Everybody come!

The one thing for Stehman to do now was to go to the mass meeting and urge obedience to the Faculty's command It made him flush to think of it. "They wouldn't understand," he said to himself. "They would only know that that Mexican mucker is laying for me—or else they'd think that because I'm on probation I'm afraid—of course they would. They all saw the President talking to me they could draw their own conclusions Besides, what would be the use? I couldn't tell them to be good little boys; they wouldn't take me seriously; they would think I was a hypocrite." It was a disquieting thought. "If it would be of any use I would try, but it would do the University no good, and incidentally," he added thinking of certain ambitions, "it would do me a lot of harm."

"Heads out!" yelled other voices

Everybody come to the indignation meeting

Chapter II

EVERYBODY did The place was crowded long before the appointed hour and they sang and talked and smoked until the meeting was called to order

A self-appointed committee had prepared resolutions which were read with much mock ceremony and many "whereases" and "wherefores" and "aforesaids Boiled down to a sentence, it meant "As the cowboys got the better of us last year, it is the duty of every loyal son of the Alma Mater to pitch in and clean out the cowboys this year particularly since the Faculty has forbidden it." It was received with great applause

Then remarks were in order—they meant to have all the fun out of it possible—and the Chairman of the committee took out his pipe and said

Are we going to let muckers come to this place and ride over us and knock people down [A voice "Well, hardly!"], and be bullied into meek, childlike obedience by the Faculty? [Loud voices: "No! not on your life."] Then I say, pass this resolution." He sat down

"Beautiful speech, Billy," laughed the man next to him, and pounded him on the back

Then a modest, hard-working fellow whom few knew, named Horatio Stacy—called Poler Stacy by his classmates arose and said in a self-conscious manner that he did "not agree with the words of the last speaker nor with the purport of the resolutions." He reminded them of their duty as members of a Christian college, spoke with horror of bloodshed, and advised them to obey the commands of "our dear President."

They did not jokingly interrupt him; they kept coldly quiet. Stacy was a good man, and respected by the more sensible element: but he had no tact. What he said was all right, but the way he said it was all wrong. His speech did more harm than good to his side of the question

But you needn't think it was easy for this man to talk thus; the tremble in his voice showed how hard it was. Stehman, the big football Captain, looking at Stacy as he sat down, wet with perspiration and shaking all over, said solemnly to himself: "I wish I had as much nerve as that."

Another man jumped up. "It's not so serious as all that," he said, smiling confidently at the crowd, who smiled back. "Our friend here has too much conscience and not enough sense of humor. Besides, we are not infants, to be told we must and we must not. Is this a university or is it only a prep. school? [Stehman, listening, thought to himself, "My very words this morning."] We are here for an education,' the speaker went on. ["Right," they shouted—especially the loafers.] "We are here to *study*, by Heavens!" the speaker went on amid some laughter 'It's absurd. It's against our inalienable rights and privileges as citizens of these great and glorious United States. [A voice: "When did you vote last, Jimmie?" He was only nineteen.] That's all right," he said, smiling 'Anyway, let all those who are afraid of the Faculty or of a little bloodshed stay behind the fence or in their rooms!"

Just then Long Jack Stehman jumped up, and the crowd yelled and howled delightedly. "Now, fellows," cried a shrill, enthusiastic voice, "let's have three good, rousing cheers for Captain Stehman. Are you ready? Hip—Hip " The cheers made the windows rattle. Then three more were given, and then a three-times-three, before he was allowed to begin, and even then, when silence was secured and he cleared his throat to speak, some one remarked audibly: "Where's that bolus, little Jackie?" and the room yelled with laughter again. This referred to an incident of the previous year, when Stehman took the bolus away from the Mexican who had knocked Reddy Armstrong down. It now hung over the mantelpiece in Stehman's room

They had now quieted down for the great man to begin He looked about the room; some of them were still smiling admiringly. "You won't cheer me when you hear what I've got to say. [A voice, jocularly: "Oh, I don't know; you'll do.] I started the rumpus last year. [A voice: "No! You're fooling!" This made them all laugh again Stehman did not laugh. He looked very solemn.] And now, I wish—I wish I hadn't. I wish I had minded my own business." He paused and wiped his brow

"What are you giving us, Jack?" cried a voice, and Stehman noted the affectionate familiarity in the tone. They were still loving him, still admiring him, he saw it in their faces. He felt awkward and futile, and their jocularity only made him feel ridiculous. "Say, Jackie," called out another voice, "what are you trying to do—pull our legs?"

"No," said Stehman in a conscious tone: "I mean every word of it. This is no time for joking. If you fellows make trouble to-morrow you'll be doing the worst thing that could happen to the college. I am heartily opposed to passing this resolution." He paused for some one to say something, so he could argue about it. Every one was silent. "I say I am heartily opposed to it," he repeated. But they only looked puzzled; they did not believe him. There was a deeper silence now One of Stehman's intimates, a far-sighted fellow, leaned over toward him and whispered: 'Don't, I tell you, old man; don't! They won't understand it; it will—will only hurt you." This meant that it would kill Stehman's prospects for the Senior class Presidency, but Jack, who had thought of that, only waved him aside. Even now it was not too late—he could turn it off, he knew, by saying, "I say I am opposed to it, but since it is necessary, why, let's make a clean job of it and do it well," which would have been received with roars of applause and approval. He wavered for a moment, then said so emphatically that no one could misunderstand: "I am going to do all in my power"—he brought his big fist down on the desk—"to prevent what you fellows seem to have made up your minds to" He hit the desk another blow. It was like thunder out of blue sky. No one said anything aloud They were whispering to each other: "What's got into him? What's the matter, anyway?"

Meanwhile Jack went on every word astonishing and jarring his hearers: "It's bad enough already, as the President said this morning, without making it any worse. Who began it, anyway? We did. I guess I ought to know," he added defiantly, but nobody disputed it. They were only looking pained and puzzled. Stehman knew how to make a tackle as well, according to expert criticism, as any one in the Western Hemisphere, but he did not know how to make a speech, and the horrible stillness in the room was making him feel sick at his stomach.

"How about Reddy Armstrong?" said a low voice from the far corner of the room. "Yes, how about it, Jack?" said some one else. "And the Mexican who was going to kill you?" said the voice from the corner

"Well, er—well, did the circus people make a raid on the college campus? No, they were minding their own business. We began it."

And we'll end it," cried the voice from the corner, boldly now.

"Shut up!" cried Stehman angrily; 'I have the floor!" Now the bull was stirred up. "You fellows are acting like a lot of kids; you're hot headed, you're rattled; you make me tired!" The bull was roaring now. But a bull is not of much use in a situation somewhat more delicate than a china shop. In order to make hot headed kids do as you want them to do, you should tell them anything but that they are kids and hot headed. A loud, sneering voice now came from the far corner. "Oh h——!!" was what it said

"WOW! WOW WHOOP—HEE! YELLED THE COWBOYS

It was the first hostile tone directed toward Stehman, publicly, since his greatness began, and it paralyzed him. He was too astonished and rattled to be angry now. He looked about the room confusedly and sat down, defeated

For a moment there was that same thick silence settling down over all like a mist and causing a hideous feeling of self-consciousness. They were afraid to look at each other; they were afraid to speak. "There goes the class Presidency," whispered Dougal Davis to Lamason

Ignance Holland got up. He knew that any one would be welcome now; and, true enough, the room yelled with relief He had always been jealous of Stehman's popularity, and now he saw his chance to get up in the estimation of the college world by stepping on his rival's head. His had been the voice from the far corner

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen," he began in his well modulated tone, for he was what is called a born orator. "Self-preservation is the first law of Nature. I think each of us can imagine himself in circumstances in which he——"

"It's a lie!" shouted Jack Stehman

Holland, pretending to be surprised, turned toward him and said in his oily manner: "What is a lie, Jack, old man? Have I referred to you?" Every one was listening excitedly. Stehman saw that he had made a fool of himself, and so made no reply. The room was now filled with murmurs for a moment. "Well, he's the last man I'd have

believed it of!" Stehman heard some underclassman say; then a laugh or two. They were laughing at Jack Stehman. The Chairman rapped for order.

"As I was remarking, Mr. Chairman, self-preservation is the first law of Nature. Therefore I wish to point out, and shall now do so, if not interrupted, that it is our duty to protect ourselves as a college against the attacks of ruffians who visit our town. It is our duty to wipe out the disgrace of last year and prevent its being repeated—prevent our Alma Mater from being plunged into deeper disgrace." ["Yes! Good! Right!"] Holland's trick had worked, and he went on, feeling that he had the sympathy of his hearers.

"If, in the eyes of the world, we, as an undergraduate body, are cowed by ignorant cowboys and greasers, where will our prestige go—where will our strength be? Who with spirit or athletic ability will be drawn hither? And then, how shall we be able to cope successfully with universities three and four times our size, as in our glorious past? [Loud yells.] Last year Reddy Armstrong was almost killed by a cruel blow on the head at the hand of a half civilized Mexican. Is it or is it not our duty to avenge him? ["Yes! That's the stuff!"] Even if necessary with our blood? [Some of them laughed, but others applauded seriously.] Let those who will, skulk at home—and no doubt they have good reasons; I make no insinuations—with cowards and Gospel sharks; but let all who are true sons of their glorious Alma Mater, all who would live up to her past record of bravery—not alone in athletic contests, but in every war of our country's history—come forth and avenge the honor of our college. [Applause. He had them on the run now.] Who dares say we shall not? ["No one!"] Who will stay at home like a coward? ["No one!"] We must teach these ruffians their place! ["Right!"] We must teach the Faculty that there be limits to their powers. ["Good!"] Finally and most emphatically, we must teach all cowards that they are enemies to the progress of our glorious University! [Applause.] Mr Chairman, I call for the resolution." [Many voices: "Yea! Yea! Question! Question!"]

The Chairman jumped up. "If there are no further remarks, the question will be put. All in favor——"

And then came a thunderous "Aye!"

"Contrary minded?"

"No!" shouted Stehman. There were not twenty voices that joined with him, and these were feeble.

The meeting was adjourned

"And to think," said a post graduate who had dropped in to look on, "that yesterday they couldn't have done too much for that boy. That's the way with undergraduate popularity." Stehman strode off to his room alone

"Wasn't it awful?" said Reddy Armstrong to some of the others. "Lots of 'em think he did this to stand in with the Faculty. He's got the whole college soured on him now."

"And that bothers him," said Linton, "much more than the loss of power; he values affection much more than power. He's not like Holland."

"What got into him, anyway?" asked one of the others.

"Well, he had some good reason, all right enough," said Reddy. "We know that."

Being his friends, they went over to his room to see what they could do for him.

"Well, old man, you did all you could," they said, "and it was no go. Now, come out and join the fun to-morrow."

"The voice of the people is law, you know," said Reddy, primly. "Besides, you ought to show them that you're not afraid. Some of 'em are fools enough to think——"

Jack jumped up, walked across the room to the window, came back, sat down again, and shook his head.

"You won't do the college any good by being obstinate," said Dougal Davis, "and you're doing yourself and the club a lot of harm politically."

Jack had been looking from one to another like a nice big dog who has been misunderstood. "Now it's your turn to kick me," his eyes seemed to say to Linton.

"You must admit, Jack, it doesn't seem quite fair on the face of it," said Linton. "You got the college in this hole last year, you see. Seems to me you ought to stick to 'em."

"Oh, he'll come out all right to-morrow, won't you, Jack?" said Reddy affectionately.

Jack said he would think it over. Then he asked them to go and leave him alone. So they did, saying "Good-night," and feeling that they had acted as friends should.

Chapter III

IT WAS a delightful, innocent-looking morning, and soon after chapel groups of more or less studious students began to gather on the main street. There were ill-concealed lumps under their coats.

As soon as first lecture was over they were joined by many others. They all wore the quiet smile of anticipation. They would walk up the street a few steps, then stop, wait a minute, turn, and walk down again

"Here they come! Here they come! Ah!" The calliope had started up, and now the procession turned the corner.

At the head of the cavalcade, in Western costume, rode Cherokee Charlie. He had long hair and a flowing mustache, and tried to sit his horse like Buffalo Bill. His small eyes glittered when he spied the students.

Reddy Armstrong called across the street to somebody else: "Say, Tommy, isn't he handsome?"

Cherokee Charlie made no remark, holding his eyes front and trying to look as he thought Buffalo Bill would look. He had given careful instructions to his men—in fact, there had been during the past week daily rehearsals which had nothing to do with the regular performance.

"There's old One-Barrel Bill," the students were now shouting. "Howdy, partner? Say, One Barrel, let's see you shoot!" One-Barrel took a fresh chew of tobacco.

"Look at all the lovely cowboys. Oh! Oh! Aren't they wicked?"

"Here come the Indians. Wow! Wa—w[illegible]" The young bucks grinned as if they enjoyed it [illegible] merely looked oblivious and inscrutable. The discordant steam calliope kept on playing. Now the students began walking along the street beside the procession. The sidewalks and shop doors and windows were crowded with townspeople, including all the negro population

The procession proceeded for a while in silence now, an ominous silence, considering that a solid stream of students was stretching out along the street, parallel with the parade.

"All right now, fellows," whispered Holland "Spread the word down the line." He was the leader this time, and meant to make more of a success of it than Stehman had made last year, though there were those who thought that if Holland and the rest of the college had pitched like Stehman there would not have been a fizzle last year and the show would not have come to town this year.

"All right, Holly," said one of his lieutenants. The calliope had stopped.

"Now, then, all together!" shouted Holland. Out of several hundred coat pockets came an assortment of the products of market gardening and the poultry business. The next instant they began whizzing through the air at Cherokee Charlie's Grand Combination. An overripe tomato made Cherokee's flowing mustache droop. An egg left its mark upon One-Barrel Bill's flannel shirt.

[illegible] students were [illegible] out along the whole line, so that, except for the four-in-hand in the lead, on which sat the "Coterie of Western Beauties," the whole cast of performers was receiving attention at once. The hail of vegetables and eggs lasted for about half a minute, and the procession did nothing but duck and swear and hold in the horses. They were following their instructions.

But this was merely a prelude. Holland's strong voice began again: "Now's the time, fellows!" he shouted. "At 'em! Rush 'em! Rush 'em!

With loud yells the whole line of collegians suddenly turned out upon the street and charged in upon the cavalcade, shouting and hooting vigorously. It was something like one of the old-fashioned cane-spree rushes in form and in fierceness; only, instead of grabbing off opponents' hats, they jerked bridles, threw the remainder of the ammunition in the showmen's faces, slapped the horses' heads, pulled the cowboys' stirrups, and tried to upset the smaller wagons.

Now, the showmen had been counting upon something happening, and so the sudden attack did not cause so much of a stampede as the students had expected. One or two mustangs started to run away, one pony was upset and the rider spilled, but that was about all. Cherokee Charlie and his lieutenants had in their day ridden against worse things than college students, and the horses themselves were accustomed to charging through long horned steers in the round-ups.

"Ride through the crowd," said Cherokee Charlie in a matter-of-fact way, and, without stopping to wipe away the *débris* on their faces, they pulled hard on the bit, turned their horses' heads, dug in their spurs, and began charging the students. The latter, being on foot, were obliged to fall back to the sidewalk, thus crowding and jostling each other and the townsfolk, but doing no particular damage. One man on horseback is better than three on foot.

"All right!" shouted Cherokee Charlie; "I *guess* we'll go on with the parade now." He seemed good-natured about it.

That was the way he settled the miners who created a disturbance out in a Western city. But these were not miners in a Western city, but irresponsible dudes of an Eastern college, and their blood was getting up. They were waiting for Holland; except for individual scraps here and there along the line there was a lull

"Do 'em, fellows! Do 'em up!" called Holland, who stood in the rear. "Rush 'em! Get out of here, you Greasers! Fellows, run in and upset that car! Stampede the horses! Get 'em on the run!"

"Ride through 'em again," said Cherokee Charlie.

"Wow! Wow! Whoop—hee!" yelled the cowboys, warming up to their work. They had divided into two columns, and were dashing up and down the street waving their hats and revolvers. They separated the fellows where they could into groups, rounding them up like cattle out home. Meanwhile there were individual fights going on.

"Say, this is a fizzle," the students began to murmur disgustedly. "Where's Jack Stehman, anyway?" asked a panting, excited underclassman.

"Ho, Jack Stehman!" voices began crying. "Come out here; we need you!"

Holland heard this. "Here, fellows," he shouted, "don't let those Greasers do that! Get in there, you big fellows! Don't stay back here! Here, take rocks to 'em!" Holland himself picked up a sizable stone from the street and let drive at Cherokee Charlie; it missed him and crashed through a shop window opposite.

"Ah, don't! Let up on that!" shouted several voices. But others, being excited, followed Holland's example. Stones began flying. Some of them hit the horses.

Cherokee Charlie rushed over to the college side of the street, drew up his horse, whipped out his revolver—a big, ugly looking Western six-shooter—and yelled in a loud voice: "That'll do! That'll do! The next (so-and-so) that throws a rock gets this! Pull your guns, boys!" His own was waving and glittering about his head. "The next man you see——"

But Billy Carew, the catcher of the 'Varsity baseball nine, had let drive at Cherokee Charlie very much as if throwing to second base. The crowd heard it thump against Cherokee's solid shoulder.

The latter wheeled about, and, swearing vividly, shouted, "Where is he? Who did that?" brought around his big gun in the apparently careless manner of the old-fashioned Westerner, and fired, shouting as he did so: "Boys, let loose at these devils! Let daylight through 'em! There's not a court in the land that can touch us now!"

There's something very important-sounding in the loud report of a shot in a street squabble, with the serious-looking spurt of flame, and the puff of smoke floating away afterward. Whether purposely or not, Cherokee Charlie fired high, but the report thrilled like murder.

"This way, gun club!" cried a clear voice. It was Shorty Simmons, Captain of the University Gun Team, the best shot in college and a very cool man in a tight place. "This way!" he shouted, starting toward the campus gate near by. "Two can play at that game," he said, as he ran along. They had stacked their guns in the campus, largely for a joke, and now they were going to use them.

Meanwhile the cowboys were gathering in close rank, and two or three more shots had gone echoing down the street.

But just then another noise was heard—the sudden scuffle of horses' feet and the clatter of wheels. It was the four-in-hand carrying the "Coterie of Western Beauties," and here it came straight down the street, gaining speed every second. The eyes of the horses showed what was the matter; they had taken it into their heads to run away. The crowd was scattering right and left. The Western beauties were screaming. The coach was swaying from side to side, the women were clinging together. "Good Heavens!" they heard one of them cry. It was Cherokee Charlie's wife. He turned his horse and tried to cut in and grab the leaders. His horse veered off. Every one was thinking about the next corner. There the horses would probably try to turn, the tents being in that direction. This meant that the top-heavy vehicle would go over; lamp posts, pavements and cobblestones would do the rest. The coach had now gone through the crowd, and all were crowding out upon the streets again to see what would happen. This is what happened:

Just before the galloping horses came even with the lower campus gate, out from the driveway shot a long, strong runner, scudding over the ground with remarkable speed. It was Jack Stehman. That was just the way he ran on the football field. Every one took in the situation. He was going to make a tackle far more difficult than the one which saved the game last fall. "But if the leaders should veer off as he jumps!" thought every one. And now he was making one of his famous dives through the air, with head tucked in between his shoulders in his finished, workmanlike style; only this was a very high tackle instead of a low one. His feet had already left the ground when the leaders, suddenly seeing him, veered off to the other side. It was just as all had feared, but just as Stehman had counted upon, for it was exactly what some half-backs do when running with the ball. The Captain's sure, strong arms met about the neck of the horse—and every one gasped.

"He's got 'em!" shrieked some shrill voice. "No, they're dragging him—they're slacking—he's stopping them! Down they go! Lord!"

The leaders had fallen. The others stumbled over them. The coach slacked so suddenly that the rear wheels lifted up, came down with a bang, and stopped. But Stehman did not spring up as he usually did after making one of his brilliant tackles. The whole University came crowding down the street toward him

"Stand back! Give him air—give him air, I tell you! . . . *Will* you fellows keep the crowd back? . . . He's all right now! Here's the water! You're all right now, aren't you, Jack?"

The Captain opened his eyes. "Yep," he said; then closed them again as they carried him to the drug store.

"He's killed!" said some excitable person on the outskirts of the crowd

"Nonsense! He's a football player," said another.

My, what nerve! Hello, what's that?"

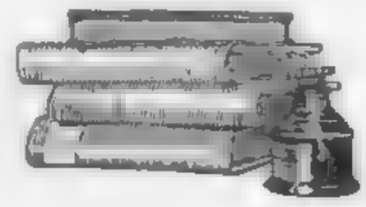
"He's all right, fellows; he's all right!" cried some authoritative voice coming out of the drug store.

Jack, within, opened his eyes, blinked, and asked faintly: "What are they cheering for?"

"You!" said Reddy Armstrong joyfully. "That was the nerviest stunt ever done in this college."

Stehman was too faint to talk, but he was thinking that there were things that required much more nerve than making a grandstand tackle.

Strangely enough, the President next morning in chapel spoke on the subject of the highest kind of bravery. He did not mention any names, but—when Senior class election came around there was no balloting for President. There was only one nominee, and the election was unanimous.



Why Young MEN FAIL

A Clear Explanation by Shrewd Business MEN

FEW men in the West are better qualified to speak of the causes which operate to hinder the success of young men than is Edward J. Nally, Assistant General Superintendent of the Postal Telegraph Company. He has direct supervision of more than 2000 male employees. Most of these have not yet reached middle life, and the service demanded of them is uniformly exacting and of a high quality, giving scope for the exercise of general intelligence and business capacity, and holding out substantial prizes for the demonstration of special abilities. Geographically, the field of Mr. Nally's observations is wide, embracing the States west of Pennsylvania and east of California. The views of this extensive director of expert labor have special interest and weight from the fact that he has been continuously in the telegraph service for more than a quarter of a century, having begun his career as a messenger boy in 1874.

FROM LACK OF CONCENTRATION, SAYS MR. E. J. NALLY

"Lack of concentration of purpose and energy," says Mr. Nally, "appears to me the main obstacle which prevents the young men of to-day from 'carrying the message to Garcia.' The man who is paid fifty dollars a month and earns what he gets and no more is the man who sticks in a fifty-dollar position and is not advanced on the pay-roll. On the other hand, the employee who draws only fifty dollars but works as if he were being paid eighty dollars is invariably the one to be chosen for promotion to the eighty-dollar place.

"I could illustrate this by a hundred instances directly to the point, but one such circumstance will suffice. I will take the case of perhaps the youngest Division Superintendent in the employ of this company. Not many years ago he was a mere lad holding a very insignificant position in a minor office. It was among my duties to check up the business of his station, and I soon discovered that this boy was remarkably well informed on the affairs of the office. He had an intelligent answer ready for nearly every questi I had occasion to ask, and I picked him to win in the race for promotion. I was not surprised, a few months later, to receive from him a letter modestly stating his belief that he was fitted to fill a better place. He was at some pains to identify himself, showing clearly he had no idea that he had a place in my recollection. But I had never forgotten the fact that I had once found him well posted on details of work regarding which he was not compelled to be informed.

"The first result of his application was that he was selected to fill a responsible place as operator; but before this order went into effect I concluded he was just the kind of a young man I wanted at my elbow, and I countermanded the original assignment and called him to a clerkship in my own office. There he was closely watched, and justified the opinion I had formed of him. This was most conspicuous in two vital particulars: he was not afraid to work overtime whenever the occasion demanded, and he observed things outside the prescribed limits of his routine duties. In other words, he did not show the common and vital defects of lacking energy, concentration, system and reliability. He learned things he was not compelled to know in order to 'hold his job,' and he worked when a strict interpretation of office rules did not oblige him to work. As a result, he was rapidly promoted—and the same reward is always awaiting those who display the same qualities.

"Jealousy of holidays and off hours indicates in an employee the presence of the microbe of failure. The men who are given to signing petitions and round robins also betray the same defect. They petition for opportunities instead of making them."

THROUGH GAMBLING, DECLARES DETECTIVE PINKERTON

William A. Pinkerton, head of the largest private detective agency, and reputed to be one of the shrewdest analysts of human character this country has ever known, speaks from a novel and interesting viewpoint of his observations on the most conspicuous causes which operate to poison the careers of young men with the virus of failure.

"Vanity and the gambling instinct," says Mr. Pinkerton, "are responsible for more wrecked careers than even the ministers of the gospel and the professional crusaders would lead the public to believe. These two causes often, if not generally, take the same methods to accomplish their disastrous results. The desire to get money without earning it, to get a great deal of it in a very short time, and to shine in the display of the things that money will buy induces thousands of young men to speculate or gamble 'on the side.' Others are led into the same thing more from an inherent love of gaming than from a desire to enrich themselves by the fruits of successful gambling or speculation. I seriously doubt if any other person is in a position to appreciate so keenly the prevalence of speculation and gambling among the young men of American cities as I do.

"My convictions on this point are founded on years of experience in hunting out the wrecks that these evils are responsible for, and I do not hesitate to say that if I had an employee in a position of any responsibility and had reason to suspect him of speculating or gambling I would subject him to a rigid surveillance, if I did not discharge him on suspicion. The young man who goes into what may fairly be termed a gambling deal and loses the first money he risks has some little hope of being free from the gaming temptation for the remainder of his life. But if he wins the first time his finish is in sight! Only rarely have I encountered an exception to the latter proposition. Exceptions to the former, however, are numerous, for many who lose at their first venture stay in the game to the bitter end. That end, to the employee who is in a position to misappropriate the funds of another, is hopeless embezzlement and inevitable detection. Almost the only instance in which a man once well started on this track had the moral force to recover himself is one of the most dramatic episodes that I ever encountered in a professional life that has brought to light a tedious succession of melodramatic affairs. This exceptional incident is of particular significance, as it indicates that a man who is made of the stuff that succeeds may pull himself out of the most desperate and hopeless situation.

THE BANK TELLER WHO RECLAIMED HIMSELF

"The young man of whom I speak was the teller of a large bank in one of the principal cities of this country. By chance he made the acquaintance of sharpers who induced him to put $250 into a 'sure thing.' If he had lost it he would probably have been honest for life. But he nibbled along until he had sunk $10,000 of the bank's money. Then his associates convinced him that by 'using' $10,000 more of the bank's funds he would surely win that amount and thus be able to restore the previous shortage and 'break even.' He took the money and the risk—and lost! Then the sharpers had the sublime audacity to propose another deal in which they were to 'invest' $20,000 as against $30,000. This was accepted, and the teller named the hour and place at which his confederates were to meet him. Before leaving the bank he took from the vaults $30,000 in currency. At the rendezvous he showed his package of large bills and demanded that the sharpers also make proof that they had kept the agreement. They placed in his hands a package containing $22,000 and told him to count it. This he did, and as he finished that task he suddenly drew from his pocket a 45-calibre revolver and covered his friends with it. Then he told them that their good sense would make clear to them the desperateness of his situation and help them to realize that he would naturally prefer to kill one or both of them, or to himself die fighting, rather than face the shame of a public disclosure of his embezzlements. They saw the logic of this reasoning and held their hands in the air while he threw back to them from their bundle of bills the surplus $2000 above the $20,000 which he had at first stolen and lost into their hands. This done, he once more warned them that if they stirred he would kill them without hesitation. Next, he put the $50,000 in his overcoat pocket and retreated to the bank, replacing in the vault every dollar he had ever stolen from first to last. The next day he resigned, and the officers of the bank were informed of his courageous *coup* as well as of his dishonesty at the start. Later he elsewhere secured a clerkship and worked steadily forward, never again being tempted by the influence that pulls down thousands of bright and ambitious young men. To-day he is a very successful and thoroughly respected business man in the very city in which he had his narrow escape from the final penalties of the gaming mania."

PRESIDENT MILLER ON THE TIME-SERVING SPIRIT

Roswell Miller, President of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, is widely recognized as one of the leading railway executives of the country. He advanced to the head of this system from a subordinate position in the service. In a long and varied experience in many minor positions he learned well what it means to be a faithful employee, carrying into effect the instructions of others. For this reason his views of the causes and elements which make for failure instead of success in the lives of young men are not wholly from the viewpoint of the large employer; he also sees the problem from the side of the employee.

"The time-serving spirit," says he, "is the main obstacle in the race for success with the majority of young men. A very large proportion of employees do their work fairly well, but betray in a hundred ways the fact that they are animated by that worst form of conservatism—time-serving. How much genuine, spontaneous heart interest does that man have in his work who has his coat on and is ready to jump out the door of the office or shop at thirty seconds after five o'clock or on the tap of the quitting hour? He may keep the letter of faithful service, but he betrays the lack of its spirit; and the latter is the element that counts in the eyes of an employer who is looking for a man who can be relied on to fill a responsible place.

"I cannot share the views of those who argue that the modern tendency to concentrate large business interests in few hands is depriving the young man of to-day of his rightful chance to succeed, that it prevents him from expressing his individuality, and shuts him out of the opportunity to show the stuff of which he is made. Precisely the contrary condition seems to me to be true. The demand for young men of more than average energy and soundness was never so great as to-day, and the rewards for special ability and faithfulness were never so large and tempting as at present. The industrial world is to-day asking for a greater number of young men of vital, vigorous and progressive stamina than it has called for at any past period, and not enough of them are found to satisfy this urgent demand.

"A recent experience in the management of this road is a type of a large class of incidents that arise in the operation of all large interests. For months I carefully watched the personnel of our service for the purpose of selecting a young man who showed that he had the timber in him qualifying him to discharge the duties of a certain position. The opportunity was an excellent one, carrying with it a substantial salary. I preferred to promote a young man from the ranks rather than to seek one outside. A painstaking and interested search failed to discover the man who had the desired qualifications, though the exactions were not unreasonable. This hunt for the right man—for the young employee who had demonstrated good abilities and a large capacity for cheerful work not of the time-serving, rule-of-thumb order—was protracted for several months, and I experienced no little difficulty in filling the position.

"The point which this and similar experiences have brought home to me is, that the young men of to-day are too generally looking for the easy positions instead of the hard places, and the men who are hunting for the hard positions are the ones who are pushed to the front."

MR. THOMAS B. BRYAN'S ANSWERS

Thomas B. Bryan, ex-President of the World's Fair, lawyer, capitalist, scholar and man of affairs and of society, has a personal acquaintance peculiar in its extent and nature. In Chicago, his home city, Mr. Bryan is known as the friend of young men, and it is to be doubted if any other man of advanced years is in closer sympathetic relations with a larger circle of young men than Mr. Bryan. He states his view of the most general and potent causes of failure on the part of the young men of to-day as follows:

"Chief among the causes which bring positive failure or a disappointing portion of half success to thousands of honest strugglers is vacillation. The lack of an undeviating application to one pursuit is a cardinal weakness in the younger generation of toilers in almost every line of effort. The young men who keep their eyes fixed on a definite goal, never yielding an inch until their efforts are attended with absolute success, are not as common types as we might wish. Indomitable will is a quality of character that the young man of to-day may well afford to consider and cultivate.

"It is also my observation that uniform courtesy—kindliness of disposition expressed in graciousness of conduct—contributes, to a larger degree than is generally appreciated, to the advancement of the young man who fosters this trait. On the other hand, surliness and even indifference militate against the promotion of the one who is so unfortunate as to allow these repellent forces to influence his relations with others. Politeness is so easy of acquirement and so profitably entertained that I marvel its cultivation receives so little serious attention. Certainly, the failure rightly to prize this element of character gives the key to many a life failure.

"The disposition to look on work as a task to be thrown off at the earliest possible moment is a too common failing, and is the reverse of that stalwart faithfulness which attracts the attention and approval of employers and gains promotion and advancement for those who thus identify themselves with the interests of those whom they serve. It is with the young man as with the farmer: he best succeeds who plows deepest. To scratch the surface of things lightly is not enough to insure a bountiful harvest. The crop of such a seeding is failure. He who would win must go deeper, must live more seriously and with greater determination and fixedness of purpose."

Editor's Note—This is the third paper in the series on Why Young Men Fail.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A D 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

October 28, 1899

$2 50 per Year by Subscription

5 Cents a Copy at all Newsdealers'

Shall I Go to College?

IT IS to be believed that the question, "Shall I go to college?" has been finally decided or else is vividly present in the mind of many a young American at about this time If the decision is not for college there must be some good and sufficient reason. The answer will be decided for many by the fact that circumstances compel them to forego a college course; many others will stay out of college if they decide wisely, for it may as well be frankly admitted that not every one should enter college. It is probable that there are some whose capacities are so limited that their full measure of culture and attainment is reached before the college stage. If your measure of enlargement is reached when the academy has done with you, then it is surely time to lend a hand in whatsoever the world will give you to do. Every one of us is in duty bound, as well as supremely privileged, to make the most of himself. As soon as that is done, so far as it can be done in the schools, he should set about earning bread and serving his fellows.

The story has been going the rounds of the papers that the President of Oberlin College was once asked by a "smart" young man whether one could not prepare for the business of life as well in two years as in four. "Well," replied the President, "when God wants to make a squash He takes about six weeks, but when He wants to make an oak He takes a hundred years" The squash, as a squash, is just as much of a success as the oak. It is by no means to be spoken of with disrespect, but it is not so admirable and noble and useful a result

A man of wide experience in public affairs was asked by a young man what he thought of higher education, whether it did not consume altogether too much time. "If I knew that I had but ten years to live," replied the great man, "I would spend nine of them in getting ready for the tenth." There is stated the whole argument for the college course—preparation, training, getting power to see, to enjoy, to do, to live, to get much out of life and the world. The world is not the same to every man. It is for every one of us what we have eyes and wit to see and power and skill to use. The higher education is an eye opener, or rather an eye-multiplier, for the educated man is all eyes, and he sees and uses what is hidden from others. The difference in the lives of men is not in any great degree due to the difference in their opportunities, it is due to the difference in the men themselves. Opportunities in abundance are all about us. Do we see them? Can we use them? Have we made the most of ourselves?

It is well known what a gymnasium is for. It exists in order that a possible man may become an actual man. It takes boys who are half alive, hollow-chested, thin blooded, slow and stooping, and literally unfolds, develops them, makes them alert and erect, makes real the life that was slumbering in them. It makes the body usable. What the gymnasium is to the body the higher education is to the mind. It calls out individuality and personal power; it makes the man alert and alive in every fibre of him, it makes him understand himself, command his faculties, and make them do his bidding promptly and well. It helps him to understand life and the world and adjust himself truly to others. Of course the man does not stop learning these things when he leaves college, but the college trains him in these things and gives him an enormous advantage for the rest of

If this is soberly true, then we should expect to find college-bred men and women in the highest places of influence and usefulness. And this we do find Actual facts and statistics gathered from many sources seem to make it evident that almost every department of active life at this moment is dominated by college men and women. On the whole, we may say that the leaders, the organizers of the world's activities to day, are college trained

"Shall I go to college?" "Yes, if I can" Well, you can. I think it entirely safe to say that any well-prepared student can enter and stay four years in any college "if he has a mind" to. And that phrase is to be taken in both senses. But if he "has a mind" let him go right on There are hundreds of men in college to-day who entered with little else than a "mind," but they had a good mind, and they are in college yet, and in the fine phrase of the Good Book, they are fat and flourishing. They have fought their way and won it; they have worked for it and earned it. And it is highly probable that for many years to come a very large proportion of men enrolled in the colleges and sent by these institutions into every department of active American life will be those who, in spite of serious obstacles, and even opposition, have determinedly said "Yes" in answer to the question, "Shall I go to college?"—NATHANIEL BUTLER.

Is an investment a college education is profitable; as a pastime it is time passed

The Regulation of College Athletics

NO DEVELOPMENT of our educational life in the last two decades has brought it more good than athletics There was need of just such a toning up as good sport has brought. The college output had been rather lacking in virility. It had included, also, too large a percentage of dyspepsia and mental acidity for the social demand. The standard type of the college graduate has changed very decidedly in twenty years, and society and human life at large are finding much more use for the new model than they did for the old. The old talk, for instance, about college graduates being unfitted for business is dying a natural death. Differentiation of courses of study, which has brought a greater number of life pursuits within the academic range, is undoubtedly in considerable part responsible, but the rise and spread of athletics has done quite as much to modify the average type of college character as any changes of curricula.

It is not as physical culture that it has done this so much as through its contribution to the education of the will. It has tended to develop men who *act*, who can throw the whole force of concentrated personality, strength, wit and will into the attainment of a goal through the overcoming of resistance and under the sharp stimulus of competition In this aspect it is that athletic sports hold a definite place in the education of the Anglo-Saxon man. Essential to the Anglo Saxon spirit which essays to lead the forces of the present world are the elements of directness, forceful activity, fair play

We may yet find it necessary to set a check upon the development of athletic sports in college life, but at present I cannot believe that any general danger of excess exists. Here and there, in the elaboration of training methods and in the multiplying of competitions, especially in connection with the football campaigns of the autumn months, it is evident that the danger-line is approached, if not crossed. If at any time a man becomes a football player rather than a college student, the proper balance of things has been disturbed and we must call a retreat, for professionalism is in substance not created by payments of money, but by diversion from the status of man and student to the status of athlete.

How now to keep within the danger line? Arbitrary rules are a poor safeguard. Special provisions regarding the standard of scholarship to be required of athletes only serve to separate them off into a class by themselves, and give rise to arbitrary discriminations and endless misunderstandings and annoyances. Far better it is, in my judgment, to give the repression automatic action by leaving all students on a common footing. Give the athletes no sort of consideration before the bar of the recorder. Do not offer them any form of special examinations or special recitations. Exact of them precisely what you exact of all other students, no more, no less. If they fail, drop them Students will then in self defense work out repression for themselves, and the sports will accommodate themselves automatically to the plain demands of academic life. It is absolutely essential for the healthfulness of college athletics that this simple principle be followed firmly and straight. Every slightest evasion of it is fraught with danger Trust the good sense of the American student; give his own unmatched instinct of self-preservation full, free course; deal fairly with him, and he will deal fairer than any one else with the purposes and opportunities of college life. —BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.

The hardest lessons last longest.

The War Against the Classics

THE opposition to classical studies which has been so noticeably growing in America of recent years, even among educators of broadest culture, has no doubt a solid foundation in practical wisdom. But we should not lose sight of the fact that almost every sweeping reform is at first entirely too sweeping in its aim, and that, generally speaking, the thing which is sought to be quite abolished by extremists has a right to hold a firm place in the economy of life The "practical" man is generally apt to regard as "unpractical" every person who is not engaged in a vocation similar to his own, and to look upon the business of such a person as unimportant, if not unnecessary. On the other hand, the mind wholly engaged with abstract or purely intellectual activities very naturally places a low estimate on the [illegible] of their less cultured brethren.

When we come sensibly to consider classical study, by which we generally mean the study of the Greek and Latin languages and literatures, we ought to bear in mind the purpose it is meant to serve. Of course a knowledge of Greek and a careful reading of Homer, Plato, Aristotle and Æschylus cannot be of practical [illegible] nor can Latin and the study of Virgil—even the Georgics—prove more useful to him. But there is a class of highly valuable citizens and workers who can draw from the far-off old sources the richest elements of the commodities they are expected to prepare for the markets of the world

If we limit study at all, where shall the rearward line be drawn? Shall we confine ourselves to English? If so, how far back into our literature shall we go? Is Shakespeare distant enough, or may we stop at Chaucer? There would seem to be great danger of stagnation and the formation of intellectual treadmill rounds in adopting a fixed periphery for study and training in the case of those whose aim is to enter the intellectual life. Nor does the fact that classical study is apt to injure rather than aid a certain order of minds have any weight in the consideration. Education is for those who can use it, not for those whom it unfits for work. If the poet is small enough to ape Horace, instead of taking honey from his flowers to fill his own comb, he must fail; but Tennyson browsed upon Theocritus, Virgil and Homer, with the effect that English lyrical poetry received its very greatest contribution

We must admire practical statesmanship, and the broader the better. But our confidence in it is greatly enlarged when we see it set itself boldly in the succession formed by the wisdom of the ages. The statesman who knows the past, and knows it in the terms of the past, is able to give enlightened judgment to the present in terms of the present. The law maker who looks back to Thomas Jefferson or Alexander Hamilton has a strong example, but if he looks back to the dawn of the world's politics, through all the great examples, he comes to his present task hampered by no individual's imperfection. He squares himself by the consensus of the best minds of all time. This in the broadest and highest sense is classicism —MAURICE THOMPSON.

The bigger the pipe the less the student

The Professor's Politics

MANY of our most useful statesmen were school teachers before they went into politics. Several of our Presidents were college professors. Teaching is itself a public service, and it naturally leads to public life. It is the freest and most catholic of callings. Teachers ought to be the broadest and most outspoken of citizens. But are they?

Many of them do not even vote. There are some who vote secretly, like a timid preacher who fears the members of his church will not go to Heaven if they find out his politics

In some cases all this is easily explained. When a teacher has an even division of politics, or when he has a surplus of politics contrary to his views in his school or district, he feels like keeping still in order to save his salary. This may seem unworthy of him, but it is human nature. When it comes to college life it would appear that the men ought to rise above such things, but the bread-and-butter problem exists in colleges as well as in the cross-roads school

Within the past half dozen years there have been some unpleasant and significant instances of how money strived to stifle conviction The first brazen manifestation of it was in the high tariff operations at Washington when the men who were after Governmental favors caused their claques to raise a great cry against the college economists who were brave enough to state moderately, but positively, the laws of trade. Tariff jobbers, in order to carry their point, went so far as to attack institutions to which these professors were attached, and there was reason to believe that in some instances their cowardly assaults prevailed. The professor who stood out did so at the sacrifice of his comfort, but gloriously to the honor of his convictions. Then came the money issue, and certain college professors had to believe certain things in certain ways or get out because the controlling powers wanted only their own kind of thought

To be perfectly fair, we must admit that the controlling powers have a right to demand this. They can buy what they want. If they wish to keep up a one-sided university, they can find professors to man it

It would be foolish to say that the college professor, even when freest and best, is omniscient. It is not even safe to assume that he knows the average thing much better than the average man. He may be a genius in higher mathematics and yet vote wrong on a paving contract. He may be an expert on commerce and yet go astray on the tariff. He may master astronomy and yet get mixed up on the money issue. But the great thing is not that he may make errors in his convictions, but that he should express them fully and freely, for experience has shown that anything which keeps the college professor out of politics is a loss to manhood and to public life. In all of the communities where the professors have made their influences an active force they have stimulated the people to think better and to do more for good government and clean politics. The college professor who is indifferent in politics or who is afraid to vote is a hurt and a hindrance to any institution. —LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

At the American Capital

It is Indian summer in Washington. The leaves are falling; the air is crisp and clear. The Dewey reception is a thing of the past, and everything indicates the approaching session of Congress. Familiar faces and faces that may hereafter become familiar appear upon Pennsylvania Avenue; for among the old members visiting the departments are many new Representatives. All have turned their faces from the retiring form of Thomas B. Reed, and are awaiting the arrival of the soldierly figure that is to succeed him in the Speaker's chair

Mr. Reed's ability is universally acknowledged, even by his political opponents. An almost unknown phase of his career is worth noting. Two years ago a New York Congressman was the orator of the day at the celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Antietam. In preparing his address he unearthed a speech made by General George B. McClellan on the battle-field two or three years before his death. In this speech General McClellan referred to the "Caudine Forks." The phrase was new to the Representative. He vainly ransacked the encyclopedias and gazetteers for information. He made inquiries of classical students on the floor of the House, but gleaned nothing. While standing in the centre aisle reflecting upon his predicament the Speaker brought down his gavel and ordered him to his seat. This action turned his thoughts in a new channel. Of all the men in the House, he began to think that Mr. Reed was the one to give him the information so ardently desired. Ascending the steps leading to the Speaker's desk he said:

"Mr. Speaker, I'm in a quandary. What are the 'Caudine Forks'? I have asked a dozen of the best educated men in the House and none of them is able to give me an answer."

Acerbities in discussion had given place to dreary platitudes, and the Speaker was comparatively free from annoyance. He dropped his head and looked grave.

"The Forks of the Caudine," he repeated. "The Caudine Forks—why—why—that, I believe, is an incident in Roman history. I think it means the forks made by the Roman soldiers when they interlocked their spears and counted the prisoners who passed under them."

The Congressman thanked him and returned to his seat. A moment afterward the Speaker beckoned to him. He again went to the rostrum. Mr. Reed said:

"Read the account of the war of the Romans with the Samnites. You will find that the Romans were caught in a trap in the Valley of Caudium and were forced to surrender. They were compelled to pass beneath the interlocked spears, or 'beneath the yoke,' as it was called. This day was known in the Roman calendar as the day of the Caudine Forks."

One man of all others will miss Thomas B. Reed. He is John M. Allen, of Mississippi. Each is a wit, and each quaintly original. They enjoy each other's society. Reed frequently retails John Allen's stories, and John is at his best when detailing Reed's peculiarities. Nobody laughed more heartily than the Speaker when the Mississippian had the floor and was scoring political points in an anecdotal way, and nobody enjoyed more than John Allen the great Yankee's sarcastic allusions in discussion. There was one scene in the last Congress, however, that amused men of both parties. Allen inadvertently stung the Speaker, but was made painfully aware of his [illegible] not long afterward. It was during the debate to seat James Patterson, of Tennessee, in the place occupied by E. W. Carmack, of Memphis. Allen was speaking on behalf of the sitting member. It was a speech freighted with argument and decorated with humor—fresh, clean and incisive. In the speech Mr. Allen alluded to General Grosvenor, of Ohio, who had appeared in the Memphis district, a year or two before, seeking McKinley delegates to the Republican National Convention.

"We met by chance," said Mr. Allen, "and while he did not say [illegible] something in his manner which said 'Don't [illegible] you saw me, for he will know the rest.'"

The House broke into convulsive laughter at this allusion to Reed's Presidential campaign, but the contagion did not spread to the Speaker. That he felt the allusion, however, was quickly made apparent.

"My friend General Grosvenor became a little gay yesterday, and took a hand in this contest in favor of the contestant," continued Mr. Allen.

The Speaker saw his opportunity. He brought the gavel down with a vengeance almost sarcastic.

"The Chair," said he, "desires to suggest to the gentleman from Mississippi that the name of a member ought not to be called without first giving the name of the State."

Allen was astonished and apparently at a loss to account for the Speaker's action. Every day similar parliamentary slips had occurred and nobody had been called to account.

"When a member so distinguished as General Grosvenor——" he began by way of explanation, but was again cut short by the vengeful bang of the mallet.

"The Speaker must call the member from Mississippi to order," said Mr. Reed. "He must conform to the rules of the House."

This decisive action settled the matter. Whether John Allen recognized the fact that his allusions to the Speaker's Presidential aspirations were unpalatable or not, he thereafter spoke of General Grosvenor as the "Gentleman from Ohio." The Speaker's rebuke gave him a momentary chill, but he quickly recovered himself and perorated with a story that simply threw the House into convulsions.

He said that Colonel Patterson appeared to have changed his political faith, and advised the majority of the House to put the finishing touches on him while he was in the faith. Then said he: "We can preach over his political corpse the same sermon that my old colored friend, Uncle Ephraim Betts, preached over the corpse of Whistling Bill, another darky, who was found dead near the railroad track in the neighborhood where I was raised. Uncle Ephraim said, 'My breddren and sisters, we has met here to-day to pay our last sad respects to our departed brudder. Some sez he wuz a good man; some sez he wuz a bad man. What he's done gone we can't tell, but in our grief we has one great consolation, and dat is—we know he's dead.'"

Mr. John Allen visited Washington the week before the Dewey reception. He was much interested in the newspaper reports of the escapade of the Honorable Jerry Simpson at a Grand Army meeting in Wichita, Kansas. It was reported that Mr. Simpson had made some unsavory references to the situation in the Philippines, and that he was driven from the platform in derision. In commenting on the report, Mr. Allen recalled a bout on the floor of the House at the late session between Jerry Simpson and Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois. He remarked that the former was not so fortunate in Kansas as in the House. It was during the consideration of the Army Appropriation bill in February last. Mr. Simpson had made remarks similar to those uttered in Wichita. Mr. Cannon said that "if the speech of the gentleman from Kansas had been made by him in Manila he would have been arrested, tried by a drumhead court martial, and shot."

"That may be true," retorted the Honorable Jerry, "and it may not be true. I do not know any choosing between two difficulties of this kind—whether I would rather be court martialed and shot in Manila, or be shot with an old muzzle loading brass cannon like that I was shot with a minute ago."

For a third time Mr. Allen has announced himself as a candidate for United States Senator from Mississippi. A hot contest for the place is now being waged in that State. The situation brings to mind a story told many years ago by the Mississippian in the cloakroom of the House. When first nominated for Congress he took the stump and thoroughly canvassed the district. After making a speech in a town in Itawamba County, an old colored woman approached him and said:

"Kyi, Massa John, don't yo' know me?"

The Mississippian gazed at her intently as if trying to bring her to mind.

"Don't yo' know your old mammy?" she asked in trembling accents.

It was then he recognized the old nurse who had looked after him when a child. He greeted her with effusive warmth. The old nurse's eyes were wet with tears.

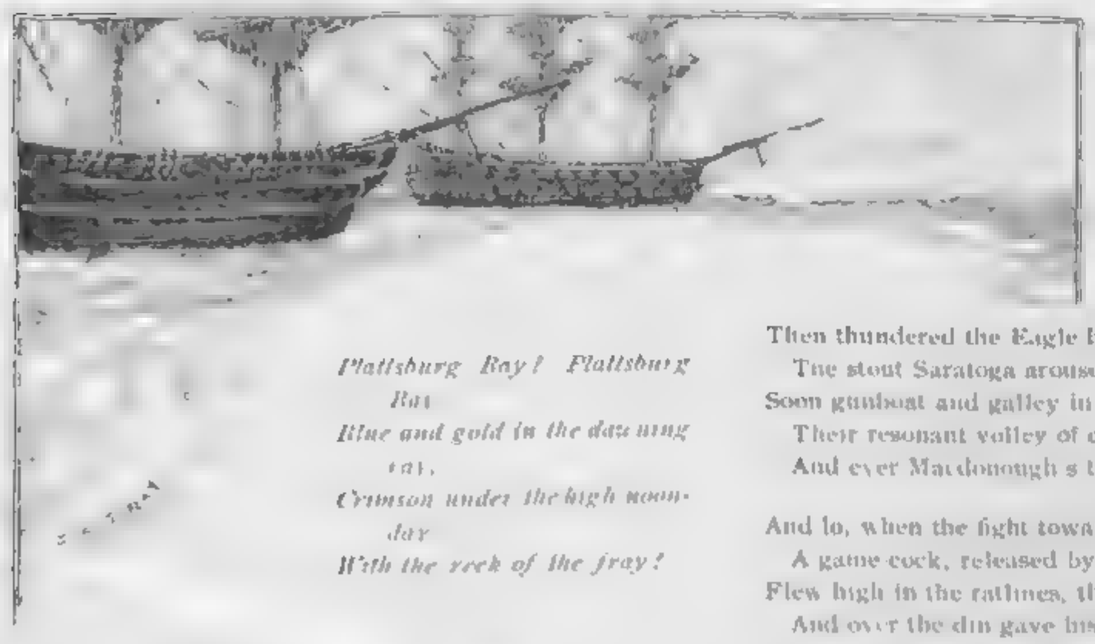
"'Deed, Massa John," said she, "it do dese pore ole eyes o' mine good to see yo' ag'in. You're so much like your fadder, always holding some great, high, mighty Government position or other. 'Deed, Massa John, I'se powerful glad to see yo'—'deed I is."

"Why, what Government position do I hold that my father held, mammy?" Allen asked.

"Candidate—same as your pore ole fadder—candidate—candidate!" was the reply.

The Indian summer is here, the leaves are falling around the Capitol, and John is still a Senatorial candidate.

—Amos J. Cummings.



Plattsburg Bay! Plattsburg Bay
Blue and gold in the dawning ray,
Crimson under the high noonday
With the reek of the fray!

THE BALLAD OF PLATTSBURG BAY

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

IT WAS Thomas Macdonough, as gallant a sailor
As ever went scurrying over the main,
And he cried from his deck, "If they think I'm a quailer,
And deem they can capture this Lake of Champlain,
We'll show them they're not fighting France, sir, or Spain!"

So from Cumberland Head to the little Crab Island
He scattered his squadron in trim battle line;
And when he saw Downie come rounding the highland,
He knelt him, beseeching for guidance divine,
Imploring that Heaven would crown his design.

Then thundered the Eagle her lusty defiance;
The stout Saratoga aroused with a roar,
Soon gunboat and galley in hearty alliance
Their resonant volley of compliments pour;
And ever Macdonough's the man to the fore!

And lo, when the fight toward its fiercest was swirling,
A game-cock, released by a splintering ball,
Flew high in the rattlines, the smoke round him curling,
And over the din gave his trumpeting call,
An omen of ultimate triumph to all!

Then a valianter light touched the powder-grimed faces,
Then faster the shot seemed to plunge from the gun
And we shattered their yards and we sundered their braces,
And the fume of our cannon—it shrouded the sun;
Cried Macdonough—"Once more, and the battle is won!"

Now the flag of the haughty Confiance is trailing,
The Linnet in woe staggers in toward the shore,
The Finch is a wreck from her keel to her railing,
The galleys flee fast to the strain of the oar;
Macdonough! 'tis he is the man to the fore!

Oh, our main decks were grim and our gun decks were gory,
And many a brave brow was pallid with pain,
And while some won to death, yet we all won to glory
Who fought with Macdonough that day on Champlain,
And humbled her pride who is queen of the main!

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

The Colleges and the College Folk

In the 472 universities and colleges of the United States the 11,000 male and 1600 female professors and instructors are now deep in the work of getting the 118,000 male and the 40,000 female students in the systematic processes of study. The students pay between $7,000,000 and $8,000,000 in tuition fees, and the institutions they attend get in addition to this amount about $4,500,000 from productive funds and nearly $4,000,000 from National, State and municipal appropriations. All these institutions represent investments of one kind and another that exceed $100,000,000. This in a measure is the financial showing of the universities and colleges of the country

Not only have their numbers wonderfully increased but the larger institutions have enjoyed a growth in attendance beyond all expectations. For instance, Harvard, which is the largest of all, has nearly 4000 students, a number that in itself is as large as the population of a small city. In the total of attendance the University of Michigan comes second, with about 3300, then the University of Minnesota has over 3000; the University of Pennsylvania has nearly 3000; Yale has about 2500; Columbia has a few hundred less, and the Northwestern University has just over 2000, the College of the City of New York nearly equaling that figure, and Cornell having only a few dozen less, or nearly 1900. Some of the best-known universities have less, Princeton, for instance, the last figures claiming less than 1200, and Johns Hopkins University less than 700. According to the figures, which are those of the Bureau of Education at Washington, about one person in 470 of our population attends a college. Of course there are a great many who have already attended colleges and graduated, so that the number of college people interested in the institutions which are growing so significantly in the land of the free and the home of the brave may be put beyond the million mark

Indeed, the whole college situation is becoming vastly changed. There are questions as to which are doing the most good, the large universities or the smaller colleges, but they are simply matters of opinion that do not affect the general fact that the colleges of all sorts are turning out more educated men and women than ever before. The increase is simply enormous, and it is going on in all parts of the country

The Great Work of Rich Widows

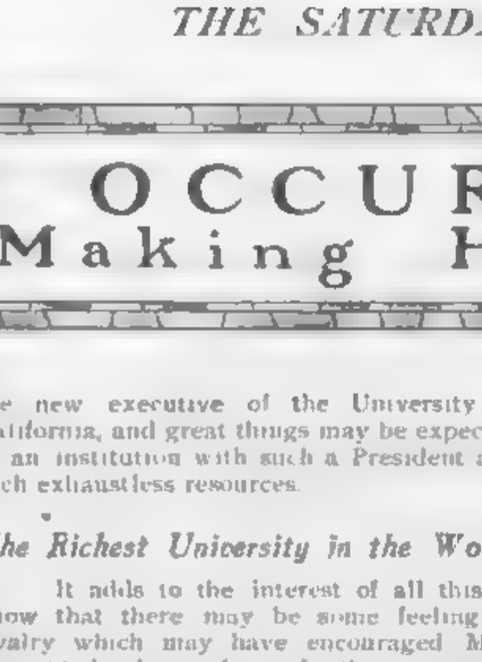
A general criticism heard on the Pacific Slope is that the people of the East turn their eyes toward Europe instead of following the Star of Empire and gazing upon the indescribable and inexhaustible riches and glories of the West. This may have been the case in past years, but it is impossible for anybody to keep from looking toward California in these days of increasing greatness

Undoubtedly the most interesting educational conditions in the world are now to be found in that wonderful State, and it does not detract from the fascination to know that the leading factors are two widows, both rich, both broad-minded, both liberal beyond the dreams of the hungriest Treasurer who ever presided over college funds

The figures that are announced with more or less authority stagger one, but we know in a general way that Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst, wife of the late Senator George Hearst, has already given something over seven millions of dollars to revive and enlarge the University of California, and that there will probably be more millions to follow when they are needed. It was for this new institution that the admirable architectural competition, open to the world and judged by a jury of three leading European architects, was projected and carried to its brilliant conclusion. There was a broadness about Mrs Hearst's ideas that is without parallel in the history of this country, and she not only did great good in the institution, but she set a precedent of the utmost value to the whole nation. Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler will be the new executive of the University of California, and great things may be expected of an institution with such a President and such exhaustless resources.

The Richest University in the World

It adds to the interest of all this to know that there may be some feeling of rivalry which may have encouraged Mrs Hearst to her benevolence, for the new growth of the Leland Stanford University, which is located farther south in the State of California, has attracted the attention of the world. The romance connected with the history of this institution is one of those things that we could expect from a new region, especially California. After Senator Stanford's death there was a time when his



MRS. PHOEBE A. HEARST

widow was practically reduced to poverty, and the fate of the university which they had founded as a memorial to their only son was in the balance. But she sacrificed all her luxuries and took hold of things with a fine business grasp. The result of it all was that she has made the university the richest institution of its kind in the world. Stanford University was built in the beginning on a broad and harmonious design. The University of California is being rebuilt on even a grander scale, so that so far as the architecture is concerned California to-day leads the country in her great institutions.

The Question of Women Students

One fact about Mrs. Stanford's gift has escaped general notice, but it has a very significant bearing upon institutions where both sexes are admitted on equal footing. Mrs. Stanford in her address to the Trustees placed the limit of the total number of women to be admitted at five hundred in order that the women might not outnumber the men. She could do this without criticism, of course, but if a man had done it there would probably have been a great hue and cry.

The reason is one of singular interest. The original plan was to admit women on equal terms with men, but it was supposed that they would not form more than a fourth, or at most a third of the attendance. When the university opened the women were twenty two per cent., but in the year since then they have increased to forty-one per cent, so that at present there are 463 women out of a total of 1153 students. Various questions have grown out of this action, and the discussion of them has been rather plain and pointed. What hurts the men most seems to be what President Jordan has called "the slump of athletics at Stanford, and some of them are ungallant enough to attribute it to the large number of women. President Jordan resents this view, and declares that the thing that hurt the athletics during the last year was the large enlistment of strong students in the regiments that went to Manila. He rather holds out for the influence of women, and says that notwithstanding the high percentage of women students in the institution, the work accomplished by the debaters has never been better than during the present year.

Increase of Women in Colleges

Mrs. Stanford's limitation of the number of female students in Stanford University possesses a curious interest in view of the fact that this year all the higher institutions where women are admitted are crowded more than ever before. Some of them have not the accommodations for all the women who want to enter. Never in the history of the country has the rush of the feminine portion of the population toward the best colleges been as strong as now.

In all the colleges for women and the universities to which women are admitted, the rights of women to equal advantages with men and the necessity of higher education for women in their relations to the world have been dwelt upon, and back of this is the great popular sentiment in the homes of the country that the girls, having as bright faculties as the boys, ought to possess the same advantages for developing them. Considering these things, it will be well for those who attend to the material arrangements of leading institutions to prepare for a constantly increasing attendance of the female sex, for there will probably come a time when there will be in our colleges as many women as men

The Need of Aid in All Colleges

So overpowering are the sums being spent and donated in California that the benefactions in the other parts of the country seem rather tame. For instance, a little gift of $50,000 for the University of Pennsylvania, which Provost Harrison recently mentioned, does not seem very large, but it was undoubtedly welcome. Mr Jacob H. Schiff, of New York, gave $400,000 to Harvard for a Semitic hall and museum and certain Semitic scholarships. In this year of great prosperity of course the colleges expect large donations from their friends, and many have not been disappointed. The average college, like the average man on a salary, lives well up to its income, and generally beyond it, so that benefactions are necessary to keep its finances in healthy shape. Another thing is that every college that grows requires more money every year, needs larger buildings and better buildings, more apparatus and more accommodations for its professors and students, and if it is the right sort of an institution it ought to have memorials, and fine architecture that will make it a centre of artistic interest as well as an institution of learning. Very few of the colleges can begin upon a thoroughly digested plan as the Stanford University did, or completely revolutionize its buildings as the University of California is doing, for in each case millions are required. But it can from year to year, through the kindness of its friends and old students, make improvements that will eventually become a harmonious settlement of handsome buildings.

Students Who Do Not Graduate

It has happened more than once that the student who left his college or university without graduation has afterward received its honors. In one or two cases in this country students who went forth with the ire[illegible] the Faculty upon them afterward returned to become distinguished professors and lecturers. In many other instances the degrees from which the students fled in their indiscreet early years came as free offerings in their later greatness. At the University of Virginia, this month, Zolnay's bust of Edgar Allan Poe was unveiled There was a large attendance, and never in the history of that famous institution were any exercises more notable It was a beautiful appreciation of the genius of Edgar Allan Poe by the university which he attended for a while but from which he did not graduate

HOW TO MAKE
HOME ATTRACTIVE
AT SMALL EXPENSE
"Thornton Prints"

"A Frugal Meal"
$1.00
New Amsterdam Book Company
Agents. 156 Fifth Avenue, New York

"BETTER THAN A LEGACY"
Coward "Good Sense" Shoe
FOR CHILDREN
Insures Good Sense Feet for Life

Send for Shoe Catalogue and order Good Sense Shoes for every member of the family
We have no Agencies or Branch Stores
Jas. S. Coward, 268-272 Greenwich St., New York

WEBER PIANOS
The achievements of Albert Weber, Senior, in the realm of tone production, like the violin masterpieces of Cremona, still stand unrivaled." Send for catalogue. Correspondence invited
WAREROOMS:
Fifth Ave. and 16th St., New York
268 Wabash Ave., Chicago
181 Tremont St., Boston

FREE! WHOLESALE BOOK CATALOG
Edition for 1899-1900 ready. Costs 6c. postage to mail. 416 pages, 6 by 9 inches, advertising 15,000 Books, Bibles, Periodicals, etc., etc., at Wholesale Prices.
A. FLANAGAN, Publisher and Bookseller
267-269 Wabash Avenue, - Chicago, Ill.

A Crackless Linen Cuff The "Chid"
Price, 25 Cents
CHID CUFF COMPANY
Lippincott Bldg., - Philadelphia, Pa.

GLACIER Substitute for Stained Glass
produces all the effects of Stained Glass at a fraction of its cost. Applied to the glass with Water only. For Bath-Room windows of windows having a Degree of obscurity. Church Windows a specialty. Send size of
MASON & CO., P. O. Box 107, Philadelphia, Pa.

New Skirt Lifter. Keeps skirts perfectly clear of [illegible] in a moment. [illegible] forms long skirts into [illegible] length for [illegible] short during skirts. When not in use improves the style of any skirt. All colors. Price $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. SKIRT LIFTING CO., Constantine, Mich.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

President Schurman's Work

The American public is under obligations to its scholars, as well as to its soldiers and sailors, for valuable services rendered both during and after the late war with Spain Among those deserving of especial mention in this regard, President Jacob G. Schurman, of Cornell University, holds high place. He was appointed by President McKinley, last January, as the head of the Philippine Commission when there was a general demand from the public for information concerning the archipelago. He proceeded promptly to his post, and with his distinguished colleagues began the arduous labor of collecting facts and framing suggestions for the use of the national authorities

DR. J. G. SCHURMAN

No one unfamiliar with the Spanish colonial régime can form an adequate idea of the difficulties of the task. Every Government Department at Manila seems to have been conducted on the principle of "how not to do it." Every official seems to have exaggerated the facts which reflected credit on his work, and to have suppressed those of a different sort. Many of these gentlemen doubly protected themselves by mendacity and destruction of incriminating records. The evidences of corruption, conspiracy and crime were visible alike in court and custom house, treasury and Governor's palace, naval arsenal and military headquarters. Nevertheless, the commission brought some order out of chaos and supplied the President with a better knowledge of the Philippines than was ever possessed by the Premier at Madrid

In this work President Schurman displayed the intelligent industry and the powerful executive ability which had made him famous in the college world of America The military administration at Manila has utilized many of his suggestions, and it is probable that his views will influence both the policy of the President and the action of Congress at its coming session

A City Traveling Library

Colonel R Ross Appleton, a wealthy New York manufacturer, is one of the leaders of the Brooklyn Public Library Association He says of it

"Our idea is rather novel, almost the opposite of that which underlies other great libraries. They want a magnificent building and a large number of valuable books. We want no such building or books. We divide a city into districts, based upon population In each district we have a small building in a public park and stock it with from ten to twenty thousand books. Instead of making the man go for the books, we bring the books to the man's door. The chief objection raised to our system is that the dishonest will steal the books. To that our answer is: 'The dishonest are a small percentage in this world, and if they do steal books they will certainly read them, whereas otherwise they might remain in ignorance.'"

President Eliot's Walking-Stick

Almost as soon as Charles W Eliot was made President of Harvard College he announced his opinion that nineteen, the average age of entrance, was too high When a man had gone through the college he was twenty-three, and when he had completed a four-years' course in a professional school he was twenty-seven. Doctor Eliot contended that was too old for any man to begin to earn his living. He had himself entered college at fifteen, and he said the average age of entrance ought to be, at the greatest, eighteen

First he made an exhaustive examination of the primary, secondary and preparatory schools to see whether the courses of study could not be "shortened and enriched." He has succeeded in enriching them greatly, and the result of his labors, so far from shortening them, appears from a comparison of the average age of entrance for the five years ending with his inauguration and the five years up to 1895, when the averages were last computed. The fact is, that the average has by a small fraction advanced. It now exceeds nineteen by a trifle more than it did in 1865-66

The President discovered this some years ago and began a campaign for shortening the course of Harvard College itself from four to three years. One of the younger professors, who has always made it a point to arise in his place in the Faculty meeting whenever the President has anything to propose and announce that the thing has never in the world been done before, and that he is opposed to it, got up one day when Doctor Eliot was agitating his plan for a three-year course, and told a story

"There was once a man," said he, "who went into a carpenter shop and asked to have his walking-stick cut off about four inches from the top."

"What do you want to have it cut off for?" asked the carpenter

"Because," said the man, "it is too long."

"But," said the carpenter, "let me saw it off at the bottom. Why do you cut it at the top?"

Because," replied the man, "that's where it's long."

Madam Alberti's Contest with Cannon

Madam Eva Alberti, the President of the New York School of Expression, was selected a few years ago to read Hezekiah Butterworth's patriotic poem at the raising of the flag in New York harbor, upon the first point of land visible between this country and Europe. She was chosen because of her voice, which is of great richness and volume She had thought the occasion a good one to teach her juvenile friends the value of patriotism, and she invited several small boys to be her guests One of them had to be coaxed by his mother to go, as he had also received an invitation to hear a band concert which was to give a dramatic recital entitled the Battle of the Nations. At the latter affair the music was to be interspersed with the rumbling of cannon, the firing of guns, and the clanging of cymbals and rattle of drums

MADAM ALBERTI

But he went to hear Madam Alberti It had been previously arranged that as the Madam finished each verse a salute would be fired. The signal was to be given by one of the military officers present

It so happened that during the reading the signal for salute was unknowingly made by several officers in the middle of each verse therefore there was nothing but salutes, and the voice of the speaker was completely drowned in the firing of guns. Madam Alberti kept bravely on, but she was almost in tears when she finished. Her friends were commiserating with her when her boy friend spoke up

Oh, your piece was lots finer than the Battle of the Nations. I never heard so many guns in all my life. The next time you read I'm going to go if I have to run away

President Porter's Indispensable Cobweb

Professor Ladd, of Yale, the eminent psychologist, has a pleasant way of watching a public speaker for every characteristic gesture and expression, no matter how minute The late President Porter, also of Yale, was very broad and generous in his classes, and rarely found fault with his boys. One of his habits in the classroom was to keep his eye fixed, all the time he was talking, upon a big cobweb in the left-hand corner of the room Meanwhile the boys did as they pleased Rumor has it that this web was never swept down, by order of the President, who seemed to need it

Professor Ladd grieved at this lack of respect, and one day conveyed to the President as delicately as he could the fact that the boys were abusing his kindness

They are studying other lessons in your classroom instead of listening to you," he said

Is that so?" returned the President musingly. "I understand that they do not study in or out of some classrooms

And to the day of Doctor Porter's death Professor Ladd never knew to which classroom he referred, but the subject of cobwebs was permanently dropped

Hobart's Possible Successor

Political rumor mentions Lieutenant-Governor Timothy L. Woodruff, of New York, as the Republican candidate for Vice-President in case the ill health of Mr Hobart increases

Few men of prominence in public affairs can compare with Mr. Woodruff in many-sidedness. In his young manhood he was an athletic light at Yale and foremost in students' pranks and frolics. When his college days were over he went into commercial and manufacturing life, and by a rare combination of energy, industry and good luck made himself a millionaire. During this period it is said that he never violated his rule to live frugally and to devote himself to business until his income was $50,000 a year

When he reached this point he entered political life, and applied himself to it as engrossingly as he had to manufacturing, and, it may be added, as successfully. He rose rapidly from the ranks until he became one of the leaders of the State, and in 1896 was elected as the running mate of Governor Frank S Black, and in 1898 of Theodore Roosevelt He has a very pleasant personality, and looks far more like a Yorkshire Squire than a typical American. He is fastidious in dress to such an extent as to provoke the satire of political opponents, who have dubbed him "Tim o' the Wescots" and "Necktie Timothy." He is a fluent speaker and writer, and is quick at repartee Once when in debating with a wealthy politician the latter said:

"Wealth gives you no advantage; I'm as rich as you are."

Yes," replied Mr. Woodruff, "but you made your fortune out of politics, and that's where I'm spending mine."

Actual Size, 6x8 inches

• • •

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE has obtained exclusive control of a new process for reproducing [illegible] cost to us, charging the loss to our regular appropriation for advertising. These artistic medallions come in three styles. Style 1 is the "**Steel Finish**," [illegible] "**Sepia**" [illegible] "**Water Color**" [illegible] last two styles [illegible] other "dull gloss" finish. The Photo Medallions are mounted on non-corrosive metal, strong [illegible] covered with a heavy celloid [illegible] burned in, thus preserving [illegible] those you love. It is impossible [illegible] beautiful medal[illegible] know are carefully followed, we [illegible] that the likeness will be an exact *facsimile* the [illegible] for the home, and whether [illegible] baby or grandma [illegible] satisfactory. In forwarding your photograph be sure to send one that has not been scratched marred. Good work cannot be executed from defective photographs. In all cases send clear, bust photographs, as these give the best results. We cannot use tintypes. Be sure to have sufficient protection, in the way of pasteboard or old blotters, the photograph will not be broken, if sent by mail We personally guarantee the prompt return of your original photograph in good condition.

• • •

One-Third Actual Size

Your Choice of These Styles

• • •

PEARSON'S, "the great ten-cent magazine," although only eight months old in America, is rapidly forging to a front place among the popular monthlies. The "Boston Herald" recently said "PEARSON'S is the magazine that makes you think." Lovers of the best contemporaneous literature, at popular prices, should subscribe now for PEARSON'S, as in their program for the coming year will be found stories by Max Pemberton, H G. Wells, Cutcliffe Hyne, Allen Upward, Robert Barr, Julian Ralph and others. Readers of The Saturday Evening Post who happen to be unacquainted with PEARSON'S may obtain both a four-page illustrated pamphlet, ALL ABOUT PEARSON'S," and a sample copy of the magazine for the asking

As the orders for our new photo medallions are coming in very fast, we suggest an immediate acceptance or investigation of this proposition.

The Pearson Publishing Co.

54 East 19th St., New York

Book IV Twenty-First Chapter

SHORTLY after sunset the rain began to come down with ever increasing force, beating upon the decks of the British ships and dashing the face of the water into foam. The wind rose until it blew half a gale, and the night fell dark and stormy.

The ships strained and tugged at their anchors restlessly. Inasmuch as the only naval force in the bay, Commodore Barney's gunboats, had been destroyed and the Commodore himself desperately wounded and taken prisoner, the anchor watches upon the Narragansett and the other ships in the harbor were negligent and careless in the extreme. And the tragical happening of the afternoon tended but to increase this laxity.

The three large bateaux, crowded with the members of a picked crew whom Fairford had brought with him, favored by the darkness, the wind which blew down the bay and an ebb tide, were able to pass the two larger ships and approach the Narragansett undetected. To bring the boats alongside without attracting attention was an operation that required the nicest skill. In this instance their efforts were attended with perfect success. Fairford, who commanded the largest boat, brought to upon the after cable; the second boat, commanded by Ludlow, the only other officer in the party, fastened upon the forward cable, while the third, intrusted to the guidance of Rhodes, swung gently alongside the starboard gangway.

"Wouldn't ... cracked a cockshell with that 'ere Commodore," muttered old Joseph complacently under his breath, as he waited for the time to go aboard.

It had been arranged that Fairford and his men should board from the stern first; the other two boats' crews were to remain in their boats for a short time, or until they had counted a hundred, when they were to come aboard from their positions with a rush, though with as little noise as possible. Each party had received definite instructions as to what it was to do when all got aboard. Even if successful, they could hope for only a few moments' time before they were seen from the other ships, and the quickest kind of work would be necessary if they were to get the Narragansett away.

Nothing avoidable had been left to chance. All the members of the cutting-out expedition, with the exception of the officers and the boatswain's mate, had been deprived of their pistols, and were armed only with cutlasses, which had been sharpened to a razor edge. The cutlass was a more silent weapon than the pistol, and at close quarters almost as sure. The men were all barefoot, and for recognition in the darkness, each one, by their Captain's direction, had tied a white handkerchief about his head.

There was, as usual, a Jacob's ladder depending from the stern of the ship on either side. Fairford waited the appointed time, or until he was sure the other boats were at their stations. After having detailed two men to act as boat-keepers, he appointed two others to remain on the Jacob's ladders abreast the stern windows of the after cabin with particular instructions to be followed out in case of a certain emergency. Then, taking off his boots in the boat and placing his sword between his teeth, he gave a last whispered caution to make no noise, and climbed softly up the ladder, followed by the men. They soon gained the poop-deck of the unprotected frigate. In the thick darkness they could not see a soul upon her decks. There was a faint light streaming out from the hatch of the Captain's cabin beneath their feet, and as Fairford cautiously looked through the glass he saw seven officers sitting about the table engaged in earnest conversation, to his great surprise Sir James Heathcote among them.

Quietly signaling to the bulk of his party to remain in readiness until called, he descended to the main-deck, followed by several of the older men, cutlass in hand, and stopped at the starboard gangway in time to meet the boatswain's mate, who, with his party, was soon standing upon the deck beside him.

The only Englishmen on deck were the two men of the anchor watch, who were standing on the topgallant forecastle in the lee of the foremast. They were much astonished when powerful hands suddenly and without warning seized them from behind. Turning in quick surprise to see what was the matter, one was promptly choked into insensibility by the firm grasp of Fairford's sinewy hands about his throat, and the other, receiving the knotty fist of the boatswain's mate full in the face, backed by all the force of that doughty gentleman's arm, fell like a log to the deck.

So far the boarders had wonderful luck. Ludlow's men were signaled, and ... as they came pouring over the bow. The young Captain spoke hurriedly.

"Rhodes, take a dozen of your men to the gun-deck and cover the hatches securely to restrain the crew. Mr Ludlow, detail some of yours to secure those who are quartered in the forecastle. Fasten the sliding doors and the hatches if you can, and do not allow the crew to be awakened if avoidable. I will attend to the ward room and the cabin. You will take the deck until I return. Send men aloft to loose the three topsails and the foresail, and get the ship under way. While the others are making sail, do you cut the cables and ship away. Set the boats adrift." All this, which was but a rehearsal of previous directions, was said in a hurried whisper.

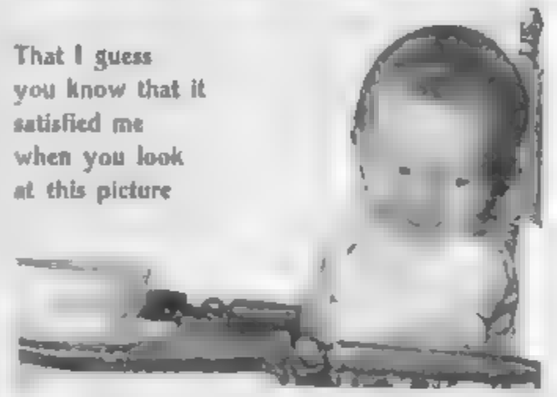
"Ay, ay, sir," responded Ludlow and Rhodes as ... and the men quickly sprang to their appointed tasks.

Despite the precautions that were taken, the presence of nearly one hundred men upon the decks of the ship—though the seamen had moved about as quietly as cats—attracted the attention of some of the older British seamen forward, and they sprang from their hammocks with a vague sense of uneasiness.

When they found the berth deck hatches covered and the sliding doors in the forecastle fastened, they immediately realized that something was wrong, and began to pound upon the doors and hatch-covers with their fists, and quickly awakened

AHOY THE ——" HE NEVER FINISHED THE SENTENCE

YOU REMEMBER ME



This is what all children say, and all men and women too, who use

WHEATLET

It is most satisfactory of all Breakfast Foods because most nourishing, and most palatable because it has all of the rich, nutty flavor of the wheat.

Oats is the natural food for horses; Wheat is the natural food for man.

Wheatlet contains everything needed for the nourishment of Babies, of Children and of Men and Women.

Wheatlet contains all of the nourishing portions of the wheat.

Sold by Grocers. Write for Free Booklet

THE FRANKLIN MILLS CO., LOCKPORT, N. Y

Fine FUR Jackets

$15 to $1500

Write for particulars and illustrations to

WALTER BUHL & CO., Detroit, Mich.

The largest dealers in the Northwest in Fine Furs for Men's, Women's and Children's wear

CHRISTMAS GIFTS. For ... articles. French gold Link Buttons at $1.00 ... illustrated with cuts of Diamonds, Gold ... Jacobs Bros., Jewelers, Dept. 1, ... Jersey City, N. J.

AD SENSE ... published monthly at 50c. per year, or six months 25c. You may get a copy of your newsdealer ... The Ad Sense Co., 91 Fifth Avenue, Chicago

the other sleepers with their hasty cries Some of Ludlow's men, in the meanwhile, had entered the wardroom by the companion-hatch, and as the officers in their berths awoke in the confusion each one found himself guarded by a resolute sailor with a drawn cutlass, who commanded him to lie still if he valued his life

At the same moment Fairford entered the cabin, followed by the remainder of his men

"Gentlemen," he said to the astonished officers, "you are my prisoners."

"Who are you, sir?" cried Jamieson, starting up, while Sir James threw up his hands in amazement and exclaimed

"Mr. Fairford! How came you here?"

"My Government," responded Fairford smiling grimly, "appointed me Captain of this ship, and I am come to take command I hope I find you well, Sir James"

At this moment, after a quick look of intelligence between Jamieson and another officer, each sprang to the after cabin window nearest him. Jamieson threw open the sash and called loudly:

"Ahoy, the -"

He never finished the sentence for a bullet from Fairford's pistol silenced him forever The other officer, as the Americans rushed around the table toward him, seeing the fate of his superior, made no attempt to cry out, but, jumping upon the transom, tore open the sash and endeavored to leap through the port, trusting that if he could once get into the water he could escape in the darkness, or in any event give the alarm

But the sailor outside upon the Jacob's ladder, who had been placed there in anticipation of this very contingency, and whose attention had been attracted by the report of the pistol, was ready for the man. He was not placed conveniently for striking, but, as he saw the officer's head and shoulders silhouetted against the brilliant light of the window, his arm shortened, and he drove his cutlass home in the side of the man's neck. Almost before his pursuers reached him the Englishman's muscles relaxed and he fell limply across the transom, half in and half out of the port. In a few seconds he was dead

The other officers had been roughly seized by the sailors, and Fairford was now master of the ship

"Sir James," he said to that gentleman, "what are you doing here?"

"I am going back to England."

"Not on this ship—if I know it" answered Fairford

"Won't you set me ashore, then?"

"I must get away first I am rather pressed for time, you see" was the reply

At this moment the door of the port cabin opened and Evelyn Heathcote, who had been awakened by the shot and the confusion, came forth into the light, arrayed in a white dressing-robe.

"Good Heavens, a woman! Miss Heathcote Is she aboard as well?" exclaimed Fairford in astonishment and dismay, as a frightened shriek burst from the English girl, whose gaze had just fallen upon the dead body of Jamieson at her feet. Fairford, suddenly mindful of the duties devolving upon him, rushed back to the deck

The hatches which confined the men below had been opened a little, and a few vigorous threats from the boatswain's mate to the effect that their captors would open fire if the prisoners did not keep silent, had helped to quiet them. The shrouds were shaking under the feet of the men swarming aloft to make sail, but the noise and confusion had of course grown louder with every passing moment, and Jamieson's hail and Fairford's shot had at last attracted the attention of the men upon the other ships

The boat-keepers in the bateaux had hastily passed on board the things which had been left with them when the attack began; the cables were cut, the boats cast off, and the ship began to drift slowly out with the ebb tide.

Suddenly there was a hail from the large frigate. No answer was made by the Narragansett. A moment later the flapping of the heavy canvas above showed that the men aloft had accomplished their task They had made sail with incredible swiftness. In the emergency they had not taken time to cast off the gaskets, but had cut them with their sheath knives. Suddenly a bright flare was made aboard on the forecastle of the English frigate. The light from some inflammable substance plainly discovered the situation of the Narragansett. Sharp words of command were heard instantly from both the English ships, followed by the rapid roll of their drums beating to quarters. The cables of the Englishmen were cut at once, and a shift of the helm as the larger one slowly gathered way brought her bow guns to bear on the Narragansett. All at once the roar of their discharge broke the stillness of the night. The necessity for secrecy and quietness was now at an end

"Down from aloft! Down for your lives men!" shouted Fairford. "Lead along the maintopsail halyards; man the sheets; jump away, my hearties! Hands by the fore-sheets, there; overhaul the brails forward; tend the braces; sheet home; hoist away!" The crew, making up in zeal and excitement what they lacked in numbers, soon manned headed the ponderous yard, the sheets were

"What is it, Margaret

hauled home, and the foresail came down with a run. Next they tailed on to the gear of the fore and mizzen topsails, and then of the spanker and jib, and finally of the main topgallant sail. The wind was already blowing half a gale, growing stronger with every moment, and though the royal yards were not crossed, it was doubtful if she could have borne even the other topgallant sails, or whether much would have been added thereby to her speed. By Fairford's direction every light was at once extinguished, and the Narragansett, having obtained a good start, soon disappeared from the view of her pursuers. Though the British had lost sight of the chase, they knew she must continue down the bay, and they hoped either to overhaul her speedily, or else to drive her into the hands of those British ships which were always cruising about the mouth of the bay. So far Fairford had been favored in the most extraordinary way by good fortune, but his chances of escape under ordinary circumstances were about one in a thousand.

In an undermanned ship, with more prisoners than his own crew numbered, totally unfamiliar with the ship, and shut up in inclosed waters filled with ships of the enemy, his undertaking was indeed desperate. Matched against these odds were the indomitable nature of the young sailor, his rare skill, his knowledge of the bay, the ability and experience of Ludlow, his second in command, the devotion of his crew, the reputed sailing capacity of the new Narragansett, and his own resolution not to be captured.

Twenty-Second Chapter

A LOW fire to dispel the dampness of the rainy night was burning upon the broad hearth of the little reception-room opening out of the great hall in Colonel Barrett's house. The Colonel himself was seated in his great armchair near the table, upon which a pair of lighted candelabra were standing. He was dressed with his usual care, though he looked older and thinner than on the night of the ball. He was reading from a ponderous tome, and his right foot, swathed in bandages until it looked preternaturally huge in the flickering firelight, was extended upon a rest before him.

It was very late, but the Colonel could not sleep, and his daughter was keeping him company. The Colonel had the gout, and, like every other individual afflicted with that painful disease, he endeavored to console himself with the reflection that it was the most aristocratic of ailments. No great degree of comfort did he find in this consideration, however, and it was only by the exercise of the most intense self control that he refrained from crying out

Margaret was indulging in idle dreams. The subject of her thoughts was, of course, the sailor whom she deemed far away. It was so long since she had seen him, and they had parted in anger. How handsome he had looked in his uniform that day at the end of the porch, as he stood bareheaded before her, the light falling upon his sunny, curly hair. How he quivered upon his foot before he turned away!

But what an imperious monster he had been the night before, how she hated to be domineered by anybody, especially a man, yet if Blake would only come back again, if she could only see him once more . . . was there not something about obey in the marriage service? Of course they were not married . . . she blushed hotly at the very thought of her heart . . . they were not married then, anyhow, and how mean it had been of him to insist before them all in that regal way. How did he expect her to know the details of that waltz? It was a hateful dance, she thought, at the same time beginning to hum the air, and unconsciously to tap the floor with her foot, but she would teach Blake when . . . was there ever going to be a "when," she wondered? She opened the box softly—she was such a foolish little thing she thought—and looked within it for the hundredth time that day. There were a dozen or more brief letters in Fairford's big, bold hand Nice brotherly letters they were, too. Pshaw, she didn't want to be his sister at all! There was the red rose, dried and faded, that he had refused to take from her hand, also, there was a little sunny curl tied with a ribbon of navy blue.

What a fool she was! Not like the proud and stately Evelyn Heathcote, whose going away that day had been such a heartbreak to Evelyn was so calm and contented, but then Evelyn knew she was loved that made all the difference in the world. She was such a splendid girl, and so beautiful—how was it that Blakely had not fallen in love with her? There came a piteous tug at the poor little heart strings. Perhaps he had! She heaved a long sigh, and her eyes suffused with tears. At this moment a particularly vicious twinge caused the Colonel to raise his eyes from his book. Something in the despondent attitude of the limp little figure before him attracted his attention

"Da—confound this infernal foot," he broke out. "What's the matter with you, Margaret? You look as if you had lost your last friend. And what is that little leather box I see in your hand so much, anyway? It seems to me——"

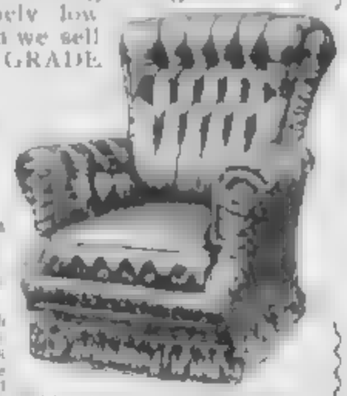
But the Colonel never finished the sentence. There was a strange sound outside upon the porch—a sound as of some one crawling and dragging something. During a brief pause

Direct from the Factory

Christmas Suggestions

To any person who intends to buy *nice* furniture it will pay, and pay well, to send for our catalogue and investigate the positive advantages of buying "Direct from Factory at **Factory Prices.**"

This space is too small to give full details, but the following will give an idea of the extremely low prices at which we sell strictly HIGH GRADE furniture.



A Splendid Gift for a Gentleman

$29.50 buys this

COVERED with

The Very Queen of Gifts for a Lady

$9.75

Desk," No. 945. A dainty birthday, wedding or Christmas gift.

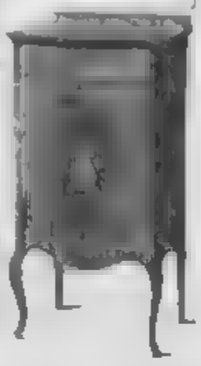
FRONT is figured

For the Lover of Music

$8.75

Cabinet," No.

FRONT is figured



A Choice Gift for a Young Man

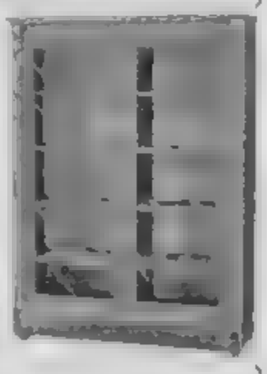
$22.50 buys this

THE DESIGN of this desk

For the Lover of Books

$12.00 buys this excellent oak "Colonial Bookcase," No. 774.

THE FRONT is figured oak



A Splendid Gift for the Family

$35.00 buys this luxurious "Turkish Couch," No. 34.

Our Liberal Terms: Each article is shipped "On Approval, *Freight Prepaid*" and may be returned to us *at our expense* if not positively the best of its kind ever sold (offered from the *factory* to the user" at so low a price as we offer it

We Prepay Freight to all points east of the Mississippi and north of South

Write for our Complete Catalogue

THE FRED MACEY CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Makers of Office and Library Furniture

Direct from the Factory

in the rainstorm they heard quite plainly a feeble voice crying

"Ahoy, the house! Ahoy! Help! Help!"

"Some one in trouble, I suppose," said Margaret, as she sprang to her feet

"Those confounded British again," exclaimed the Colonel wrathfully. "I suppose it will be our turn now since Sir James Heathcote has gone. They have ravaged every other plantation on the bay already. Pull the bell, yonder, daughter

As the old negro house-servant made his appearance in answer to the summons, a feeble knock which seemed to come from the floor in front of the hall door was heard, followed by the sound of a sudden collapse against it

"Go to the door, Cicero; there's some one out there," commanded the Colonel

The negro, who, with others of his class, lived in a constant state of terrified apprehension on account of the danger they were in from British marauding parties, hesitated a moment; his face showed his fear, but the habit of obedience was still strong upon him, and he turned to comply with the directions he had received. Margaret, who had observed his terror, reassured him by following him out into the hall, saying:

"Do not be alarmed, Uncle Cis; I will take care of you." When the door was thrown open, Cicero, in spite of his powerful ally, jumped backward in consternation as a wet, bedraggled form which had been propped against the door fell prone at his feet

"Good Lawd! Wha—wha—wha's dat? It's a daid man," he added after a pause, his teeth chattering with terror.

"It's only a man, Cicero. What are you afraid of?" replied Margaret calmly. "Drag him in the hall and close the door. He is dead, or possibly he has only fainted."

Cicero obeyed his mistress' command and the man was soon upon the floor of the hall The reassured Cicero knelt down by him and laid his ear near his heart, which was feebly beating

He ain't daid yit, Missy Marg't

What's that, Margaret?" called out the Colonel's voice

"It's a man, father. He seems to have fainted."

"Bring him in here, Cicero. Call Tullius to help you.

Yes, suh. Yes, Ise hyar, come heah!"

The Colonel was a classical scholar, and the great Roman orator was one of his favorites, therefore his valet was called Marcus and his butler and footman severally rejoiced under the remainder of the name

"Lay him down upon the rug before the fire. Here's the key to the sideboard. Tell Marcus to bring me that bottle of old French cognac, quick Now, Margaret, give him this," added the Colonel, pouring out a draught from the bottle

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"It's only a man, Cicero"

Father of the Postal Card

IN 1869, while Professor Emanuel Herrman, of Vienna, was seeking a vast amount of information by correspondence for his notable book, The Guide to the Study of National Economy, the thought occurred to him that many advantages would result from the adoption of a means of correspondence cheaper than the sealed letter.

On January 26 he went before the Austrian Post Director with his idea, an open stamped card, and his suggestion was almost immediately adopted. Within a month the Austrian postal authorities printed and sold [illegible] postal cards, the first time this [illegible] means of communication

WOMEN'S COLLEGES

THE woman's college is an American idea. It was born at Mount Holyoke in 1837 and its growth has been along American lines. In sixty-two years the one institution with less than forty teachers and students has grown into thirty-five colleges with 940 teachers and 8475 students. Of these colleges, twenty-one are non-denominational with 6156 students, five Methodist with 951, four Presbyterian with 830, two Lutheran with 186, two Moravian with 177, and one Reformed with 175 students

The tendency in women's higher education as in men's is toward the separation of school and church. While the ratio of denominational to non-denominational colleges is two to three, that of teachers and students is but two to six. The growth in schools, professors and scholars strongly tends toward non-sectarianism.

The largest of the thirty-five is Smith College with 1070 students, and the smallest Evelyn College with twenty-seven. The Middle States have seventeen schools with 3611 scholars, the Eastern States seven with 3104, the Southern nine with 1467, the Central one with 153, and the Pacific one with 140 scholars. In the number of colleges for women, Pennsylvania leads with 9, followed by New York, 6; Massachusetts, 4; Maryland, 4; North Carolina, 3; New Hampshire, 2; Virginia, 2; New Jersey, 2, and Maine, Ohio and California one each

In the number of students Massachusetts leads with 2589, followed by New York, 1988, Pennsylvania, 1539; Maryland, 657; North Carolina, 588; New Hampshire, 325, Virginia, 242; Maine, 190; Ohio, 153; California, 140, and New Jersey with 84.

Despite the development and prosperity of the women's college, many things indicate that its popularity will wane in the future through the increased power and prestige of collegiate coeducation. The latter system was inaugurated at Oberlin, which was founded in 1833, four years before Mount Holyoke was established. The two systems kept well together until 1870, when coeducation began to forge ahead. To-day, out of 500 American colleges and universities thirty five are for women exclusively, 105 for men, and 360 are coeducational—the ratio between the first and the third being one to ten

There are 40,000 women students enrolled in American colleges, 8475 being in the women's and 31,525 in the coeducational institutions—a ratio of almost one to four If only those enrolled in the preparatory freshman and sophomore classes be taken, the ratio is one to eight.

The tendency is seen in other facts. Now and then a woman's college is absorbed by a larger one, male or coeducational in character Thus, a few months ago Cornell University, which had graduated women from its [illegible] years, swallowed the Woman's Medical College of New York, just as Columbia a short time previous to that consolidation added the Teachers' College to its list of departments. Radcliffe is practically Harvard as Barnard is Columbia, and Evelyn Princeton

Men's colleges tend to add departments or annexes for women. Tulane University in New Orleans has just established such a branch in the Newcomb Memorial College. The Newton Theological Institute, Massachusetts, has a class of women preparing for missionary work. The Randolph Macon College, of Ashland, Virginia, has a woman's branch at Lynchburg in the same State Yale has several women's classes. Brown has a woman's department or college. Nor do women's colleges display the same vitality as the other two classes. They are absorbed, as mentioned, and they also die from weakness and other causes. In respect to their financial condition, the women's colleges are not so well off as the general college average. The monetary value of the thirty-five is about $8,500,000, or $24,000 apiece.

The five hundred colleges and universities of the United States are worth about $350,000,000, or $700,000 apiece. The richest of the thirty-five is Bryn Mawr, whose wealth is over $2,000,000. Next to it are Vassar and Smith, with more than $1,000,000 each. At the other end are Wilson, Scotia, Evelyn, Lasell and Moravian

The Doctor's Tramp

DR. ASA GALLUP, the President of one of the leading preparatory schools in New York City, was formerly chief clerk of the University of New York, and on the Board of Examiners for the State Regents. He is a New York University man and a graduate of Yale University. His college education, however, was one long, hard battle for bread and place.

"In the summer of '80 he says, "I had to become a book canvasser to make both ends meet. I was talking at that time for J. B. Gough's Platform Echoes, and I had as my territory Cherry Valley and Richfield Springs. I hadn't much money to spare. I was a good walker, so I thought I would undertake tramping the community. Just before you get to Waterville you have to climb a hill about a mile long. When I reached it I was dusty, hungry, footsore and tired. I sat down near the top of a hill on a large piece of hard earth, the most miserable man you can imagine. Just then I saw a farmer slowly tooling his horse and wagon toward me.

"'May I have a ride?' I asked.

"He said 'No,' but I didn't accept his answer and jumped on to his cart.

"'I don't think much of tramps,' he said, and reached out for a jar of butter and pulled it up on the seat beside him

"'Neither do I.'

"We fellows have to work for a living up here,' he added and hugged the butter closer.

"'Well,' I said, getting hot, 'if you've been working as hard as I have to-day I guess you earned a good living.'

"When we reached the bottom of the hill I thanked him for the ride and told him who I was and what I was doing.

"'Why didn't you tell me before?' said he. 'Canvassing for Gough? Why, if I'd 'a' known that you could have had the butter.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Announces among the features of early numbers, a short serial by

Gilbert Parker

This is the story of the making of a man in the Northwest, that vast region of British America that Mr. Parker knows so well. This serial will appear in the Post when For the Freedom of the Sea has been concluded.

Hon. Thomas B. Reed

Mr. Reed will contribute to an early issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST an article of strong, timely interest on Conservatism, showing that saving element of character and government which needs to be recognized, especially in this time of a war with a weak people. While not referring directly to the present difficulties, it is a strong and stirring account of the usefulness of conservatism in the progress of civilization.

Another article from Mr. Reed's pen will tell of Some Famous Rows in Congress.

Rudyard Kipling

Will tell the story of a remarkable bull-terrier—three parts bull, one terrier—that was given to him as a hostage by one of his friends in the ranks:

Garm: A Hostage

Colonel A. K. McClure

Was called by President Lincoln the most brilliant man he ever knew. This was after years of contact with him. Since its beginning, Colonel McClure has been Editor of the *Philadelphia Times*. For half a century he has known intimately the leading men of the nation. He has participated in most of the Presidential conventions and conferences. With the exception of Henry Watterson he is the only survivor of the days of great editors, who dominated leading journals. He will contribute a series of remarkable interest on

How We Make Presidents

• • •

Price 5 cents the Copy

• • •

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The LAST FIVE YARDS

By Arthur Hobson Quinn

FRANKLIN SMITH came down the steps of the training house just at sunset, sniffing the fresh November air like a man who is pleased with many things. And this subconsciousness of pleasure continued as he passed down Woodland Avenue and over the bridge, and it made the electric lights seem brighter than usual, and the faces of the people who bowed to him more friendly.

Six o'clock was striking as he entered his house, and he went up at once to dress, for there was to be a gathering of the whole family at dinner to celebrate his twenty-first birthday. That was one of the reasons why he was happy. Another was that at this dinner his engagement to Dorothy Wistar was to be announced. It had been an understood thing, this engagement, ever since they were children, and yet Frank knew that he loved her as truly as though her consent had been won after the most violent courtship imaginable. Indeed, her consent could hardly be said to have been given at all, for everything had been taken for granted, and Frank himself had not been asked to ratify, in any formal way, the announcement that was to be made to-night. This did not worry him in the least, however. He loved Dolly, he knew, and he supposed she loved him, and they would be very happy; that was all there was about it. The thought did come to him as he dressed that he had been a little remiss in the rôle of accepted lover, but Dolly was a sensible girl, and would understand that the right half back on the eleven had duties with which even a love affair could not interfere, and she would wait until the season was over when he could bring her a little glory, perhaps, as a peace offering.

The Princeton game was on for the next day, and Frank was himself so impressed with the tremendous importance of this event that it had never occurred to him that an outsider might not only be unconscious of it, but might even view the game as a rival which was taking away from her the attention that was hers of right. This was exactly Dorothy's position. She had expected all through her life to be Frank's wife some day, and there had been nothing distasteful in the prospect, but she naturally looked upon this total absence of wooing as an infringement of her privileges. She might, at least, have had a chance to say "Yes" or "No," and though the answer, she well knew, would have been the same, still she could not help feeling that that very acceptance would have been the most precious moment of her life. And this had been denied her; and not being a philosopher, but only a very feminine little person, she at first became angry, then grieved, and finally determined, which is a very dangerous state indeed.

And deep down in her heart was another feeling, as yet half hidden from herself—a fear that Frank did not love her truly, but was being forced into the marriage despite himself, or was allowing himself to drift into it without caring much about it in comparison with more important affairs. He did not love her or he would have told her so to-day. This was logical and clear, and irritated by the consciousness of an impregnable position, she was waiting for him outside the library door, which he must pass on his way downstairs.

Pretty soon he came, turning over in his mind the phrases with which he was going to tell her just what the day meant to him, and then, as he reached the foot of the staircase he saw a very grave little face and heard a voice which was doing its utmost to sound determined, asking him to come into the library for a moment. He followed her wonderingly into the room, and before he had a chance to ask her what the matter was she said quickly:

"Frank, I think you ought to know that I have asked father not to announce our engagement to-night."

"But I don't understand!" said Frank amazed. "Why don't you want it done to-night?"

"Because it may never be done at all. I've thought it all over, Frank, and I see that we're both too young to know what we really want. I'm not sure of myself yet, and—and I'm afraid you are not, either, and so we'd better be friends still, instead of lovers I think."

"Oh, you mustn't say that, Dolly!" Frank said earnestly. "I know I haven't seen you so often as I should, but I've really been so busy that I couldn't get out to Haverford oftener. You know I've been living at the training house, and the hours are very strict. But you're not going to let these few months spoil all our lives, Dolly, I hope, for I love you very, very much, and there won't be anything in my life at all, Dolly, if you go out of it."

But Dorothy shook her head. "All this," she answered, "only proves what I said. If you really loved me you wouldn't let football or anything else keep you away. But you are not willing to lose a little glory for the sake of a great deal of love, and that's why I think we'd better not bind ourselves forever just now."

"But you don't see things in the right way, Dolly," Frank protested. "I'm doing this, not for myself, but *for* the University. You haven't been to college, and so you can't understand; but when a man has once been picked for a team he hasn't any right to his time any more. If he's been chosen, it means that he's the best man for the place, and if he should break training, or do anything else that would make him unfit to play, he'd simply be a cad, and you wouldn't have me that, Dolly, I know."

But Dorothy only held her head a little higher. "It wouldn't make you a cad to come and see me," she said. "I'm just as loyal to the University as you are. I've been to every game this fall, and I'm very fond of football, but I'd have given up every one if you had wanted me to. There isn't any one more loyal to the college than my father, but I know he'd have given up his cricket or anything else if mother had asked him, when she was a girl."

Frank could not help feeling a little amused at this logical speech, especially at the implied comparison between a cricket match with Haverford in the sixties and a football game with Princeton in the nineties. And his lips must have betrayed him, for Dorothy turned suddenly and left the room.

Frank stood for a moment gazing at the doorway through which she had passed, and then followed her downstairs, hardly knowing whether to take her words seriously or not. By the time he reached the lower floor she had mingled with the other guests, and he did not have a chance to speak to her again till they were seated together at the table.

"Look here, Dolly," he said, fumbling with a bit of bread, "did you mean what you said upstairs?"

"Why, yes, of course!" answered Dorothy, and then she turned from him and plunged into a violent discussion of the next day's prospects with her cousin on the other side. Frank made a few attempts to attract her attention, but though she seemed very willing to include him in the conversation, she gave him no opportunity to speak of the matter which lay nearest his heart. So he sat during the rest of the meal in silence, wondering how he could best restore the friendly footing which her words had broken, and finally he saw, to his relief, that her right hand neighbor's attention had been distracted for a moment.

Dolly," he said very slowly, "I'll have to be going soon, and I won't see you again till after the game. If you don't want to take the heart out of my play to-morrow, you'll take back what you said. Won't you?"

Dorothy very nearly yielded to his tone even more than to his words, but the last fortifications of wounded vanity refused to surrender, and she only said:

"I'm sorry, but I can't. Hush now; your grandfather is going to speak."

The table grew quiet as the head of the house rose in his place. Dorothy could not help thinking how much he looked like Frank as he stood there with his tall, erect figure, his clean, sharply cut features and his crown of white hair.

"It pleases me very much," he began, "to see all of us together to-night, because it should be a happy time for every one who is connected with our family. For the first time a grandson of mine has become a man, and it is a good omen that on the very next day he will be called upon to show his manhood in the service of the College which we all know and love so well. Many of us have served her in this last hundred years, in the Faculties and among the Trustees, on the water and on the field, and more than once one of us has left her halls to fight for the nation whose colors she herself has taken. We know that he will be worthy of her and of us. We shall all be there to see him to-morrow; and whether defeat comes or victory, let him play till he drops for the sake of the College and we will be satisfied."

Frank left soon after they had drunk his health, and, being somewhat late, hurried down the steps and took a car out to West Philadelphia. That is why a little figure in white, who had run to the door to say good by and to tell him she loved him, saw only the clear, cold night—and her mistake.

Chapter II

IT WAS "white man's weather" the next day, and the town was alive. By noon Broad Street Station was full, and the "sis-boom-ah" and the "long hoorah" were drowning with cheerful impartiality all other sounds and rendering even the gatemen's offices sinecures. But for the crowd there assembled there was only one destination, and the best thing to do was to yield one's self up to the rush which swept through all the gates and stormed the specials that were waiting in the train shed. It was a jolly crowd and a friendly one, for it is a curious trait of human nature that a man may cherish respect and affection for the members of a college whose name and colors he considers it a duty to hate most thoroughly and conscientiously. And, indeed, many a family betrayed on that day a divided allegiance, and many a girl who sported loyally the colors which her father or brothers had brought her up to love, found it impossible to wish for a defeat for those other colors, with whom she had perhaps a dancing acquaintance.

But when the field was reached at last the lines were more sharply drawn. There was a Princeton side and a Pennsylvania side, and the adherents of either found it more pleasant to be on the one to which they belonged. By common consent the side on which the permanent grandstand stood had been given to the home college, except the three large boxes in the centre, two of which bore already the orange and black, while the third remained empty. The crowd amused itself with jokes of all kinds, and watched with superior air the delegations from the smaller institutions, who arranged themselves according to their respective sympathies. Much joy was caused to the "Medics" on the north end by the advent of a crowd from one of their rival colleges, who were yelling vociferously for Princeton. The "Meds." waited till the visitors were opposite them and then burst out in chorus "Quack! Quack! Quack, quack, quack!" to their own most thorough satisfaction.

Dorothy's party came late, and as they walked toward the centre box, which was to be theirs, the shouts and the cheers dissipated rapidly the feeling of resentment which had filled her soul and made her once more the

IT IS THE BEST

THE M WAIST

costs no more than the common kind. The M waists have more good features than all others combined. All weight and strain is carried from the shoulders and not from neck and arm-holes.

Both neck and arms are trimmed with handsome, durable edging.

Superior to anything now used for child's waists. Made in two grades.

Sold everywhere for 15 cents and 25 cents.

If your dealer does not handle them order direct. Waist will be sent postpaid on receipt of price

THE MINNEAPOLIS KNITTING WORKS
Minneapolis, Minn.

Furs—Rich—Stylish

Neck Scarfs, $3 to $75
Collarettes, $5 to $100
Box Coats, $25 to $300
Novelty Jackets, $50 to $400
All Kinds

This Beautiful RUSSIAN FUR COLLAR $8.50

Looks and wears just like Black Marten. Only latest style garments made from selected skins. Finest silk lining.

Cash with Order

Larger animals C. O. D. with privilege of examination.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

Handsome Illustrated Catalogue Free (Write Dept. 5)

L. S. BERRY, Manufr. of Furs Exclusively
147 State Street, CHICAGO

NO MORE DARNING
Racine Feet
A New Pair Hose for 10c.

Cut off ragged foot, attach "Racine Feet" to legs of hosiery by our new Stocking Button and you have a pair of hose as good as new. Cost only 10c and a few moments time.

Any size, sizes 8 to 11, black or white. Price, 10 cents a pair, six pairs, 60 cents, postpaid. Booklet, "The Stockinette Stitch," free on request. Sent free. Agents wanted.

H. S. BLAKE & CO., Department S, Racine, Wis.

A Slumber Robe for $1.10

As lovely as it is new. In eight different Oriental stripe color combinations—soft, fluffy, light—54 x 72 inches in size. Send for a Vantine Catalogue of Oriental things.

A. A. VANTINE & CO.
877 and 879 Broadway, New York
ALSO JAPAN, CHINA, INDIA, TURKEY, PERSIA

loyal Pennsylvania girl she had always been. She entered the box first, and as she did so she noticed the orange and black decorations which covered the neighboring boxes. Quick as a flash she turned to the man following her and took the large red and blue flag which he was carrying. Then, glancing defiantly to the right and left, she walked down to the front, waved the colors vigorously for a moment, and then draped them over the railing. There was a wild yell from the crowd at the graceful action, and she shrank back a little startled, but proud of what she had done, and wishing only that Frank had been there to see that she, too, was loyal.

A moment later there was a fluttering of flags on the coaches at the north end, followed by a roar from the crowd, and Arthur Pemberton, the Captain and quarter back, jumped over the fence, followed by the Pennsylvania eleven. A second later from the other end came another roar, another wild waving of flags, and the Princeton team was in.

Those who heard the rebel yell at Antietam say it approached in volume and intensity the cries which leaped from the throats of the twenty thousand spectators as their favorites leaped into the field. On one side the yell had behind it a year of waiting—of waiting filled with the memories of defeat which to-day's longed for victory must wipe out. On the other, it spoke defiance, and confidence that they would take away with them another victory to add to the long list which was already theirs. And besides these general emotions, it meant to each one there something particular and personal; and, no matter what it signified, it came from the very heart of him, and that is why it was so strong.

The cries died away as the two teams lined up, and Dorothy caught her father's arm tightly as she watched Frank standing with his hands on his knees waiting for the Princeton team to open the game. They commenced with the "V trick" in those days, and just as the strain became too much to bear any longer there was a quick motion and the whole eleven came thundering down the field. Right under the feet of the moving mass Penn's three centre men threw themselves; the ends and the backs came together as though drawn by a magnet, and the pyramid toppled and fell.

"They haven't gained!" shouted someone, and the stand was suddenly filled with a flood of red and blue. Another crash and another roar, and the ball went sailing down toward Penn's goal. Frank caught it, and Dorothy's heart went up in her throat as the Princeton right end took him neatly around the knees and he came down with a crash on the twenty-yard line.

Now began a series of attacks on the centre and tackles which slowly but surely brought the ball up the field. Fleming and Dennison, the two giant guards, again and again opened up the centre, and, by five-yard, by three-yard, and even by one-yard gains, Penn kept the ball and went forward. It took fifteen minutes to bring the ball to the ten-yard line, and then, just as the crowd rose to their feet, MacClellan, the left half, fumbled, and the ball was lost. A groan went up from the Pennsylvania stand, for a moment later the Princeton full back had kicked it out of danger. Again the attack commenced, again Penn's three centre men tugged and strained and opened up holes through which the backs plunged, and again the ball was Penn's on the ten-yard mark. But the Princeton line held this time, and, after three downs, the ball was sent flying back again by the right leg of the best full-back in the League. Dorothy and about ten thousand others felt their hearts sink as they thought of the long, wearing struggle that had to be gone through once more, but the team only gritted their teeth and went at it again.

There was not much left of the half when they reached the ten-yard line once more, and two downs gave no gain. Dunlop, the full back, fell back for a kick, the ends dropped behind the line and spread out, while the halves took their places, and the crowd wondered whether Pemberton had lost his senses. But the little quarter-back rose, took the ball and kicked it far out to the left, where the end was waiting, and in two seconds the leather was over the line. Then like a flash the grandstand grew five feet in height, and the roar that followed lasted till all the voices in the vicinity were cracked. During the excitement, claims of "off side" were freely made and repudiated by the Captains, but the referee decided in favor of Penn; the goal was kicked, and the man who had invented the new play stood on the side lines in silent joy.

A few minutes more and the first half was over. During the intermission the Penn contingent on the benchers were patting each other on the back, the Athletic Association stand was singing thoughtfully, earnestly and well, and Dorothy was drinking in the conversation of the people who passed to and fro underneath, and who were talking about nothing but the wonderful charges of the backs and the splendid work of the guards through that first half. But the coaches on the side-lines were not so jubilant. They had noticed that Fleming and Dennison had walked off the field while the rest had run, and they knew if that centre should ever weaken it was all up with Penn. Princeton was stronger at the ends and at full back, and they shuddered as they remembered how they had stood helpless on those same grounds one year before and seen their beloved team, broken and disorganized, pushed ruthlessly back by the same men who were now returning to the field with a touchdown the one object of their lives.

It was Penn's ball. The pyramid started with the cheers of ten thousand back of it, but the gain that was hoped for did not come. Nor did it come on the next down, and Penn was forced to kick. The crowd were simply sorry without knowing exactly why, but the coaches knew that the strain had been too much for Fleming and Dennison, and if Penn could hold her own now she would be lucky. But the Princeton team were no longer on the defensive. From their twenty-yard line they started, and around right end the clocklike interference came. Down under their feet Frank and the right end dived, but there was a five-yard gain, and it was only the beginning. Yard by yard the Nassau men kept on, sometimes losing the ball, but always regaining it quickly, gaining on every kick on most of the end plays, and even plunging through the fast weakening centre. Twenty-five minutes after the half began they were on the five-yard line. The centre held this time, and the first down gave no gain, a right-end play yielded only one, and every one heard his own breathing as the procession started around left end.

Over the left end and tackle, over MacClellan and Dunlop the interference went, and then a little figure flashed through the air and the runner and the Captain of Pennsylvania's eleven came down on the turf together. The referee rushed in and said something, and the jumping figures told the College of New Jersey on the bleachers that a touchdown was theirs. But amid all the yelling and waving the little quarter back lay grasping the ground with his nerveless fingers, and he did not rise until four of the subs carried him slowly off the field. He was not even conscious that his name was ringing through the air at the end of the "long hoorah," or of the fact that the Princeton men even stopped their jubilation for a moment to pay a tribute to the pluckiest tackle of the day.

There was a hurried consultation of the Pennsylvania coaches while the goal was being kicked, and then Frank was sent in to quarter to run the team, a sub was put in his place, and the game started from the centre of the field once more. It was the same story over again: a whirlwind of attack that seemed to grow fierrer as the half faded away; a stubborn defense that was playing almost without hope of victory, but only to avert defeat. Back to Penn's [illegible] yard line the play ran, and [illegible] was sure she heard Frank's voice through the stillness calling on his men to make a stand. And they did. Three times the Princeton attack was thrown back without gain, and the ball was Penn's. One roar, and the cheer died on the men's lips as the signal was given. Dunlop dropped back for a kick, but the Princeton right guard was through and Frank fell on the ball only just in time.

"Second down, six yards to gain," said the referee.

Frank turned to him. "How much time is left?" he asked.

"Two minutes."

He knelt down in his place and spoke softly to the two guards.

"Denny," he said, "and you, Carl, the University's looking at you. Can't you hold them for a minute?"

Frank never understood how it came to him suddenly, as he knelt there, that he was to win the game, but he knew it just as surely as he knew that Fleming, above him, was breathing in short, thick sobs, and he gave the signal for a trick which he had invented and which they never had tried. It may have been madness or it may have

(Concluded on Page 344 of this number)

FRANK CATCHING THE BALL, WENT SPEEDING ON DOWN THE FIELD

The Saturday Evening Post

For next week will contain articles and stories by the following writers:

Robert C. Ogden

Mr. Ogden, who is the executive head of one of the largest department stores in the world, writes interestingly and authoritatively on a subject of importance to young men.

Getting and Keeping a Business Position

Ian Maclaren

Tells of The Disgrace of Mr. Byles and the iniquitous conspiracy of which he and the Dowbiggins were the victims, and Spiug and Nestie the prime movers. This is the last of the stories of

A Scots Grammar School

J. Parmly Paret

The well-known tennis expert, writes of the present status of the game in America, and contends that it is not giving place to golf.

A New Era in Lawn Tennis

Harriet Riddle Davis

Tells a clever story of Washington society, which hinges upon a love affair between an American girl and a foreign Prince.

His Superfluous Highness

Molly Elliot Seawell

Discusses informingly the relationship between authors and publishers and the general question of how to get one's work into print.

Authors and Publishers

Elizabeth Stoddard

The wife of the critic and writer, gives her recollections of the most famous actors and actresses of the last half century, many of whom were her personal friends.

My Record of the Stage

• • •

Price, Five Cents the Copy

• • •

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The COLLEGE MAN'S GAME

By Harmon S. Graves

FOOTBALL is the American college game. Though they take up all other sports in season, football belongs to college men exclusively, and they have made the game what it is to-day. Rowing, baseball and tennis have important places on the calendar of college sports, and much time is given to the training and development of the crews and nines, but the best oarsmen are not found among college men in most instances, and indeed the coachers of some of our best crews are drawn from the professional ranks. The same is true of baseball in a more marked degree, and tennis is the pastime of any one. Track athletics, too, form an important branch of college sports, but here again we find the instruction coming from outside, and it is seldom that a college record equals the professional record.

WHAT COLLEGE FOOTBALL STANDS FOR

But football is wholly the game of college men; they have developed it; their teams are the best in the world, and to find the best exponents of the game and the peers of all others in this branch of college sport we have only to look over the list of college men who have figured in football history during the past twenty years. These men developed or learned the game at their own colleges and have kept it free from any save college influence, and as a result we have a splendid, manly sport which is justly the pride of American college men. The game is played by the very best college element, and it is held a high honor to represent one's college on the football field. The popularity of the game is widespread. There is hardly a college or a preparatory school in America which does not send out a regularly organized team, and the interest taken in the game by college men who do not play is greater than in any other sport. At the large universities the field is often crowded with students at the daily practice games.

The firm hold which football has on college men is shown by the fact that all the teams are coached by graduates who return during the season from their professions or business for this special purpose. These men have played on the team when in college, and they are the only ones who can develop the team on such lines as will show progress. The practice of a graduate of one of the large universities coaching the team of another college was created by the development of certain systems of play by some of the larger teams, and the desire of smaller institutions to get into touch with the best methods of play. During the past few years quite a number of former members of the big teams have done this with gratifying results in the development of the game among the smaller colleges. Football has been pretty thoroughly learned by many college teams during the past few years, and it is no longer a foregone conclusion that Yale, Harvard Pennsylvania and Princeton will win all their games with teams of smaller institutions. This development of the smaller teams shows a lively interest in football and how diligently it is being studied by college men.

TEAM WORK THE CONCENTRATION OF POWER

The selection of football as the American college game is fully justified by what the game does for the men who play it. The building up of a successful team requires the exercise of higher and more manly qualities than any other game. Team work is the foundation upon which success must rest, and all else is sacrificed to that end. The team is composed of eleven distinct parts, but they must all work in harmony and along well-defined lines with the single end of team work in view, in order to obtain a result which will represent the capacity of the players or be consistently strong. We often see better individual players defeated by the team work of what should have been a weaker eleven, and no combination of players is really strong without carefully developed team play. One of the maxims of coaches is that every man must get into every play. This is the translation of team work, and is shouted on the practice field, told to the players in private, and is oftentimes the last word of warning given to a team before a championship game. This getting into every play does not mean blindly rushing into every scrimmage, else the reverse of the maxim would be the better course to follow, but it means that each player has a certain, well-defined duty to perform in every play made, no matter who carries the ball or where the play goes, and unless his specified part of the work is well done the play is likely to fail.

How many times we have seen ten of the eleven men do their work well, only to waste their strength and skill because the eleventh man has failed to do his, perhaps, small share, and has thereby given opposing rushers the chance to spoil the formation and change what would have been a well-executed play into a confused pile of humanity! Thus one man, by not doing his share of the work and completing the team play, can make the team's effort a failure and take the heart out of his own men. Team work is the concentration of power, and in football that must be coexistent with success.

Oftentimes players of marked individual ability fail to make a team simply because they cannot or are unwilling to sacrifice their personality by moulding it into the personality of the team.

Personality has much to do in the make-up of a successful player, and it is one of the splendid lessons of football which lasts through a man's life, that his part in the game must be done well and at the proper time. In the final games the chances to score are few, and the team which does its work completely in each play is ready to grasp that chance and turn it into victory.

A FINE INSTANCE OF SELF-RESTRAINT

There are occasional opportunities for brilliant individual plays, and we have seen these accepted with telling results, but they are generally made by players who have team work behind them and are accepted merely as incidents to the general system of play. It cannot be doubted that the training football requires is productive of fine physical development. The short season of good hours and wholesome food, combined with thorough daily exercise on the field, make muscles which last, and are invaluable to college men. The study of the game and of plays is excellent mental exercise. When and where to use a play, at what point in the opponent's line the play should be directed, and when to kick, are all problems which require quick and accurate thought. In the development of character, football is far ahead of other games. It teaches a man self-control, and to take punishment without flinching and in good part. It instils into him a spirit to do his best for his college, to try to succeed in the face of keen competition, and to work for the praise of his college mates, which is not given, in football, unless deserved. There is nothing more wholesome in college sports than the popularity of the men who have earned the thanks of their colleges on the football field. An example of the self-control a player is sometimes called upon to exercise at critical times occurred in a comparatively recent big game. One of the rushers of the team which won was an exceptionally strong player and much depended upon him. Soon after the game had started the rusher who played opposite him, realizing that he was being badly outplayed, lost his temper and struck his opponent in the face. The blow was not seen by the umpire. To strike back meant that he would be disqualified, if seen, and he knew his place could not be filled. His only reply was a look, and his arms remained motionless at his side. A little later in the game, as the situation had not improved for the offender, he repeated the blow. This seemed to those on the side lines too much, and indeed they would have been pleased to have seen the blow returned. But again self-control was the victor. The umpire saw the second blow and promptly disqualified the offender, who walked off the field a completely beaten man. Had the second blow been returned, both men would have been disqualified, as the umpire's eyes were on them, and a result doubtless hoped for by the offender would have been accomplished.

The progress of the game has been rapid, particularly during the past ten years. It seems hard to realize now that at one time carrying the ball at all was not allowed, and that kicking was the sole mode of progress down the field. The ball was round in those days, and the game not scientific as compared with the football of to-day. When the Rugby ball came to be used, and running with the ball became a part of the game, the contests were more exciting, and attempts were made toward protecting the runner, but it was not far removed from a game of each man for himself. From this latter period to the present time the progress in the game has been scientific. If football plays could be patented the Patent Office would have been kept busy; but going to the other extreme, all inventions have been given to the game, and at present almost all college teams are up to date in the style of play.

THE RECENT DEVELOPMENT OF FOOTBALL

Interference is now universally used; every team at least attempts it, and the only criterion of its success is the mode of using it. The present methods of breaking up interference have banished most of the original ideas on the subject. The same is true of mass plays and other milestones which show the progress which has been made in the methods of advancing the ball. The kicking game has shown much improvement, but there is still something to be done to perfect this skilful and ideal mode of play. To attempt it and do it badly is most disastrous, and very few teams have thoroughly mastered it. It is on this point more than any other that the present season will show development, and the mastering of this style of game will make a team most formidable.

The tendency of the football rules is to encourage the kicking game. An open running game, close formation and mass plays, though scientific, have not the elements of interest which characterize the open game, and the rules now allow them in a modified way which prevents their constant use. The teams are beginning to realize that accuracy is a most important element in making a play gain ground, and the perfecting of the old simple plays has come to be the starting point for the best teams. Many a championship game has been won by the use of these plays accurately made and with strength behind them, when more modern formations have been discarded as unavailing early in the game.

In the matter of defense the progress has been nearly up to the improvement in offense. End runs, which were formerly very common, are now seldom seen in championship games, and long gains except by kicking are rare, and that is at the price of giving up the ball. The idea of the present system of offense is to make some gain sure, and each yard gained when the teams are evenly matched is in itself a feat worthy of commendation.

THE GAME AT WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS

Football has come to be the most important sport at both West Point and Annapolis. The teams show a high quality of football, and rank with the best college teams. This year the games between the two academies will be resumed, and will be one of the football events of the season. The last game was played in 1893.

An example of the interest taken by the officers at West Point was shown when a few seasons ago, before the cadets played Harvard, the coach was asked to illustrate on a blackboard the plays the team expected to use. The night before the game, after dinner, the blackboard was produced and the plays explained. Besides the thirty odd officers who composed the mess, nearly every officer on the post came in for the special purpose of listening to the explanation of the plays. The coach was given the strictest attention, and afterward many well directed questions were asked by the officers concerning the formation and effect of the plays.

Football is excellent training for the cadets and they go into it with a spirit that is refreshing. The time for practice is very limited, and it has been the custom of the candidates for the team to run about two miles each morning after reveille and before breakfast, at between half-past five and six. Practice has frequently been held at West Point and Annapolis by electric light when the hours for practice came late in the afternoon.

Send $1 AT ONCE

FOR Box of 100 OF THE FINEST TREATS ON EARTH To Smokers

"Lucke's Rolls"

Holds ashes long and made of some of the finest tobacco now grown in the world. They are hand rolled - quickly made - but the finest flavor and aroma you ever tasted - now known [illegible] as the first great [illegible] result of the territorial [illegible] the United States [illegible] possession of Porto Rico [illegible] this treat to American Smokers.

Just think of our proposition! Box of 100 for $1.00, every one guaranteed as rich a smoke as any 3 for 25c. cigar formerly known in the United States.

Send Us $1.00 Only

We prepay delivery anywhere in United States [illegible]

Your $1.00 Back in Full - [illegible] quickly and will [illegible] delay also [illegible] and distress [illegible] interprising, go[illegible] and [illegible]ely faithful. We employ 3000 work people.

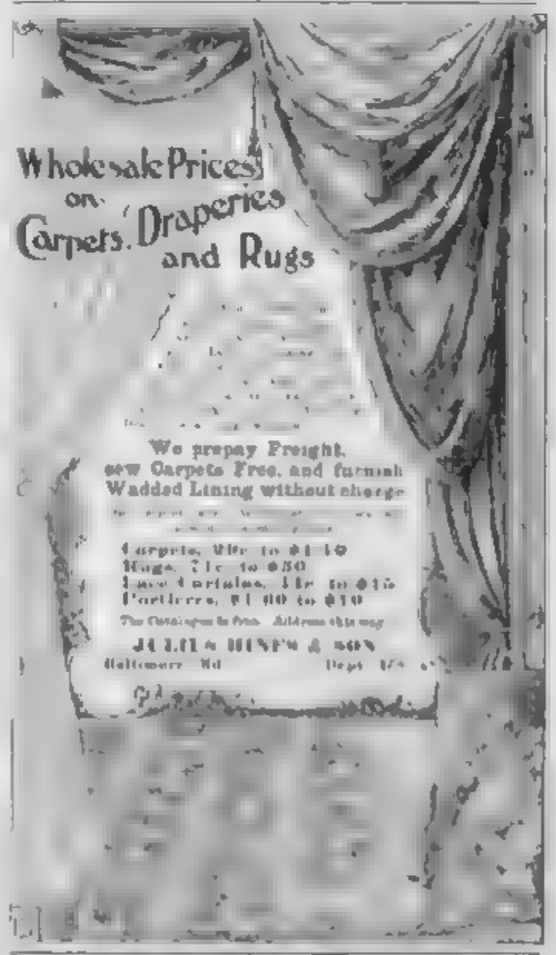
We are good for what we say. Ask any bank or mercantile agency.

Send at once; you may not [illegible] this offer again.

A Lucke Roll (photo reduced size)

J. H. LUCKE & CO.

15 Lucke Block, - CINCINNATI, O.



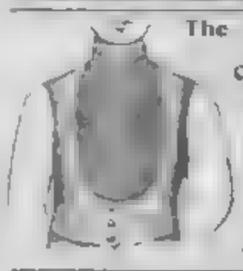
Wholesale Prices on Carpets, Draperies and Rugs

We prepay Freight, sew Carpets Free, and furnish Wadded Lining without charge

Carpets, 10c to $1.10
Rugs, 71c to $30
Lace Curtains, 11c to $15
Portieres, $1.00 to $10

The Catalogue is free. Address this way

JULIUS HINES & SON
Baltimore, Md. Dept. 170



The Lloyd Muffler

Cotton, 25 cts.; Worsted, 50 cts.

For Ladies or Gentlemen [illegible]

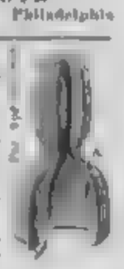
Ask your dealer for them, or mail [illegible] to us and send us dealer's name.

WM. H. LLOYD
518 Cherry Street, - Philadelphia

"Mizpah" Valve Nipples

WILL NOT COLLAPSE

and therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The ribs inside prevent [illegible] when the child bites them [illegible] is such that they cannot be pulled [illegible] bottle. Sample Free by Mail.



WALTER F. WARE, 512 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In TRAINING to be ADMIRALS

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

THERE is nothing which the naval cadet so fiercely resents as being called a boy. "Boy" is a regular rating in the Navy, and the smallest midshipman feels insulted if that title be applied to him. From time immemorial he has been officially styled a "young gentleman"; yet in no college where the course is as severe are the students more genuine boys than the "young gentlemen" of the Naval Academy. The age limits for matriculation in my time were from fourteen to eighteen, and the majority were nearer the lower than the higher limit.

Student life at the school is anomalous. At one moment a boy of sixteen may be in virtual command of a 2000 ton ship or he may be running a 5000 horse power engine. He may be drilling four hundred other students, or mixing a deadly explosive, or working an eight-inch gun; and, by contrast, during the next half hour he is possibly being inspected to see that his shoes are clean, his jacket brushed, and his face properly shaved! Or he may be reported for crossing the grass or for smoking a cigarette, or for wearing a non-regulation collar.

On one hand he is under a mileage longer and more severe, a discipline harder than that experienced by any boy educated either at home or at any ordinary college; on the other, he is thrust into the midst of blinding responsibilities and charged with the duty of commanding men; but he never forgets to be a boy in spite of his strenuous repudiation of the title. Indeed, when he is an old man with the four stars of an Admiral in his flag he is a boy still. Farragut used to amuse himself on the Hartford and show his agility by jumping across a stick of wood which he held himself with both hands.

I do not know if Dewey ever followed this healthful and harmless practice, but I venture to say he is as much a boy at heart as he ever was.

These little yarns deal more with the fun and the boyish pranks and tricks of the naval cadet than they do with the serious side of his life. Recitations and drills, exercises and experiments are more or less monotonous, yet if the serious side is not emphasized, it is not because it was not there. After a lapse of twenty years the serious side still predominates, and it is only by an effort of memory that I recall the other phase.

THE AMATEUR BUDDHIST

Everybody at the Naval Academy must go to church. Individual preferences for different churches, when backed by parental approbation, are considered. Since attendance at religious service is strictly compulsory very few desire to go. One ingenuous youth, who fortunately for him was an orphan, proclaimed himself a Buddhist, and made the point that since there was no Buddhist temple at Annapolis he ought not to be compelled to do violence to his religious convictions by going to an alien service! He was promptly sent to the Episcopal church. Most of the cadets resorted to the Episcopal chapel in the yard because it was the nearest.

McGiffin used to say there were but four Christians at the Naval Academy, and they were all Japanese!

The cadets sat in the side aisles of the chapel, leaving the centre aisle for the officers and their families. When the offering was received, the two cadets charged with passing the plates did not make the slightest effort to circulate them, for they well knew that we never had any money.

A RAIN OF COPPERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

One Sunday the chaplain announced that he would preach a missionary sermon the following Sabbath.

During the week it occurred to the bright mind of a senior or first class man that it would be well for the cadets to make an offering. So he sent out and succeeded in smuggling in three hundred copper cents who [illegible] one cent per box to the [illegible]. We stationed a strong [illegible] armed man on the outside seat of the first pew in each aisle.

The chaplain made a piteous appeal for money, even for pennies, and when the astonished cadets who passed the plates started on their perfunctory promenade the strong, long-armed men aforesaid promptly relieved them of the metal plates and each one dropped in a copper cent with a noisy jingle and then deliberately handed the plate to the next boy, who did the same thing. It slowly rained copper cents for about ten minutes. The chaplain was dreadfully disconcerted, the officers fidgeted and looked aghast—some of them laughed—and the cadets preserved a deadly solemnity. The collection was a striking success.

THE DOCTOR'S SPECIFIC FOR MALINGERERS

To those who were not sick the privileges of the sick list were inestimable—absence from drills and recitations, the blessed privilege of lying on the bed in one's room, and, when the officer in charge came around inspecting and demanding in thundering tones why you did not rise and salute, of saying weakly, "On the sick list, sir." Many and varied were the devices employed, in the language of the school, to "pull the [illegible]. It was a conflict of wits usually between the medical officers and the cadets. Sore eyes, earaches, backaches, or some similar and intangible pains were favorite dodges until the advent of a surgeon whose name was Ruth—a singular misnomer, for he entirely lacked it.

"Sore eyes, eh?" he would say; "sore ear, pain in the toe, backache? My, my! That's bad. What a sick-looking lot of young gentlemen! But cheer up, my young friends; I'll give you something that will fix all that."

Presently the apothecary would bring each of us a brimming glass. What it contained we never knew, but the consequences of that dose linger in my memory still. We would be genuinely ill later, though the next day every one of us would report "Cured."

What it contained we never knew

NICKNAMES OF DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS

All of the officers had nicknames. One of them who had a particularly pale complexion was known as "the dead man." He was not very promising as to looks, but no Chief Engineer in the Spanish-American War made so brilliant a record. Associated with the battle-ship Oregon, it is safe to say that there is hardly a naval engineer in the world who is more thoroughly esteemed than he. Another officer, very bright, but mild and gentle in his manners and appearance, had a habit of twining his legs around those of the chair on which he sat. So amusing and torturous was the performance that we used to say that if some one should suddenly shout "Attention!" to him he would either break his own legs or the chair-legs, for he never could untangle himself in reasonable time. We called him "Old Tanglefoot" for that and because he would ask such terribly tangling questions. The name was a good one, for he had command of the smallest of the vessels which followed Dewey into Manila on that gray May morning; and it was the saucy Petrel, which he took in nearest to the enemy that struck the final blow that crumbled the Spanish rule in the East.

THE JOKE ABOUT OLD DELAWARE

A few years ago I revisited the Academy as a member of the Board of Visitors. It is a delightful experience for one who has been a cadet to go back and be escorted about and entertained by the very officers who had made it interesting for one while at school. My wife and I were walking through the grounds with a distinguished officer on this occasion and we stopped opposite the ancient figurehead of the United States ship-of-the-line Delaware, which had been removed and mounted on a pedestal in the grounds. It is a wooden image of perhaps the ugliest Roman-nosed Indian the carver could conjure from a grotesque imagination.

"Madam," said the officer, "do you think I look like this figurehead?"

"Certainly not," exclaimed my wife.

"That is where you disagree with your husband, then, because when he was a cadet he fastened that name upon me on account of a supposed likeness to that weather-beaten savage, and it has stuck to me ever since."

We all loved "Old Delaware" just the same, and we still hold him in the kindest remembrance.

One could hardly write of the Academy without speaking of "hazing." It used to consist largely of practical jokes. Most of it was [illegible] ceived in a spirit of harmless fun, and was soon stopped if one took it in good part.

The man who had taken enough interest in you to do what was called "running you" usually felt it incumbent upon him to befriend you all the rest of the course. Every cadet has had more or less [illegible] Sampson, Schley and Hobson, as well as the others. The Academy is the most democratic place on earth—a boy takes the position he earns by ability and manliness, and he gets nothing else.

HAZING IN ITS MILDER FORMS

One of the puzzling questions to which the "plebe" was usually required to give an answer was this:

"Did you come here for $600 a year?"—the salary allowed by the Government—"to serve your country, or to get an education?" If in an attempt to be humorous he should answer, "for $600 a year," imagine his feelings under the contempt and scorn expressed by his interrogators, who were burning with patriotic zeal to serve their country! If in a spirit of fervid patriotism the answer should be, "to serve my country," how difficult was it for him to answer the consequent question: "Well, what do you think you can do for your country?" If he replied that he came "to get an education," how base were his feelings when his unworthy attempt to beat the Government was pointed out to him by lofty-minded and more experienced cadets!

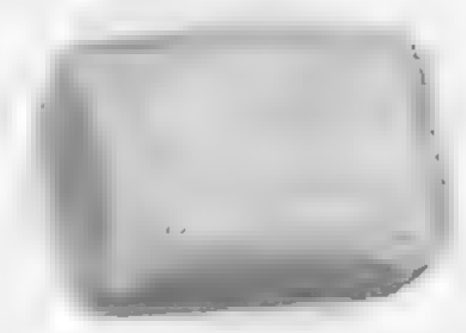
One favorite practice consisted in teaching the plebes to smile by numbers. When one finger was raised the dawnings of a smile were to appear, with two fingers it was to grow wider, at four fingers it was a broad grin, and at five was to be accompanied by a loud and artificial "ha, ha." When the hand was shut the smile was to be wiped off and an expression of solemnity assumed.

There was a big six-foot lumberman from some place up in Michigan. In an incautious moment he allowed one of the upperclassmen to get hold of a local paper which contained an item something like this:

"We are sure that the ruffianly hazers [illegible] dare to practice their cowardly tricks on the brawny son of Michigan."

It was an exquisite pleasure, which those who have been boys can appreciate, to have

This cake of soap sent free for a 2-cent stamp



We have prepared 200,000 good-sized sample cakes for readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—all we ask of them is a stamp to pay the postage. We can only afford to make this offer because we know that if you value health and cleanliness you also consider how you get it. Read our statement below—no one else dares to expose the source of soap supplies.

HYOMEI Antiseptic Skin Soap

Is a revelation to soap-users, and is made from the FRESH GREEN LEAVES OF THE TASMANIAN BLUE GUM TREE.

Perhaps you have not given it a thought, but there has *never* been but one way of making soap; the base of all, from the commonest washing to the finest toilet, has always been the same—fats, grease or oil combined with an alkali. To be sure, different grades of these materials are used, delicate perfumes and medicament of some kind often added, but nine-tenths of every cake of soap made is composed of the above ingredients. In fact, it has always been thought that soap could not be made in any other way, and for this reason no physicians have ever recommended the use of any soap *for* the skin. As a general thing, they are made from cheap fats and grease collected by street scavengers, and thrown out from houses in which all kinds of disease [illegible] prevalent; however, of late most of the oils used come from incinerating plants now erected near all large cities where is burned the refuse collected from private houses, hotels and restaurants. Thousands of gallons are produced in this way every [illegible] and being too cheap for other uses is purchased [illegible] exclusively by soap-makers. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

this particular item read aloud by the smallest and feeblest midshipman in the Academy, while the "brawny son of Michigan" listened attentively to it, standing on his head in the corner!

DOSING CADETS WITH MEDICATED DESSERTS

Meals were, of course, of the plainest and simplest, though the food was good and plentiful. We had dessert only twice a week—Wednesday dinner, six gingersnaps apiece; Sunday dinner, two halves of a canned peach. Once in a while we would be given a new dessert, which we were apt to fight shy of, as it was usually medicated. The medical staff would sometimes think that the battalion needed dosing with some particular medicine, and it would be subtly conveyed to the whole crowd of us by way of the unsuspicious medium of apple sauce!

It was an invariable practice of the cadets, near each other at the different tables, to arrange their gingersnaps in little piles and spin the pepper-cruet around among them, the winner to take all. Every Wednesday one man out of every four would have a surfeit of gingersnaps.

A certain number of demerits reduced one to the fourth conduct grade. Normally, we were each allowed to draw one dollar a month out of our pay for spending at pleasure. The man who was in the first conduct grade drew his monthly dollar, the man in the second conduct grade received seventy-five cents, in the third grade fifty cents, and in the fourth nothing. Many of us had nothing most of the time. For more serious offenses extra drills, facetiously called "elective courses in infantry," which took place in the only holiday time—Saturday afternoon, were inflicted. Of course this was a great deprivation, but many of the cadets often found themselves occupied on the holidays.

For still graver infractions of discipline a period on the guard ship Santee was awarded, which sometimes included a week of solitary confinement in a stateroom, with a seaman guarding, cutlass in hand. I know one cadet who, out of his four-year term, managed to spend over one year on the Santee at different times.

DRAWN BY E. MARTIN JUSTICE

—with my bare feet in a pie, holding the gas-stove in my arms

A BRAVE OFFICER IN THE CHINESE NAVY

The cadet at the Academy during my time there who rose to the greatest prominence subsequently was Philo Norton McGiffin, of Pennsylvania, one of the finest fellows that ever drew a sword, full of fun, kindly of heart, high of soul, gallant of spirit. When he graduated from the Academy he resigned from the service and entered the Chinese Navy, where he soon rose to high rank and rendered efficient service in the Chinese school for naval officers.

He was a striking modern example of the ancient and honorable guild of soldiers of fortune. When he was a lad he gained distinction during the terrible Pittsburg railroad riots by his courage in running an engine under circumstances of great personal danger. At the Academy he saved the lives of some children from a burning building out in the town. While in the service of the Chinese there occurred a minor war with France. The one solitary Chinese success in that war was the capture of a French gunboat by a Chinese junk, the crew of which was commanded by McGiffin. At the famous battle of the Yalu, between the Chinese and the Japanese, McGiffin commanded the Chen Yuen, one of the two battle-ships that successfully withstood and finally drove off the whole Japanese fleet. He had resigned his position some time before the war broke out, and was on his way home, but his honor would not permit him to desert, in time of war, the poor people whose bread he had eaten in time of peace, so he returned and resumed command of his ship—which was a lucky thing for the Chinese, for he really saved the day for them.

He displayed the most desperate courage in that memorable battle, where he was wounded time and again. He came out of the action with both ear drums shattered and his eyes so affected that he could not see without lifting the lids with his hands. He was covered with blood, and his clothing was torn from his body, and his nervous system was completely wrecked. During the action a vulnerable part of his ship was set on fire. In spite of the fact that the Japanese sent a rain of rapid-fire projectiles upon the burning spot, he leaped to it, followed by a few plucky Chinese, and put out the fire. At that moment his own men fired one of the eleven-inch guns of the battle-ship right over his head, the concussion knocking him senseless. As soon as he recovered consciousness he resumed his station. History tells few more stirring stories of naval enterprise and valor than McGiffin's hard, heroic fighting at the Yalu. His persistent, obstinate, courageous defense saved the Chinese fleet from annihilation.

He never recovered his health, however, and after the battle came home to this country, and in a short time committed suicide in a New York hospital, a thing he never would have done in his right mind. His last act was characteristic. He wrote a graceful letter to the hospital nurse, apologizing for the disorder he was causing by his action. McGiffin was always a gentleman. A more knightly soul never lived. How he would have gloried in the opportunities of the late war, and how valuable his experiences would have been! He was the first white naval officer in all the world who ever saw a modern battle in action.

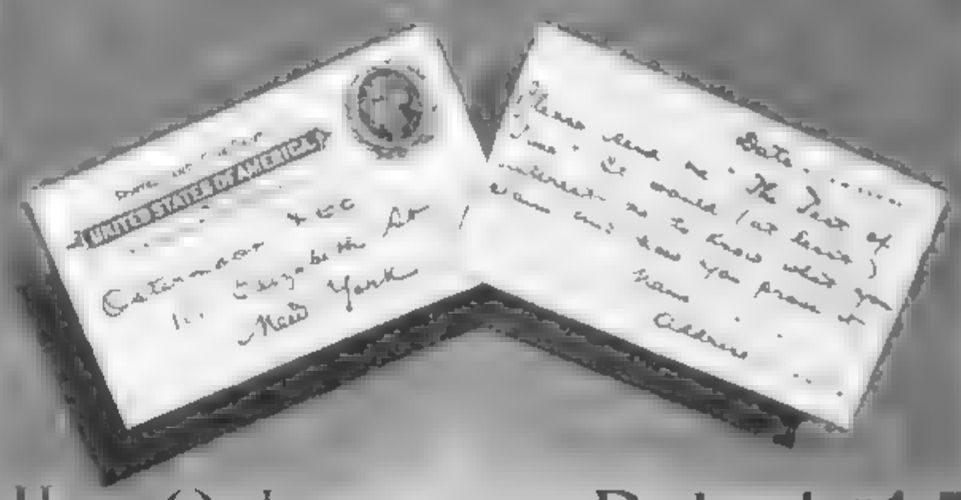
NO "FRATS"

No Greek letter fraternities are allowed in the Academy—no secret society of any kind, in fact—and a society of which I was a member was a surreptitious one. It was called the "Knights of the Golden Anchor," for what reason no one could ever tell, for the society was a cooking-club, pure and simple. We had a weekly orgie, the materials for which would be a gas-stove, a few oysters (bought), and some butter, pepper and salt and dry bread abstracted with great difficulty from the mess hall. There were eight members in the club, which held its sessions after taps.

After conducting the club with various vicissitudes for some months, we determined to give a "real spread," late at night. We had saved a dollar or two for the purpose. In addition to oysters we smuggled pie, cake, ice cream, hard boiled eggs and other delicacies into our room by the exercise of a great deal of ingenuity, and we were in full enjoyment of the feast when we heard the heavy tread of the officer of the day.

We tore down the blankets screening the doors and windows, and put out the lights. Two cadets jumped into each bed, one got under each bed, and the last two stepped into the wardrobes. The provisions had been frantically concealed in the wardrobes, beds and on the floor at the same time with the cadets. The officer opened the door, and in spite of the fact that he was greeted by a loud and distinct chorus of snores (which was overdone, by the way), he lighted the gas and revealed a picture! We were all clad in night clothes, and were covered with remains of the "spread" in every conceivable way. I was standing with my bare feet in a cherry pie, holding the gas-stove clasped in my arms. Another man was lying in bed shivering amid several plates of ice cream. We never heard the last of that "spread." We were disciplined, and the club was broken up.

Simply Do This



The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress $15.

is well worthy of your consideration. Are you *open to conviction?* or are you one of the few people who *will have* an unsanitary hair mattress—no matter *what* it costs? We make it simple for you to learn about (see above picture) and easy for you to buy, for our mattress is always

"SENT ON SUSPICION"

SLEEP ON IT 30 NIGHTS and if it is not even all you have *hoped for*, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked." We pay express charges to any point.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., 5 Washington Street, March 15, 1897.

DEAR SIRS: In 1881 I purchased a Patent Felt Mattress, as an experiment, and the results have been *It retains its shape and elasticity regardless. I know of no material that We experience with it has made me recommend it to a and they soon join in the chorus of praise. All the claims you make for the mattress seem to me within the bounds of modesty.*

Yours truly, Rev. THOS. W. HUMAN.

SEND FOR OUR FREE BOOK, "THE TEST OF TIME"

whether you need a mattress now or not. It will interest you to know about the *best* and *cheapest* mattress in the world. We sell direct to the user only.

2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	$ 8 35	ALL 6 FEET 3 INCHES LONG
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.	10 00	
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	11 70	
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.	13 35	
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs.	15 00	

Made in two parts, 50 cts. extra. Express charges prepaid everywhere.

Take Care! Don't be Deceived! There is not a single store in the country that advertises almost every store now [illegible] and guarantees to on every mattress

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 101 Elizabeth Street, New York

Send for our book

Merritt's Luxurious Health Comforts. Odorless Dustless

Any size or weight desired. Ask your dealer for them. Write for samples and descriptive booklet, giving prices, etc., etc. Address Dept. D.

Made of soft, fleecy layers of pure, sterilized wool. Warmer and lighter weight than any other bed-covering. The wool is first covered with cheesecloth (see cut). It is then put into a [illegible] making it possible to air or wash when desirable.

GEO. MERRITT & CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak

Kodaks

Make photography simple, easy.

$5.00 to $35.00

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Send for free booklet at the agency

TEACH YOURSELF MUSIC

DURING LEISURE MOMENTS AT HOME
Piano, Organ, Guitar and Voice

[illegible] the LAWS OF HARMONY in [illegible] easiest, most rapid and [illegible] Taught by mail. Lessons sent to your [illegible] MENTS IN ALL KEYS. CIRCULARS FREE. Write for them. Worth hundreds of dollars to any one interested in Music.

U. S. MUSIC CO., 1511 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

Wayne Knit

MATCHLESS

HOSIERY

For MEN, LADIES, CHILDREN

Fits Like a Glove. Never Loses Its Shape. Outwears several pairs ordinary hosiery. Colors guaranteed. Sold Everywhere.

25 CENTS A PAIR

Trade-Mark Stamped on Each Pair

If your dealer does not sell it, send us his name and 25 cents and pair sent, postpaid. Booklet, which tells why Wayne Knit Hosiery is superior to all other kinds, sent FREE.

WAYNE KNITTING MILLS, FORT WAYNE, IND.

"DEWEY" first REMEMBERED the Maine

A handsome watch charm or hat pin [illegible] of Dewey made of the steel taken from the battleship "Maine" by U. S. Government [illegible] accompanies each article. Gold-filled, $1 each; solid gold, $2 each, postpaid. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Ask for our Catalogue of Doll Solid and Watch Chains with 11 charms. It's free.

W. F. DOLL MFG. CO., 9-13 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.
Sole Manufacturers of "Rolled Gold" Novelties

A. A. Waterman & Co., Boston, Mass.

Makers of High-Grade Fountain Pens, in order to further introduce their *Improved Pens*, offer for a limited time to send by mail, *safe delivery assured*, one of the pens illustrated here (at two-thirds size) on receipt of One Dollar.

$1.00

This carefully made and well-finished pen is guaranteed against defects or unsatisfactory action. The gold pen is large 14K, warranted, and has fine, medium or broad points. Fully equal to so-called pens sold heretofore at $2. Address the makers or their agents

Colonial Pen Company
36 Bromfield St., Boston

Any BOY OR GIRL can learn how to earn one of these pens by sending full address and a 2-cent stamp.

CALLING CARDS

$1.50 for 100 engraved copper plate cards in the latest London style of script (name only); $1.00 for 50.

SAMPLES OF CARDS AND WEDDING INVITATIONS FREE OF CHARGE

Two quires of finest correspondence paper, embossed with monogram, at $1.00, by prepaid express, envelopes included

Send 15 cents for 3 mos. trial subscription to
THE AMERICAN BOY
A Practical Magazine for Boys

MARRIAGE

Invitations
Announcements
At Home and Church Cards

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention

DEMPSEY & CARROLL
The Society Stationers
26 West 23d Street, NEW YORK

The Making of a Journalist

By Julian Ralph

Copyright, 1899, by Julian Ralph

THE editor of a great American newspaper once said, upon reducing the price of his newspaper to the public, that what he wanted was not money but power. I cannot hold him up as an exemplar or guide in any phase of journalism, because he introduced yellow journalism to the country, and the corruption and demoralization of this part of the press began with him. Yellow journalism is but an episode, because its methods belong more naturally to the circus business than to our profession, and yet the love of power in a modern press man is a development upon positive and actual conditions

BEING A BIG TOAD IN A LITTLE PUDDLE

The modern journal wields great power—the greater the more shrewdly and broadly it is managed. And not only does every editor feel more or less of this possession of the means of influencing men and events, but his agents, the editorial writers and the correspondents, often see its effects even while they are producing them before their very eyes. The power of the editor of a newspaper of national importance is such that it can be exerted upon a Government and upon the policy and laws of a people, but though the editor may feel the effect of his influence, he may be certain that it will never be publicly acknowledged. Vastly more direct and palpable is the far lesser public weight of a country or, as they say in England, a provincial editor. The effect of his counseling, his indignation, and his carefully considered verdict upon a matter of local interest is so instantly evident, that one of the earliest dreams of most beginners in the profession is of owning a newspaper in a small town or city and thenceforth managing and directing his neighbors.

Those of us who never aspire to be more than "a big toad in a little puddle" cling to this ambition, and, in my opinion, happy men are they. They envy me and I return them the compliment, but I have "the best of the deal," because I have been a country journalist and know both lives. I once knew a country editor who was obeyed when he said "this bridge must be repaired," "that theatrical show must not be given here," "the gamblers who meet in such and such a place must be driven out of town," "this man must be elected and the other one defeated." Without risking capital or limb or life, in the course of an easy, honorable and dignified existence in which he enjoyed the leisure to become a scholar or whatsoe'er he pleased, this man ruled a community and ruled it for its good. Truly, I say, enviable is "the big toad in the little puddle."

JULIAN RALPH'S UGLY ASSIGNMENT

In the course of the trial of Captain Dreyfus, which I have just finished reporting, we all had before us the constant proof of our power. You may say it was the unfinishable vitality of Truth which reopened his case, but the French know very well that they had exiled Truth and it found its opening in our foreign press. Except for the proof of our power they would have shut us out of the courtroom, but though they hated us and were frank to say so, they feared us to that degree that we were far better treated than similar critics and meddlers would have been treated in England or America.

The first "assignment" I ever had as a New York reporter was to go to Delaware to see a woman whipped. Half a dozen New York correspondents went to the jail in Newcastle on the day set for the whipping, and when we asked the sheriff to allow us to go in the jail yard, we told him plainly that if the woman was whipped we would be the means of arousing such indignation throughout the land that he would find no hole or corner in which to hide from the volcanic outburst of scorn and wrath that would pour down upon him. The sheriff brought out a traveling journeyman printer who, after sleeping in a railway coach, took away with him a coat which he found upon one of the seats. The sheriff intended to whip the printer with a dozen lashes, lightly, and he fastened him to the post and smiled as he thought how he would disappoint us and make us believe that a Delaware whipping was a trifling thing. But the printer did not fall into his plan. Humiliated, angry and reckless, he waited for a perfect chance and then spat a mouthful of tobacco juice straight into the sheriff's eyes, momentarily blinding him. The sheriff, boiling with rage and smarting with pain, laid hold of the cat-o'-nine-tails and, forgetting his earlier plan, wrapped the biting tails of the fearful instrument so fiercely around the printer's naked back that every stroke raised half a dozen welts and drew blood where the ends fell. Thus the woman—a poor creature who was sentenced for life—was saved from a whipping, for our disgust at what we had seen was so manifest that the sheriff did not dare to bring out the woman.

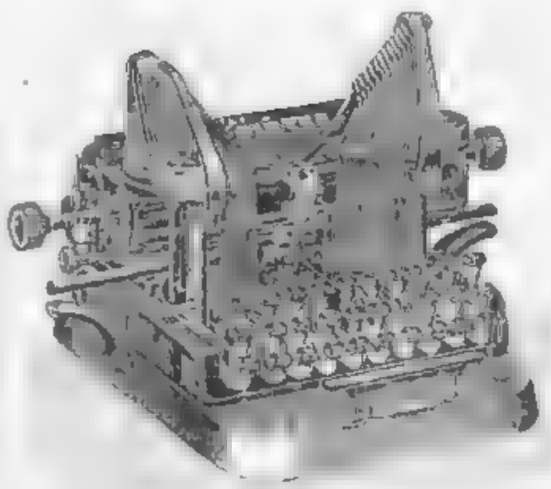
To descend to a little thing, as it will seem to my well-to-do readers, I once overturned an unjust law preventing the playing of barrel organs in the streets of New York. I say I did it; in truth, I aroused the forces that did do it. I had too many thousand times seen what the playing of a street organ meant to the poor in the crowded tenement districts. I had seen how the children danced to its music, how their mothers came to the windows to lean out and listen, how the lads and the men drew near and whistled or sang to the tunes. I forgot how great a nuisance the same instrument was when I was trying to sleep, how such music jarred upon the educated tastes of us who can have true music when we want it. When the Alderman declared the street music forbidden I thought only of the million who loved it and who got far too little of pleasure. I wrote to all the newspapers, I interviewed their editors, I published letters, editorials and descriptive accounts of what I had seen of the joyous and wholly good effect of these instruments in the world at our doors. The law was never put into effect, and soon afterward it was annulled.

CORRESPONDENT VS. SECRETARY OF STATE

I have referred in a sentence to a question of veracity which once arose between a Secretary of State and myself. It was during the Chino-Japanese War. I happened to be in Shanghai when some Japanese students were arrested as spies and were locked up in the prison of the French Consulate. The United States had given its promise to protect all Japanese in China, and we were violating our pledge, because the Minister who represented us in Peking had taken that moment of war as the time for enjoying his holidays at home and had left his son in his place. Japanese had been driven out of China without reason or proper notice, and now several were arrested and, as I well knew, were going to be tortured. Since no man may be punished in China unless he admits his guilt and asks to be punished, torture plays an important and necessary part in bringing about a pretense of compliance with this Confucian principle. Our Consul-General gave me the fullest information in order to gain my aid, and was at the same time doing all he could to obtain the discharge of the prisoners. But as we had no men-of-war in Chinese waters, the Chinese laughed at us in their sleeves. They took the Japanese from the French Consulate, hurried them to Nanking, and tortured them with horrible ingenuity and devilishness, every day with a new brutality, for seven days. Then they beheaded them. All this I knew to be true, but the Chinese Minister at Washington told our Secretary of State that I was misinformed, and he believed the only rogue and

(Continued on Page 344 of this number)

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh paper in Julian Ralph's series on The Making of a Journalist. The series began in the Post of August 12, and will be concluded next week.



The VISIBLE WRITING OLIVER TYPEWRITER

shows every word as written; aligns perfectly and needs least repairs. Write for catalogue "A" and get name of nearest representative and beautiful celluloid blotter. Agents in all leading cities.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
N. E. Cor. Washington and Dearborn Sts., Chicago

SENT FREE

[illegible] THIS WILL BE FOLLOWED BY A BARGAIN [illegible] PUBLICATIONS OF MURRAY, MACMILLAN, NIMMO, CHATTO & WINDUS, ETC., SECURED AT LOW PRICES FOR CASH DURING THE PAST SUMMER BY MR. LAURIAT AND JUST ARRIVING BY STEAMER. YOU CAN SECURE BOTH BY SENDING A POSTAL CARD [illegible] "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST"

Chas. E. Lauriat Co., Estes & Lauriat Boston
301 Washington St., Opp. Old South Church

DRAW

Magazine Illustrations
Newspaper Pictures

Write for Illustrated Booklet C, "The Training of an Illustrator," by Frank Holme, of the *Chicago Daily News*.

The School of Illustration
26 E. Van Buren St., Chicago

STUDENTS' STANDARD DICTIONARY

1225 Illustrations
60,000 Words
923 Pages

Contains the English Language as it is to-day

Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of the price, $2.50, by

The Baker & Taylor Co
5 and 7 E. 16th St., N. Y.

Send $1.00 for One Year's Subscription to
"THE BOOK-KEEPER"
[illegible]

E. H. BEACH, Editor.

THE BOOK-KEEPER CO., Ltd.
100 Buhl Block, Detroit, Mich.

When calling ask for Mr. Grant

Save on Books.

Whenever you need any book, or information about books, write for quotations. Catalogues and special slips sent for 10-cent stamp

F. E. GRANT, Books
23 West 42d Street, New York City

256 PAGE BOOK that tells all about Magic Lanterns and [illegible] men will small capital [illegible] money with them. Sent FREE

McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

LAW [illegible] Prepares for the bar in [illegible], for business, or public life. Circulars [illegible]

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LAW SCHOOL, Journal Bldg., Chicago

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA [illegible]

IDEALS OF THE IMMANENT LOVE
or, The Steps of a Soul from Sunlight to Truth
"O Love, O Love, O Love! that would I sing."
A Book for Maidens, Wives and Mothers
Mailed for 25 cts. by Mrs. L. Tatem, Elsinore, Cal.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH

(Concluded from Page 316)

sun drew out the delicate essence of gum and sap, warming volatile juices until they exhaled through the aromatic bark

The sun went down into the wilderness; the forest stirred in its sleep; a fish splashed in the lake. The spell was broken. Presently the wind began to rise somewhere far away in the unknown land. I heard it coming, nearer, nearer—a brisk wind that grew heavier and blew harder as it neared us—a gale that swept distant branches—a furious gale that set limbs clashing and cracking, nearer and nearer. Crack! and the gale grew to a hurricane, trampling trees like dead twigs! Crack! Crackle! Crash! Crash!

Was it the wind?

With the roaring in my ears I sprang up, staring into the forest vista, and at the same instant, out of the crashing forest, sped Professor Smawl, skirts tucked up, thin legs flying like bicycle spokes. I shouted, but the crashing drowned my voice. Then all at once the solid earth began to shake, and, with the rush and roar of a tornado, a gigantic living thing burst out of the forest before our eyes—a vast, shadowy bulk that rocked and rolled along, mowing down trees in its course! Two great crescents of ivory curved from its head; its back swept through the tossing tree tops. Once it bellowed like a gun fired from a high bastion

The apparition passed with the noise of thunder rolling on toward the ends of the earth. Crack! crash! went the trees, the tempest swept away in a rolling volley of reports, distant, more distant, until, long after the tumult had deadened, then ceased, the stunned forest echoed with the fall of mangled branches, slowly dropping.

That evening an agitated young couple sat close together in the deserted camp, calling timidly at intervals for Professor Smawl and William Spike. I say timidly, because it is correct; we did not care to have a mammoth respond to our calls. The lurking echoes across the lake answered our cries, the full moon came up over the forest to look at us. We were not much to look at. Dorothy was moistening my shoulder with unfeigned tears, and I, afraid to light the fire, sat hunched up under the common blanket, wildly examining the darkness around us.

■

All night long the darkness vibrated with the strange monotone which I had heard the first night, camping at the gate of the unknown land. My brain seemed to echo that subtle harmony which rings in the auricular labyrinth after sound has ceased

There are ghosts of sound which return to haunt long after sound is dead. It was these voiceless spectres of a voice long dead that stirred the transparent silence, intoning toneless tones

It was an uncanny night; morning whitened the east; gray daylight stole into the woods blotting the shadows to paler tints. It was nearly midday before the sun became visible through the fine-spun web of mist—a pale spot of gilt in the zenith.

By this pallid light I labored to strike the two empty tents, gather up our equipments and pack them on our five mules. Dorothy aided me bravely, whimpering when I spoke of Professor Smawl and William Spike, but abating nothing of her industry until we had the mules loaded and I was ready to drive them—Heaven knows whither.

We placed the dingue in a basket and tied it around the leading mule's neck. Immediately the dingue, alarmed, began dingling like a cow bell. It acted like a charm on the other mules, and they gravely filed off after their leader, following the bell. Dorothy and I, hand in hand, brought up the rear

We followed the terrible tornado path which the mammoth had left in its wake, but there were no traces of its human victims—neither one jot of Professor Smawl nor one solitary tittle of William Spike.

■

Toward sunset—or that pale parody of sunset which set the forest swimming in a ghastly colorless haze—the mammoth's trail of ruin brought us suddenly out of the trees to the shore of a great sheet of water.

It was a desolate spot; northward a chaos of sombre peaks rose, piled up like thunder-clouds along the horizon; east and south the darkening wilderness spread like a pall. Westward, crawling out into the mist from our very feet, the gray waste of water moved under the dull sky, and the flat waves slapped the squatting rocks, heavy with slime. And now I understood why the trail of the mammoth continued straight into the lake, for on either hand black, filthy tamarack swamps lay under ghostly sheets of mist. I strove to creep out into the bog, seeking a footing, but the swamp quaked and the smooth surface trembled like jelly in a bowl

Vaguely alarmed, I gained the firm land again and looked around, believing there was no road open but the desolate trail we had traversed. But I was in error; already the leading mule was wading out into the water, and the others, one by one, followed

How wide the lake might be we could not tell, because the band of fog hung across the water like a curtain. Yet out into this flat, shallow void our mules went steadily, slop! slop! slop! in single file Already they were growing indistinct in the fog, so I bade Dorothy hasten and take off her shoes and stockings. She was ready before I was, having to unlace my shooting boots, and she stepped out into the water, moving her white feet cautiously. In a moment I was beside her, and we waded forward, sounding the shallow water with our poles

When the water had risen to Dorothy's knees I hesitated, alarmed. But when we tried to retrace our steps we could not find the shore again, for the mist shrouded everything, and the water deepened at every step.

I halted and listened for the mules. Far away in the fog I heard a dull splashing, receding as I listened. After a while all sound died away, and a slow horror stole over me—a horror that froze the little network of veins in every limb. A step to the right and the water rose to my knees; a step to the left and the cold thin circle of the flood chilled my breast. Suddenly Dorothy screamed, and the next moment a far cry answered—a far, sweet cry that seemed to come from the sky, like the rushing harmony of all the world's swift winds. Then the curtain of fog before us lighted up from behind; shadows moved on the misty screen, outlines of trees and grassy shores, and tiny birds flying. Thrown on the vapory curtain, in silhouette, a man and a woman passed under the trees, arms about each other's neck; near them the shadows of five mules grazed peacefully; a dingue gamboled close by.

"It is a mirage!" I muttered, but my voice made no sound. Slowly the light behind the fog died out; the vapor around us turned to rose, then dissolved, while mile on mile of a limitless sea spread away till like a quick line penciled at a stroke the horizon cut sky and sea in half, and before us lay an ocean from which towered a mountain of snow—or a gigantic berg of milky ice for it was moving

"Good Heavens!" I shrieked; "it is alive"

At the sound of my crazed cry the mountain of snow became a pillar, towering to the clouds, and a wave of golden glory drenched the figure to its knees! Figure? Yes!—for a colossal arm shot across the sky, then curved back in exquisite grace to a head of awful beauty—a woman's head with eyes like the blue lake of Heaven—aye, a woman's splendid form, upright from the sky to the earth, knee-deep in the sea. The evening clouds drifted across her brow; her shimmering hair lighted the world beneath with sunset. Then, shading her white brow with one hand, she bent, and, with the other hand dipped in the sea, sent a wave rolling at us. Straight out of the horizon it sped—a ripple that grew to a wave, then to a furious breaker which caught us up in a whirl of foam, bearing us onward, faster, faster, swiftly flying through leagues of spray until consciousness ceased and all was blank.

Yet ere my senses fled I heard again that strange cry—that sweet, thrilling harmony rushing out over the foaming waters, filling earth and sky with its soundless vibrations.

And I knew it was the voiceless hail of the Spirit of the North warming us back to life again.

As I sit here basking in the circle of my lamplight my ears seem tingling with the vibration of that unearthly cry. Again I feel the clutch of the waters; again that hissing wave hurls me inland; again, frantic with terror, I flee with Dorothy back into the black shadows of a delirium which lasts until, days later, we stagger into the stockade of Fort Boise.

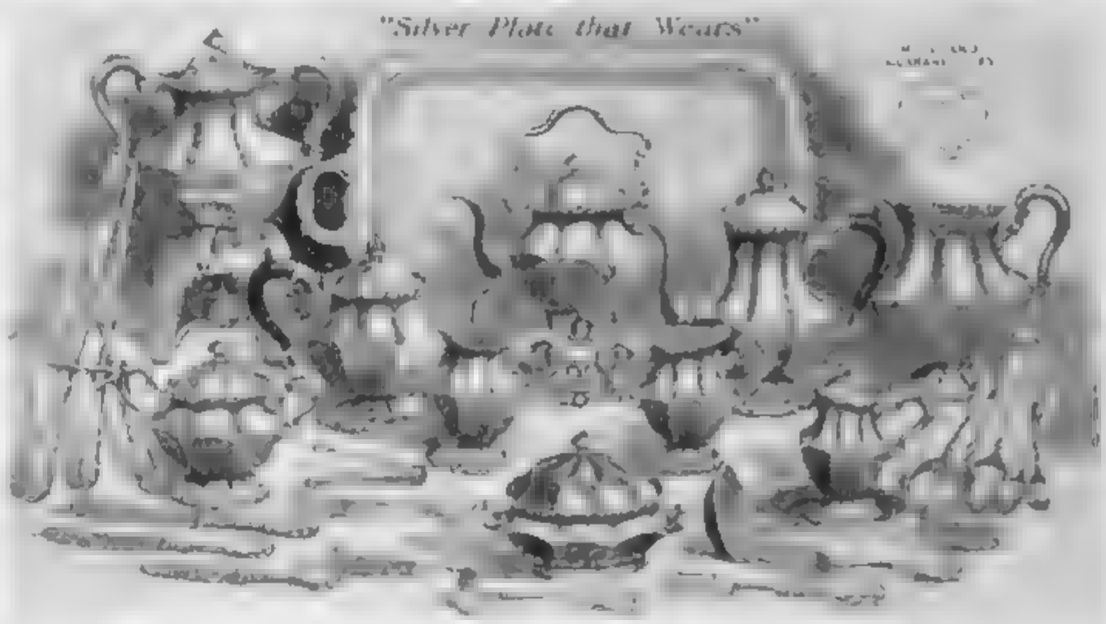
Now there is more to tell, much more to tell, and I shall tell it, but—not now. Some day I shall tell you whether Dorothy and I were married, and why we married, or why we did not marry, and I trust that you may be as happy as we were, whichever way it turned out.

WASHBURNS

A Beautiful Souvenir Catalogue Free

to any one thinking of purchasing a musical instrument. Washburn Guitars, Mandolins and Banjos are recognized as the best the world over. Washburns sell for the most reasonable prices. All first-class music dealers keep them. Write to-day for the catalogue. It is replete with information and will post you fully on the subject.

LYON & HEALY, 30 ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO



Trade-Mark on Tea Sets, etc.: MADE AND GUARANTEED BY 1847 ROGERS BROS. COMPANY

Colonial Silverware

Graceful in shape, fluted and bright burnished, but relieved from severe plainness by the addition of a rococo border, it is indeed beautiful to look upon If it bears our trade-mark it is just as good in quality as it is pleasing to the eye. Our wares are sold by leading dealers. Look for our trade-marks—*accept no substitute.*

Send for new illustrated catalogue "L"

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., MERIDEN, CONN

Trade-Mark on Spoons, etc: "1847 Rogers Bros."

Saves Your Money

If you weigh all your [illegible] groceries on [illegible] accurate and [illegible]

PELOUZE HOUSEHOLD SCALE

SAVES ITS COST MANY TIMES EVERY YEAR

Weighs up to 24 lbs. [illegible] No weights to lose. A necessity to the [illegible] kitchen. 30,000 sold. No complicated parts. Send us $1.75 and your hardware dealer's name and get one by express prepaid, if you live east of Rockies and north of Cincinnati. Points outside, 25c extra. Catalogue, showing 40 kinds of scales, free

PELOUZE SCALE & MFG. CO., 125 S. Clinton St., Chicago

Why pay more when the **Detroit $1.98 Talking Machine** will use flat records and entertain a whole roomful of people just as well as an expensive machine? Everything made in a strong and substantial [illegible] **a handsome ornament.** One record with machine; extra records, 40c each. **Just the thing for a Christmas present for young or old.** Ask your dealer for it, or write us. On receipt of price $1.98 *complete machine and records prepaid.* WRITE FOR FREE DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

DETROIT BRASS AND IRON NOVELTY COMPANY
38 Griswold Street, Detroit, Mich

INSOMNIA

WRITER'S and BICYCLE CRAMP, NERVOUS TREMBLING and MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT. The best device yet offered is the

W. & H. Grip Machine

Use it while you talk or work, or when lying wakeful—an infallible sleep producer, concentrating mind and nervous force and drawing surplus blood from brain. Used five minutes daily it soon doubles strength of whole arm. Hand some and durable. Cork grip nickeled metal.

Price, $1 per pair, postpaid; cash [illegible] Dealers solicited

Alex. Whitely, Dept. L, 182 Bay St., New York

MY GIRL'S TRUE BLUE *Revised.* 30-22c.
The very latest popular song and the very sweetest

An Old Wisconsin Scene Come Back To Me. 30-22c.
A [illegible] song

A [illegible] at reduced rates. Music teachers and music [illegible] will find it to their advantage to correspond with [illegible]

THOMPSON MUSIC COMPANY
269 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

Thirtieth Year **In 1900**

NOVELTY IN LITERARY AND ART FEATURES

A NUMBER OF NEW WRITERS

THE BEST ILLUSTRATIONS

With Cole's Engravings and Castaigne's Drawings

• • •

A New and Superbly Illustrated

LIFE OF

Oliver Cromwell

Written specially for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE by the Rt. Hon. John Morley, M. P., the authorized biographer of Gladstone, will be the historical feature of 1900. The illustrations will be remarkable. Besides original drawings, there will be rare, unpublished portraits from the most valuable collections in England.

• • •

PARIS, ILLUSTRATED. A series of papers for the Paris Exposition year, by **Richard Whiteing**, author of "No. 5 John Street," splendidly illustrated by the famous artist **Castaigne.** The series will conclude with a number of views of the Paris Exposition.

LONDON. Life in the East End of London. A series of papers by **Sir Walter Besant,** illustrated by Phil May and Joseph Pennell.

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON. "The Biography of a Grizzly," by Ernest Seton-Thompson, author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," delightfully illustrated by the author, to begin in November.

THE CENTURY'S PRIZE MANUSCRIPTS. Three prizes of $250 each are offered yearly by THE CENTURY to college graduates. The result of the present year will soon appear.

A NEW SERIAL BY THE AUTHOR OF "HUGH WYNNE." Dr. S. Weir Mitchell will write for THE CENTURY during the coming year "The Autobiography of a Quack," a remarkably interesting psychological study.

OTHER STORIES, long and short, include a delightful short serial of California life by Mary Hallock Foote, stories by Harry Stillwell Edwards, Seumas MacManus, Gelett Burgess, and many other well-known writers.

MARK TWAIN will contribute to an early number of THE CENTURY a thrilling account of a shipwreck—a chapter from his abandoned *autobiography.*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT contributes an important paper on Military Preparedness and Unpreparedness, with practical suggestions and illustrations.

LITERARY REMINISCENCES will be a specialty of the coming volume of THE CENTURY. There will be familiar accounts of Tennyson, Browning, Lowell, Emerson, Bryant, Whittier and Holmes. A posthumous poem by Lowell on Shakspere will soon appear, and there will be essays and studies by President Eliot, of Harvard, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Professor Woodrow Wilson, John Burroughs, and others.

SECRET HISTORY. A series of papers giving unpublished details of American History will be of commanding interest.

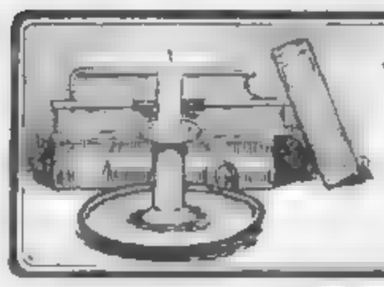
The November Century

now for sale everywhere, is the most beautiful issue ever made—printed in colors. Buy this number you will take The Century for the whole year if you do.

The Cromwell History, "The Biography of a Grizzly," "The Autobiography of a Quack" all begin in November

35 cents on Every News-Stand

THE CENTURY CO.
UNION SQUARE, - NEW YORK



WHAT to READ

PLOT, COUNTERPLOT AND HARD KNOCKS*

IF ANY reader of A Modern Mercenary finds pleasure in trying to estimate how much the authors of that work owe to Mr Anthony Hope, let him consider that as part of the lawful entertainment the book has brought. The Prisoner of Zenda and its sequel were stories of a state of things in one of the minor principalities of German Europe. So is A Modern Mercenary. The hero of Mr. Hope's tales was an Englishman, and the Captain Rallywood of Mrs. Pritchard and her son is also an Englishman. Mr Hope had his Rupert of Hentzau, and our authors have their Count de Sagan. But if our authors are pupils of Mr. Hope, he has reason to be proud of his school, for they have made a capital story, which no prudent reader will begin within three hours of his bedtime unless he is resigned to a curtailment of his hours of rest. It is a complicated, lawless, driving tale, in which swords clash and pistols smoke, throats are cut and life is held cheap, and all in telephone and railway times, when even the most untrammeled of plotters are supposed to live in some awe of the police and the newspapers.

There are excellent situations in this book. The characters are clearly drawn, and excite the reader's interest; the good people are astute and able; the villain is robust; the heroine is charming, brave and highly efficient, and the action is rapid and continuous. It is a good book of its kind, and an excellent piece of literary work, which readers who like the kind will enjoy. What the authors have attempted they have done well.

A TALE OF VILLAINS FOILED†

MR HORNUNG'S amiable design in offering us Dead Men Tell No Tales is to curdle our blood and fill us with pleasurable anxiety about the fate of certain deserving young persons who, on the high seas and afterward ashore, fall into dangerous company and experience direful perils. He has not failed to make his purpose good, and yet his design seems capable of a more moving and obstreperous fulfillment than he has been able to obtain for it. The gentleman in whose fate he invites us to be most of all concerned is during most of the story in a particularly feeble state of mind and body. What wit and what bodily strength illness consequent on a great shock have left him are used, to be sure, in sundry tight places to fairly good purpose, but the satisfaction we feel in his escapes hardly counterbalances the worry we undergo for fear he will have hysterics at the wrong time. To be rudely shocked in a story is good, but to be merely worried is less satisfactory.

Mr. Hornung's most interesting characters are his villains, two of whom differ in divers ingenious particulars from other villains in other stories. His plot is duly complicated and he has made a readable book, but it does not take hold quite hard enough. The thrill that reaches us when the dagger-point reaches the chief scoundrel's breast is not so violent as we would like to have it. Our hearts do not stand still long enough when the pistol-bullet cuts the hero's hair. We would like to like Mr. Hornung's *protégés* more intensely, and hate his villains worse.

THE RISE OF TOMMY McGUIRE‡

THE railroad story is a comparatively new thing in literature, and its best a very good thing. Mr. Kipling appreciates it, and has used some phases of it to admirable purpose. In one story he has brought out the personal qualities of locomotive engines, and in another the progress of a railroad king across the continent to meet his son is a delightful bit of writing. Think what a splendid monster the locomotive is. We can never get quite used to it any more than our far-away ancestors could get used to the mastodon. Railroading, with its constant perils, its rush, its change of scene, its vast importance and its intricate organization is a feature of the most striking interest in our civilization. As a background for fiction it is the next best thing to soldiering in war-time, and soldiering in time of peace it beats out and out.

Cy Warman has written some good railroad stories, which most of us have read in the magazines, as well as a good deal of verse which has appeared in print. In The White Mail he has traced the progress of Tommy McGuire from the lowest place in railroad service to the highest. He dedicates the book to his son, and doubtless intends it for the edification of youthful readers. So much of it as pertains strictly to railroading is written of a full, practical experience, and is fit to interest the grown-up reader; but when it comes to love-making, and to such aspects of life as are not conveniently observed from the immediate vicinity of a line of steel rails somewhere between Indiana and Utah, Mr Warman's grasp weakens, and his exposition of character will seem to the average novel-reader to be crude.

SOME SAUCY LITTLE DIALOGUES*

THE little volume of dialogues which Mr Albert Lee has named He, She and They is described by its author as "a faithful record of the woeful enjoyments and joyful woes of him and her." He and She live in New York, presumably in an apartment, and talk about such matters as occupy part of the minds of some thousands of young married pairs who experience life on somewhat limited incomes in Gotham the Great. They talk of servants; of receptions and social exploits of that nature; of Christmas giving, of wedding presents; of the summer problem, and other such matters. It is saucy prattle, and not a little amusing, especially to persons whom circumstances have constrained to utter discourse of the same species and of the same general scope.

The little book is brightened by little pictures by Mr. H. B. Eddy. Was it by chance or design that Mr. Eddy borrowed a girl from the late Mr. Thackeray to figure in his frontispiece? —*E. S. Martin.*

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

A Painstaking Novelist.—Isabel F. Hapgood, author of the Nevsky Prospekt, who is working upon a new Russian book, has had her work favorably spoken of by the Czarina. One of her strong points is her accuracy. One instance of the accuracy of the writer's descriptions is shown in the fact that when the Russian blouse became the leading style in dress, a well known costumer constructed a perfect pattern from Miss Hapgood's description.

Poetic Praise for Miss Bird's Gift.—Isabella Bird, the author and traveler, is known in private life as Mrs. Bishop. During Miss Bird's stay in the Hermit Kingdom, where she was gathering material for her book on Corea, she contributed to the purchase of a bell for a mission chapel. Since then the ringing of the bell has poetically been termed by the native worshipers, "the bird's song."

Crockett's Implacable Little Critic.—S. R. Crockett's Heather Lintie once brought him into trouble with a "wee sma' laddie" who found it hard work to read easily through the book, and who was determined to show him that he was not altogether a worshiper of the author. Crockett has a dog which is his shadow both at home and abroad. The animal had been sick and was gaining at the time the "sma' laddie" met the author. Crockett, thinking they might agree upon dogs if not upon books, said, looking with pride at the pup, "He's growing fast, isn't he?"

"Why not? He ain't got nothing else to do," answered the boy indifferently.

Crockett then decided that he would have to rewrite his book if he wanted to win the praise of his small critic.

* A Modern Mercenary. By E. and H. Pritchard. *Doubleday & McClure Co.*

† Dead Men Tell No Tales. By E. W. Hornung. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

‡ The White Mail. By Cy Warman. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

* He, She and They. By Albert Lee. *Harper & Brothers.*

TO GIVE ALL READERS of the POST an opportunity for themselves what an indispensable thing THE ART INTERCHANGE is in every home, we will

FOR ONE DOLLAR

sent to any address, by return mail,

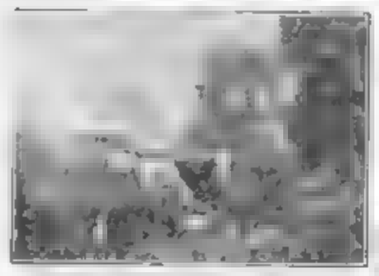
12 [illegible] and water colors, [illegible]

12 Large extra [illegible] designs for [illegible]

6 [illegible]

home decoration,

the home



To-day, if sold singly [illegible]

FREE

Special Subscription Offers to readers of the POST

For $2 you will receive THE ART INTERCHANGE for six months, beginning Oct., 1899, and will [illegible]

By taking advantage [illegible]

For $1 [illegible] and send you, FREE [illegible] you 18 Nos. for $4 [illegible]

[illegible] with our 1900 Calen[illegible]

THE ART INTERCHANGE, 9 W. 18th St., New York

C. D. GIBSON

• • •

The Education of Mr. Pipp

A new book, containing eighty-seven of Mr Gibson's best drawings, forty of which have never before been reproduced. Size, 12x18 inches.

Bound in Japan Vellum. Boxed, $5.00

Romeo and Juliet

Maude Adams Acting Edition

Fully Illustrated. Cloth, 50 cts.; Paper, 25 cts.

The Only Way: A Tale of Two Cities

DICKENS' BOOK DRAMATIZED

Charles Frohman Edition

Fully Illustrated. Cloth, 50 cts.; Paper, 25 cts.

Maude Adams Souvenir, 25 cts.
The Marlowe Book, 25 cts.
Olga Nethersole Souvenir, 25 cts.

Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price

New Catalogue, beautifully illustrated by Gibson, Pyle, Wenzell, Kemble, Nicholson and Abbey, sent on application

R. H. RUSSELL, 3 West 29th Street, NEW YORK

"PARTED." "The most successful Drawing-room Song of the day [illegible]

[illegible] 1 [illegible]

voice, and makes an effective concert number. 25 cents

In stamps, and it will be forwarded by return mail.

NEW YORK PUBLISHING CO., 9 West 18th St., NEW YORK

THE GREAT ROUND WORLD

If you are looking for an [illegible] or holiday gift at a [illegible] "The Great Round World" [illegible] gives all the news of the world minus the stories of crime and sensation. It keeps busy people posted in the quickest and easiest possible way, and [illegible] the hands of all [illegible] cost $1.50 for a year of [illegible] $1.00 [illegible] $2.00 [illegible]

Sample Copy 5 Cents

THE GREAT ROUND WORLD CO
Room 312, 150 Fifth Ave.
NEW YORK

Wm. Andrew Lewis.

for STAMMER

Write at once for our new 300-page book, The Origin and Treatment of Stammering. The largest and most instructive book of its kind ever published. Sent free to any address for 6c. in stamps to cover postage. Ask also for a free sample copy of The Phonic Mirror, a monthly paper exclusively for persons who stammer. Address

The Lewis School for Stammerers
60 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

HALF-HOURS WITH HEROES

An INTERVIEW WITH DAVID HARUM

By Charles Battell Loomis

I WAS at work in my study the other morning, writing a speech for a politician who is too busy to write his own, when my twin maids brought up a card. I have no butler, but I have twin handmaids to hand me things, and it affords me a good deal of innocent amusement. Many of the *nouveau riche* of New York have twelve butlers to open the door—or is it footmen? I never can get the nomenclature right. To me a footman would be one to speed the parting guest instead of being the man to welcome the coming one. But that has nothing to do with the fact that the maids entered bearing a silver salver on which lay a visiting-card which bore the name of "David Harum."

"Show him up at once," said I, and immediately prepared the room for his visit by putting up a number of racing pictures and prints of thoroughbreds so that when he came in he would feel at ease. It is one of my theories that if you want to put a man at his ease you should make his environment as natural as possible. So when Canon Farrar called on me one day he found nothing but photographs of cathedrals and church dignitaries in my room, and he was at home at once. A half-hour later Nat Goodwin was

DRAWN BY E. MARTIN JUSTICE

"Young man, I see you're fond er hosses"

shown into my study and he found photographs of himself in his various successes. To this day Canon Farrar thinks of me as a theological student, while Nat Goodwin thinks I'm a fine judge of acting. The interviewer has to be a close student of human nature, whatever else he may neglect knowing.

By the time David entered, my study resembled the editorial room of a sporting paper, and I saw that he was pleased to see a picture of Dexter, who was in her prime when he was a young man. The pretty twin maids retired and Mr. Harum advanced and said:

"Young man, I see you're fond er hosses. Isn't it Shakespeare who says somethin' about the man who hasn't love fer hosses in his soul is fit fer treasons, stratagems an' spoils?"

"I believe he did say something like that, Mr. Harum. He was fond of a horse himself, and knew her good points. Take that sulky seat."

I have a chair of divinity, an editor's chair, and the various seats of learning in my study, with the same idea of putting a man at his ease. When I interviewed Eddie Bald, the wheelman, he sat in a bicycle saddle the whole time, and Tod Sloane was perched on a racing-saddle during my interview with him. Consequently, I got the best that was in both of them.

David sat down in the narrow seat with a chuckle. "Wa'al, now, I'd like you ter give me a quarter-stretch er conversation ef you ain't too busy."

"People are never too busy for David Harum," said I, with one of my sweet smiles. They say that Emerson had a smile of ineffable sweetness. I wonder when some one will characterize my smile!

*

"I've come ter you fer advice," said the genial banker.

"Well, I should think that you were better calculated to give than to take advice," said I, and then realized that I hadn't been happy in my phrasing.

"You think I like better ter give it than receive it? Wa'al, ain't it better ter give than ter receive? But now I want ter git some. The fac' is," he said, settling into his seat as if he were anticipating a brush with a neighbor on a particularly long, level stretch, "I want ter take lessons in writin'."

"Don't tellers recognize your signature?" I asked.

"'Tain't that kind," he chuckled. "I mean story writin'. You see, I know jes' how much I've made out er my own life an' I know how much David Harum has made fer the publishers an' others, an' I thought ef another man could make so much out er me by givin' his imagination a little exercise an' plenty er oats an' groomin,' that I might make as much out er some er my neighbors. Fac' is, the bankin' business ain't what it was before the book was writ. I spend so much time answerin' questions as ter whether that about me and the balance er the book is true, that I don't have no time ter balance my own books, an' the business is goin' ter the dogs."

"Why doesn't John help?" I asked.

My visitor snorted. "Ther' hain't no John. Couldn't you see he was made up? I'm the only real character in the book, 'thout it's Polly, an' she ain't called that in Homeville. And ther's a good deal more er me in the book than ther' is in me. Now I know a lot er fellers that has had funnier experiences than me, an' I'm go'n' ter quit bankin' an' write, arter you've gi'n me some p'inters on how ter hold the reins an' how ter stop an' gitap. Fac' is, I'm too old ter work, an' so I want ter gether some er the gate-money made by writin'."

I assumed an oratorical tone and said: "I'm a much younger man than you, but I can tell you that writing is a poor horse to follow. Though he doesn't need any oats, and a little ink, or a new roller, now and then is all he wants in the way of nourishment, with a pad or two—but no padding, nor paddock—still, he's apt to be balky just at a time when you want him to go hardest, and he's apt to run away with you and carry you in the wrong direction. If you water him your readers will regret it, and the prizes he wins won't pay for his keep unless he's a thoroughbred—and you can't make a thoroughbred out of a buck. If you'll take my advice you'll not put any money into pen, ink and paper, but go to Homeville and put a notice on the door of the bank: 'David Harum, Banker, has no connection with the chap in the book. Beggars, peddlers and inquisitive persons not allowed in the bank.'"

*

David got out of his sulky seat, patted an imaginary flank and said: "Young feller, I believe you're right. Writin' is a lottery, an' lotteries is ag'in the laws, an' I'm a law-abidin' citizen. Ef you ever git on your uppers, come ter the bank at Homeville an' ask fer the payin' teller—an' that's me."

I shook the old man by the hand, and after he had gone I thought of the hundreds of characters like him that only need transplanting into a book to yield a golden harvest to the gardener. But few understand the art of transplanting.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CATALOGUE EVER ISSUED—*SEND FOR IT*

Second Edition Now Ready

300,000 REQUESTS

in three weeks—first edition exhausted

Second Edition Now Ready

The Best **$10.00** Jacket in America

A Catalogue Free 100 illustrations, with five pages of handsome fashion color plates, showing the latest Paris and London styles in tailor-made garments.

MANDEL BROTHERS.

117 P to 127 STATE STREET
CHICAGO, ILL.

ART in outer garments is always associated with the name MANDEL. For forty-five years we have been the style dictators of Western America. Importing, as we do, the approved styles from Paris and London, giving our patrons an exclusiveness equal to made-to-order garments, at prices that are always lower than the ordinary asking price of common factory-made garments, we have won a distinction among correct, refined dressers. Our new fall Catalogue is a veritable book of fashions, showing all the late, chic, charming fashions—a book you ought to have whether you want a suit or coat, or not. It will give you proper style hints, which you could not obtain otherwise.

The Jones Umbrella "Roof"

MEASURE FROM TIP TO TIP OF RIB
Put on in One minute. No Sewing
Fits any Frame.
$1.00 for a new UNION TWILLED SILK Adjustable Roof

COVER YOUR OWN UMBRELLA

Take the measure (in inches) of your old umbrella cover; count the number of outside ribs; state if the centre rod is steel or wood. If you cannot get the Jones Umbrella "Roof" of your dealer **send $1.00 to us**, and we will mail, postpaid, a UNION TWILLED SILK 25 or 26 INCH "Adjustable Roof" (27 or 28 inch, $1.25; 29 or 30 inch, $1.50). Umbrella "Roofs" at all prices from **50 cents** to **$8.00** each, according to quality. If not entirely satisfactory your money promptly refunded, including stamps you have used for postage. Booklet, "Umbrella Economy," with simple instructions necessary, mailed with your order. **THE JONES UMBRELLA CO., Dept. F, 79 Walker St., New York City**

MANUFACTURERS OF THE HIGHEST GRADES OF UMBRELLAS TO THE LARGEST STORES IN THE WORLD. Agents Wanted.

WRIGLEY'S MINERAL SCOURING **SOAP** Established 1870

"The Open Door" to cleanliness. Best in the world. The tidy housekeeper's assistant. Buy a bar to-day. Five Cents. (THE WRIGLEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Wayne Junction, Philadelphia)

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME

With Reproductions from

Famous Paintings

In Platinum, Mounted Ready for Framing. They are the Famous Beacon Hill Prints, 8 x 10 or 11 x 14 mounts.

50c. each

CELEBRITY PHOTO AND ART CO.

Studio 14, 3 Park Street
BOSTON

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN ART?

If so, send your name and address on a card to
ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS
[AMERICAN BRANCH]
Box 1133, Philadelphia, Pa.
and they will send you, free, a description of the beautiful art works they issue.

$2.50
An Elegant Gift

For Christmas, Birthday or Wedding—a pair of these handsome Military Hair Brushes. They are of the very finest quality; have rich ebonized backs, with sterling silver ornaments, and the finest stiff, white, Russia bristles. They are a gift that any man of taste will appreciate. We will send you a pair, with initials (three or less) engraved in script on them, direct from the factory, by express prepaid, for only $2.50. At retail they would cost $5.00 to $6.00. If they are not absolutely satisfactory, return them at our expense, and we will send back your money in full. For each initial over three, add 10c. extra. For monogram, 50c. extra.

THE BONDY MFG. CO., 62 Ionia St., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

SEND 20 CENTS

for this full size band dater. The usual 75-cent kind. It prints like this: OCT 28 1899 For 10c. extra we will send an Excelsior Ink Pad, any color, for use with this dater. Big Illustrated **Bargain Catalogue** of office supplies sent free to those interested.

SCHOOL AND OFFICE SUPPLY CO.
107 Ottawa Street, - Grand Rapids, Mich.

A New Idea in Trunks

The STALLMAN DRESSER TRUNK is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage-smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C.O.D., with privilege of examination. Send 2-cent stamp for illustrated catalogue.

F. A. STALLMAN
60 West Spring Street, Columbus, O.

I WANT a bright young man or woman, in each town, to represent a high-class monthly magazine. I pay cash for the service. For full information address
EMILY RICHARDS, 60 Enterprise Building, Chicago, Ill.

THE MAKING OF A JOURNALIST

(Continued from Page 340)

challenged my statements. Let no journalist ever forget the moral of what happened. Simply because I had never abused my opportunities by writing mere sensationalism, or untruths of any sort, the Senate took up the matter and, purely and solely upon my written word, as was there stated, it was turned over to the Committee on Foreign Relations for investigation and report. It ought not to have to be said—it is scandalous that there are newspapers and newspaper men who render such an admonition necessary—but the moral of this incident is that truth and right must ever be with the journalist who would do good in the world or who wishes to have influence and enjoy the use of it.

A STAY AMONG INDIANA "WHITECAPS"

Once during the interval between two national political conventions I ran down into Southern Indiana to look over the region then terrorized by what were called the "whitecaps." The country was fair to see—along the Ohio River it was an Eden—but scarcely anywhere had I seen such rascally, diseased, almost imbecile people. They were pure Anglo-Saxons, but were of the "poor white trash" order, and, having refused to allow foreigners or immigrants of any sort to share their land with them, they had gone on intermarrying and restricting their opportunities until mental and physical maladies abounded among them as if their country were an asylum for incurables. On no other great occasion have I been alone without the magnetic support of the influence of the press expressed by the presence of some, at least, of my colleagues. No one believed that I was a newspaper writer; the word flew like magic through the woods and the villages that I was a Government detective. It had been expected that such a detective would be sent, and the shameful miscreants, who were practically all banded together and protected by the people, had vowed that if this detective attempted to arrest any one he should be shot. I traveled for several days in that land that seemed to groan beneath a curse. Here, in a leafy dell, I was shown where half a dozen men and women, returning from an open-air church among the trees, had been "ambushed" and fired into with shotguns. There my driver showed me a house into which the whitecaps had broken to take out two women and whip them because an unjust suspicion had tarnished their names. I was everywhere avoided as if I had the plague, and when I pursued my inquiries every one refused to speak, got out of my way, or lied to me. Above all else, I wanted to see the leader of the lawless woman-whipping organization, and at last, when I did not suspect that I was within miles of him, I was told that he was in the solitary shop or store of a village through which I was passing. The driver who was taking me from place to place dared not enter the shop with me. I went in by myself. I knew the ringleader from the descriptions I had heard, and when I entered the doorway I saw him turn his back as he stood among a semicircle of men. I walked straight ahead and put my hand on his shoulder. I was unarmed, and he was armed and surrounded by his bullies, yet he shrank under my touch and trembled like a leaf. I merely spoke his name, yet he let loose a torrent of denial and asseverations of his innocence and of my mistake in thinking him a "whitecap." I confess I could get little out of him except that he was never near where any outrages had occurred and that he knew I was a detective. But when I think how his guilt cowed him, and how, had he been a brave man, he could have set me to thinking of my own safety, I laugh at the recollection.

At the end of some days, when my head was strained with all that I had heard of the nocturnal operations of these scamps, I lay in bed in a hotel in that lawless region, fast asleep. Crash! crash! bang! went my door, and I sat bolt upright in bed, certain that I was the newest victim of the outlaws.

"Hang that door; it takes two men's strength to open it," said some one. "It's all sprung out of shape. Here's your room, sir. I'll see if there's any water for you."

It was a false alarm. Another lodger had come for a night's rest, and a warped door had been forced to let him in. That is how most hairbreadth 'scapes turn out; that is the way with most of the dangers which our fancy builds up. The perils of even a correspondent's life are apt to be merely the "haunted houses" of his brain peopled with ghosts which prove to be mere wind, or rats.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Stories

		PAGE
The Spirit of the North *Illustrations by Gustave Verbeck and Penrhyn Stanlaws*	*Robert W. Chambers*	313
Prince Protococoff and the Press Club *Illustrations by Elizabeth Shippen Green*	*Charles Macomb Flandrau*	318
The Naming of Snubb *Illustrations by F. R. Gruger*	*Hayden Carruth*	321
Boy Life on the Prairies (A Fighting Fourth) *Illustrations by Will Crawford*	*Hamlin Garland*	322
The Great College-Circus Fight *Illustrations by Henry Hutt*	*Jesse Lynch Williams*	324
For the Freedom of the Sea *Illustrations by George Gibbs and Will Crawford*	*Cyrus Townsend Brady*	332
The Last Five Yards *Illustrations by A. B. Keller*	*Arthur Hobson Quinn*	335

General Articles

When the Century was Young *Illustrations by B. Martin Justice*	*Thomas W. Higginson*	317
Presidents as Fraternity Men		323
Why Young Men Fail		327
At the American Capital	*Amos J. Cummings*	
The Ballad of Plattsburg Bay (Poem) *Decorations by George Gibbs and Joseph Ray*	*Clinton Scollard*	329
Women's Colleges		334
In Training to be Admirals *Illustrations by B. Martin Justice*	*Cyrus Townsend Brady*	338
The Making of a Journalist	*Julian Ralph*	340
An Interview with David Harum *Illustration by B. Martin Justice*	*Charles Battell Loomis*	343

Departments

Editorials		328
Shall I Go to College?	*Nathaniel Butler*	
The Regulation of College Athletics	*Benjamin Ide Wheeler*	
The War Against the Classics	*Maurice Thompson*	
The Professor's Politics	*Lynn Roby Meekins*	
"Publick Occurrences" that are Making History *Illustrated with Photographs*		330
Men and Women of the Hour *Illustrated with Photographs*		331
Sports—The College Man's Game	*Harmon S. Graves*	337
Books—What to Read	*E. S. Martin*	342

So Sweet

MUSIC

So Easy

Even a Child Can Play It

From Figure-Chart Music furnished with each instrument; no teacher or knowledge of music necessary.

The Columbia Zither

Is a musical wonder! Its clear tones and melodious chords produce music that is enchanting. As a source of enjoyment to the family or for entertaining friends it is unsurpassed. Admirably adapted for accompaniment of songs or hymns.

Thousands Upon Thousands Sold

If your music-dealer hasn't the Columbia Zither, send to us. No. 3, as illustrated above, $6.00; other Nos. $4.00 to $8.00, any of which we will send C. O. D., or express prepaid on receipt of price. 700 extra tunes at 5 cents each. *Catalogue Free.*

THE PHONOHARP COMPANY

Dept. F. 152 Liverpool St., East Boston, Mass.

THE LAST FIVE YARDS

(Continued from Page 336)

been inspiration; it has always been called the latter. The signal came, the flying interference started for the right end, and the whole Princeton team rushed there for defense. The next instant MacClellan was flying around to the left, the ball tucked under his arm and Frank five yards behind him. There was only one man to pass, and he was waiting for them. Right into his arms MacClellan charged, and then, just before the crash came, the ball shot from under his arm, and Frank, catching it, went speeding on down the field.

He forgot the shouting, screaming crowd, the Princeton rushers straining every nerve behind him; he was conscious of but two things—the goal-line in front of him and the seconds as they flew, for he was racing against time. Sixty yards—forty—twenty—ten—and then there was a sudden loosening of his shoestring, a wrench of his ankle, and he fell on the white dust of the five-yard line. He tried to rise, but the sharp pain told him his ankle was gone, and, half fainting, he dragged himself by his elbows and knees over the goal-line just as the referee's whistle sounded and the Princeton team fell on him. Then he forgot things. But he dreamed rapidly and confusedly. He dreamed of a vast mob which surged over grounds and buildings, and which seemed able to say only one thing—a name he knew. And then there was a hospital, an awakening, and home, and Dorothy bending over him.

He did not remember all this till afterward, when he was sitting up in bed with his head bandaged and his leg tied up, and he was feeling ridiculously weak and lightheaded. But he was happy, for Dorothy was there, and she was very good to him. He did not know that she had sent every one else out of the room, and she was just going to say something very important, when a distant hum attracted his attention, and he asked her to see what it was.

"It's a big crowd," she said, "turning into Walnut Street. They have a band, and they're coming this way. Oh, I believe they're going to serenade you!"

Frank blushed.

"Nonsense!" he said.

"Hush! they're singing."

Through the quiet evening air they could hear the words distinctly as the band struck up John Brown's Body and the marching crowd began:

"Sing a song of glory, boys, and make it loud and strong,
Sing it as we always sing it, while we march along,
Let the dear and honored name be ever in your song
Of Pennsylvania!
Pennsyl—Pennsyl—Pennsylvania,
Pennsyl—Pennsyl—Pennsylvania,
Pennsyl—Pennsyl—Pennsylvania,
Pennsylvania!"

"Oh, it's fine, Frank! Ned Houston is leading them, and he's going to say something. Your father's coming to the front door to answer."

Dorothy stepped back into the shadow by the bed, and their hands met. They could both hear Houston's voice as he stepped to the front.

"Mr. Smith," he began, "the University has come down to thank your son for what he did for her to-day, and to say that she is proud of him. We're all sorry that he's hurt, but there isn't one of us who wouldn't be glad to be in his place, but, before we go, we're going to give a yell for Frank that he'll be able to hear. Now, fellows, are you ready?—one, two, three!"

And the cheer that followed brought heads to every window and made the panes rattle.

Frank heard his father's reply, and then another cheer and the tramping of the hundreds of feet as the procession started again.

Dorothy knelt down beside him.

"You'll forgive me for what I said last night, won't you, Frank? You were right—I didn't understand."

Frank smiled and took her other hand as she bent toward him.

"There isn't anything to forgive, Dolly, between you and me. But I'm glad you've seen what the old place means to us."

They were very quiet after this, so that they could hear the voices, as the crowd turned into Broad Street, singing:

"Throughout all our college life we've sung these songs of Penn,
Sung them for her colors and her maidens and her men,
We will sing the chorus till the echoes ring again
For Pennsylvania!"

CALIFORNIA

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

LOW RATES ON OUR PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURIST EXCURSIONS

SCENIC ROUTE leaves Boston every Wednesday, Chicago every Thursday, via Colorado Springs and Salt Lake to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland.

SOUTHERN ROUTE leaves Chicago every Tuesday, via Kansas City, Ft. Worth and El Paso to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

These Excursion Cars are attached to Fast Passenger Trains, and their popularity is evidence that we offer the best.

Write for Tourist Dictionary. SENT FREE. Address

JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago

Wool Soap

For Toilet and Bath

Answers every household purpose. It is just the soap for the bath room and the every-day soap tray. Sold everywhere. Made by

Swift and Company, Chicago

THE LINCOLN
Magazine Tooth Brush

The handle of the brush is a magazine, holding tooth-powder. The handle folds over like a jack-knife. You tap on a small quantity of powder on the brush, turn back the handle and use as an ordinary brush.

For Travel or Home Use

Handsomely finished in nickel; fitted with extra fine bristle brush. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price. **50 cts.**

Extra Brushes, 25 cents extra

Special Offer. We will, until further notice, send with each Lincoln Magazine Brush a handsome morocco case.

I. Nelson Lincoln, 8 Weybosset Street PROVIDENCE, R. I.

It's Just as Easy

to have your room warm as to have it cold

Barler Heaters

are not the cheap kind that get out of order, but every one gives satisfaction for a lifetime.

No Smoke
No Odor

Solid brass oil tank and burners. One cent will run it one hour.

If your dealer don't sell BARLER HEATERS, we will ship you one. **Catalogue Free.**

SENT ON APPROVAL, FREIGHT PAID

A. C. BARLER MFG. CO., 104 Lake St., Chicago

Sparklets

TRADE MARK

ALL DRINKS MADE SPARKLING

Carbonic Acid Gas

The life of all sparkling beverages in EASILY AVAILABLE form

The Gas is in the Sparklet
The Mechanism is in the Stopper

FILL THE BOTTLE
INSERT A CAPSULE
SCREW DOWN
THAT'S ALL

MINERAL TABLETS and FRUIT SYRUPS

with full directions for use also supplied

Bottles, complete, $1.50 up
Sparklets, box of 10, 25c.

Ask your Druggist for them
Write for Booklet

THE COMPRESSED GAS CAPSULE COMPANY
Broadway and Twenty-Fifth Street
NEW YORK CITY

Every Home, School and Office should own
Webster's International Dictionary
of ENGLISH, Biography, Geography, Fiction, etc.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

STANDARD AUTHORITY of the U. S. Supreme Court, all the State Supreme Courts, the U. S. Government Printing Office, and of nearly all the Schoolbooks. WARMLY COMMENDED by State Superintendents of Schools, College Presidents, and other educators almost without number.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY with a Valuable Glossary of Scotch Words and Phrases.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

A NEW BOOK, the largest of the abridgements of the International. It has a sizable vocabulary, complete definitions and adequate etymologies. Has over 1100 pages and is richly illustrated. Its appendix is a storehouse of valuable information.

Specimen pages, etc., of both books sent on application.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

The Only Machine

The only machine ever invented which will add all the columns at one time by the simple touching of keys, and nothing more.

The only machine ever invented which multiplies and divides by automatic keys.

Absolute accuracy and twice as quick as the best accountant.

No lever to operate. Nothing to do but touch the keys. Simple, light, compact, durable.

A bookkeeper's or engineer's time is too valuable to be spent on mental computing when he can do the work on the Comptometer in much less time and with absolute accuracy.

Write for Pamphlet

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO.
52 to 56 Illinois Street, - CHICAGO, U. S. A.

$10.00 buys this fine 12-case *Security* FILING CABINET (patented) direct from the factory, freight prepaid to any point east of the Mississippi and north of South Carolina (more distant points equalized). To be returned at our expense if not entirely satisfactory.

This Cabinet has panelled ends of quarter-sawed oak, rubbed and hand polished; panelled back and top of selected white oak, and twelve extra-strong filing cases, large enough for legal cap paper. The only filing system not requiring transfer cases—a great saving. It is fitted with our patent locking device—a turn locking or unlocking all the cases. No troublesome roll-front needed. Attached to a desk, lowering and raising the curtain locks and unlocks the cabinet automatically.

Send for catalogue describing our desk and wall cabinets, and giving factory-to-user prices on office furniture.

FASOLDT BROTHERS, 45 Division Street, - GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

THE ANGLE LAMP

Nothing Can Be Gained or saved by sticking to the unsatisfactory, old-fashioned lamp, or the needlessly expensive gas or electricity. Better throw them out and use a light like The Angle Lamp, that not only does away with all the trouble but pays for itself in a short time. The Angle Lamp is more brilliant than gas or electricity, never smokes, smells or gets out of order, is lighted and extinguished as easily as gas, and burns but eighteen cents' worth of ordinary kerosene oil a month. It is not only the best light, but it costs less than the worst. The feature, "No-Under-Shadow," insures all the light falling downward.

Many thousands of these lamps are in use in homes, stores, churches, offices, halls, etc., etc., and users say voluntarily that they are beyond question the best light. If you are interested in progressive methods, send for our Catalogue K, and be convinced. It shows all styles from $1.50 up.

THE ANGLE LAMP CO.
76 PARK PLACE, —— NEW YORK

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

STUYVESANT PIANOS

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE

$185.00

either in cash or easy monthly payments, for new case style "O," in Rosewood finish, 7⅓ octaves; fully warranted; durable, reliable and of great tone quality.

This instrument may be exchanged at any time within five years from date of purchase for a new WEBER PIANO or a new WHEELOCK PIANO, when a fair allowance will be made, or if exchanged within one year the full price will be allowed.

Catalogues and full particulars mailed free to any address.

WEBER WAREROOMS
Corner Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street, New York

Send 25 Cents

for a three months' trial subscription to "AMERICAN HOMES," a most interesting and instructive magazine devoted to the improvement of the home. It is of great practical value to every one who thinks of building, or desires attractive, artistic rooms at little expense. Send your order to-day, and learn how to get a set of plans for a nice summer cottage without cost.

"AMERICAN HOMES"
614 Gay Street, - Knoxville, Tenn.

Kuyler's

PURE! DELICIOUS!!

Bonbons and Chocolates

Sent Everywhere by Mail or Express.

863 Broadway, - New York

Kuyler's

COCOA and CHOCOLATES

For Eating, Drinking and Cooking, are unsurpassed for

Purity of Material and Flavor

GROCERS EVERYWHERE

One Step to Success

From a poor position to a good one without loss of time. Hundreds of our students have advanced directly from the shop to positions as **Mechanical or Architectural Draughtsmen, Electrical or Steam Engineers, Architects, Surveyors, Chemists, Correspondents, Stenographers and Bookkeepers.** We guarantee to give you a thorough technical education by mail. Mention the profession you wish to enter.

The International Correspondence Schools, Box 1171
SCRANTON, PA.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

Over 1,000 Pages a Year — Full of Bright Pictures

Published Every Wednesday, 52 Times a Year, at the Bible House, New York City, at $1.50 per Annum

It Gladdens Hearts and Brightens Lives!

WHAT Sunshine is to the World, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is to the Home. It Brightens, it Beautifies, it Develops, it Enriches, it Irradiates. Other Things being Equal, the Happiest, Brightest and Cheeriest Homes are Invariably Those into Which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is Received, and Wherever you Find it, you may Confidently Look for Kindliness, Love, Unselfishness, and a Commendable Appreciation of all that is Wholesome and Beautiful.

Issued 52 times a year and Aggregating 1,000 Large Superbly Illustrated Pages, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Maintains its well-established Reputation as

The Brightest and the Best

Family Weekly of its Day and Generation, and so Great is its Popularity among the Best People of our land, that its Sales this Year will exceed FIFTEEN MILLION Copies—a net Gain of nearly 5,000,000 Copies over 1898.

For the Coming Year, an almost bewildering Profusion of Literary and Artistic Attractions has been Provided. The World's Greatest Living Evangelist, DWIGHT L. MOODY, will Picture Familiar Bible Characters as though they were Living in the Present Day. Mrs. FRANCIS E. CLARK, The COUNTESS SCHIMMELMANN, Mrs. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, and MARION HARLAND will discuss "Young Men who will make the Best Husbands;" and BISHOP VINCENT, Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, and THOMAS SPURGEON will consider "Young Women who will make the Best Wives." The stirring controversy, "SHALL THE CHURCH ACCEPT SALOON MONEY?" now Nearing Fever Heat, and growing daily in Intensity of Interest, will Continue without Interruption for Many Weeks yet to Come.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

DWIGHT L. MOODY, REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR

A Grand Tour Around the World Free!

Here is, indeed, a Most Remarkable Treat, as Unique and Original as it is Entertaining and Instructive. "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE," Author of "Samantha at the World's Fair," will Arrange for our Columns a PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR OF THE WORLD. Her party will Embrace a Charming Variety of Characters, including a Bride and Groom on their WEDDING TRIP. Of course all THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Subscribers will join and Take their Families with them, but the Chief Interest will naturally centre in the Particular Party of AUNT SAMANTHA'S Own Creation, and all that they See, and Hear, and Say, and Do, and even what they Think Aloud, will be Faithfully Chronicled and Profusely and Beautifully Illustrated. It will take a Whole Year to make this trip—which will include

A Month at the Paris Exposition

A Yearly Subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will constitute a ROUND-TRIP TICKET, entitling you to join the party from Start to Finish. Aunt Samantha's Party leaves early in December and will Spend the Christmas Holidays in Honolulu. Hence, you must Act Quickly and send your Subscription to-day. This Notable Tour will Include a call at Our Hawaiian Colony, a Visit to the Philippines, a Glimpse of Buddha's Tooth in its Jewelled Shrine, at Kandy, Ceylon, and a Ceremonious Audience with the Grand Turk at Constantinople. We reach home on Thursday, November 29, 1900 (Thanksgiving Day), and before we sit down to the Bountiful Thanksgiving Feast prepared for us, we all Join heartily in singing Payne's Immortal Lines:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though I may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.

JOHN WILLIS BAER, REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR

MARIETTA HOLLEY, "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE"

A Proposition that Tells its Own Story!

Now, in Order to get you Personally Acquainted with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we submit the Following Unprecedentedly Liberal Proposition:

1. You Send us $1.50 (or $2 if the Red Letter Testament is Wanted).
2. We Send you THE CHRISTIAN HERALD until JANUARY 1, 1901.
3. We also Send you our Home Sunshine Calendar (Worth $1) FREE.
4. If not fully satisfied send us word any time before January 1, next.
5. We will immediately REFUND the WHOLE AMOUNT paid by You.
6. And You Keep the Home Sunshine Calendar for your Trouble.

Red Letter New Testament

THUMB-INDEXED, Price $1.75

Large, New Type, with every Word Spoken by Our Lord Printed in Red. Bound in Rich Levant, Divinity Circuit, Red under Gold Edges; Silk Book-mark, and Thumb-Indexed ..... PRICE, $1.75

Sent FREE with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to January 1, 1901, on Receipt of only $2

"Home Sunshine" Calendar

FOR 1900—PRICE $1.00

Whoever Subscribes or Renews for One Year Before Dec. 1st, 1899, Will Receive FREE, One

Home Sunshine Wall Calendar for 1900

Printed in Ten Colors, on SIX Fancy Egg-shelled Cards, each 10 x 13 inches, neatly gathered by a silk cord.

Worth $1.00, but Given Free as Above

Address: The Christian Herald,

290 to 298 Bible House, New York City